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T·L·S

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ART BOOKS

FRIDAY 29 JANUARY 1971 . No. 3,596 . TWO SHILLINGS

Master of Brio

[...]y-five years ago the famous [...] of the studio remains of [Joh]n Singer Sargent was held at [...], an event attended by the [fashion]able world and one at which [co]nnoisseurs as Sir Philip Sassoon, close friend of the artist, and [...]ngton Douglas, a seasoned [judge] of early Italian painting, carried off their trophies. The total realized at that auction was [more] than £180,000, an enormous [sum in] terms of the value of [money] at that time. This was [...] In the following year the [Royal] Academy, which had once [enterta]ined the hope that Sargent [would b]ecome its president, staged [a memo]rial exhibition of his work, [...] that drew more than [...] visitors and aroused immense [enthusia]sm.

[There] was no denying that in the [eyes of] the public, both in Great [Britain] and the United States, Sar[gent was] considered a major master, [and the] praise lavished on his work in [the pre]ss during the years of his [life] now makes for fascinating [extraor]dinary reading. His status [at] the close of his career had [been f]urther confirmed when he was [commi]ssioned to paint the largest [picture] for a Hall of Remembrance [...] to commemorate those who [had fal]len in the First World War [...]ich in the event was never [...] This painting is "Gassed", [now in t]he Imperial War Museum.

[Neve]rtheless, despite the fanfare of [...] that greeted Sargent's achieve[ments at] the time of the 1926 exhibi[tion, his] work was suspect in avant[-garde cir]cles, and Bloomsbury's lead[ing apo]stle of taste, Roger Fry, [expresse]d the dissentient view in an [article] on the show which appeared [in the] *Nation* and later received [wider c]urrency when reprinted in a [collecte]d volume of essays, *Transfor[mations]*. In this sparkling and [thought-]provoking piece, Fry was [...] to Sargent the man—whom, [...]ly, he never met—and just [...]mous series of portraits of [the Wert]heimer family; but he was [...] of his work as a whole. He [felt t]hat Sargent should be con[sidered a] master of applied art, a [...] had a place under the sun, [but not as] an artist; in fact, to use his [words, h]e was striking and undistin[guished a]s an illustrator and non[-existent a]s an artist".

[This a]dverse interpretation of Sar[gent's w]ork has largely prevailed. [But] in recent years, as a [consequen]ce of the growing interest [in Victori]an art generally and in the [Second and] Third XIs of nineteenth-[century pa]inting, attempts have been [made to p]romote him. Exhibitions [have been] held in the United States, [a]nd in Birmingham, and a [biography] by C. M. Mount was [published] in 1957. Now Richard [Ormond, w]ho is a great-nephew of [Sargent] and on the staff of the [National] Portrait Gallery, has en[...]ists. *John Singer Sargent* is [an exam]ple of *pietas* for, although [Mr. Ormo]nd has reservations about [some asp]ects of Sargent's painting, [he is a]n admirer of it as a whole, [and his se]rious art-historical evalua[tion will] go a long way towards [a] reconsideration of Sar[gent's reputa]tion.

[Sargent,] who was born in Florence [in 1856, ha]d plenty of opportunities [to get] to know the art world of [Europe. H]is wandering parents [were pa]rt of a circle of cultivated [...] and when in Rome, for [...] familiars of the salon of the American sculptor William Wetmore Story. Sargent belonged to that astonishing group of American artists and writers who elected for an expatriate existence, fascinated by the

RICHARD ORMOND:
John Singer Sargent
Paintings, Drawings, Watercolours. 264pp. Phaidon. £6.

possibilities and charms of European civilization, and who made such impressive contributions to European art and letters. It is a group which includes, besides Sargent himself, Whistler and Henry James, Mary Cassatt and Edith Wharton, and, later on, T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound. Any assessment of Sargent's art, and character too, has to take into account the cosmopolitan nature of his upbringing: this meant that early on he was exposed to a wide range of artistic experiences, and by 1872, he had visited such places as Nice, London, Madrid, Rome, Florence, Dresden and Switzerland. He was also versed in foreign languages. It was the breadth of his visual education that freed him from the provincialism which, despite Great Britain's imperial status, curiously beset so much of her art in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

The calibre of Sargent's art would have been different, very different indeed, if he had studied painting in London rather than Paris. For the years he spent in Paris during his late teens were of vital importance for endowing his art with that touch of elegance and awareness that it never lost, even in the crowded, hurried period when he was the Van Dyck of Tite Street. He had the good fortune to work in the atelier of the fashionable portrait painter Carolus-Duran, which had been started at the instigation of Sargent's fellow-countryman Robert Hinckley. The point is not sufficiently brought out in Mr. Ormond's book that Sargent formed one of the large group of Americans who worked in this studio—others were Carroll Beckwith and Alden Weir—and that it was as true in the 1870s as in 1893, when James wrote in his warm appraisal of Sargent, that:

> It sounds like a paradox, but it is a very simple truth, that when to-day we look for "American art" we find it mainly in Paris. When we find it out of Paris, we at least find a great deal of Paris in it.

Ever since the early years of the century, American art students had made their way to Paris and with their nose for novelty had discovered the significant men. They had thronged the studio of Thomas Couture. Indeed it was an American, William Morris Hunt, who was one of the first to appreciate J. F. Millet, and before long an understanding of modern French art was a feature of American or at any rate Bostonian culture. It was characteristic of the suspicious attitude of some American artists in Paris to British painting that when, after the criticism levelled at his portrait of Madame Gautreau in the Salon of 1884, Sargent decided to cross to London, Ralph Curtis wrote to his parents of his fear that "*là bas* he will fall into Pre-R influence wh. has got a strange hold of him he says *since Siena*". In the event, Curtis's forebodings were unjustified.

Sargent's virtuosity was evident almost from the start. Mr. Ormond rightly draws attention to the brilliance of his portrait of Carolus-Duran of 1871 in the Clark Art Institute, Williamstown, Mass. Its vivid handling of paint, emphasis on the presence of the sitter and human observation show how rapidly he had assimilated the contemporary French realistic portrait-style associated with Courbet, Couture and Fantin-Latour, not to forget Degas and Whistler of the 1850s. Yet it is perhaps another matter to talk of "deliberate borrowings" from Whistler and Degas in his portrait of "Madame Subercaseaux" of 1880 in the collection of Amalia Burros de Griffin and of the existence of affinities between this painting and Degas's "Portrait of

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"Tissot" in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

The portraits he painted in Paris in the 1870s and 1880s, with their nervous sensibility and elegance, are among his most attractive and accomplished creations; the discipline of the French school kept in check the exuberance that appeared somewhat too floridly in many of the later portraits. Evidence of his understanding of the trends of the time was revealed at an early stage in his liking for *pleinairisme*; he formed one of the group of artists who worked at Grez. It is known, too, that his portrait of "Madame Edouard Pailleron" of 1879 in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, was painted out of doors.

Sargent became an inveterate traveller, making journeys to Spain, where he met Henry Adams, and to Morocco, Venice and Holland. These trips did much to broaden his artistic horizons and were productive of many enchanting mementoes, such as studies of girls with their Corot-like charm painted during a visit to Naples and Capri in 1874. Like many artists of his generation he succumbed to the lure of Venice, and Mr. Ormond admirably underlines how his paintings of Venetian local life are free from the *folkloristique* element evident in those of many of his contemporaries. Yet except for the delicious "Venise par temps gris", which Mrs. David Gubbay bequeathed to the National Trust, his studies of the city lack the delicacy that gives Whistler's Venetian etchings and pastels their poetical flavour.

Spain held a special place in Sargent's affections, a love shared by his compatriot Thomas Eakins. There was every inducement for him to have visited Madrid, for in the studio of Carolus-Duran much talk fell on Velázquez. Henry James declared in suitably rotund phrases how Sargent was enthralled by this painter:

> No scenes are more delightful to the imagination than those in which we figure youth and genius confronted with great examples, and if such matters did not belong to the domain of private life we might entertain ourselves with reconstructing the episode of the first visit to the museum of Madrid, the shrine of the painter of Philip IV, of a young Franco-American worshipper of the highest artistic sensibility, expecting a supreme revelation and prepared to fall on his knees and that in this attitude he passed a considerable part of his sojourn in Spain.

It was Velázquez's art, more than that of any other painter, that led a generation of Paris-trained painters to evolve their own brand of Impressionism and the words which R. A. M. Stevenson used to describe this artist in his study of 1899 could as well be applied to Sargent. Velázquez, he wrote,

> drew, as modern painters draw, almost entirely by eye, so that one thing was not more difficult to him to see rightly than another, and no receipts for representing thumbs, nails, curls, or other whole objects can be detected in his work. He wished any scene that he looked at in nature to be treated in art as to express the quality and the distribution of the attention that it received from him in real life.

Sargent's passion for the great Spanish master transpires from the excellent copies he painted after his works. His confidence in handling space and positioning figures in it—so charmingly revealed in "The Boit Children" of 1882 in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts—stems from his grasp of Velázquez's methods. However, William Howe Downes in his short but interesting book on Sargent denied any relationship between this picture and Velázquez.

Sargent's artistic flair was revealed in his appreciation of El Greco, which was unusual at this date and which had to wait for Julius Meier-Graefe and Cossío to be more widely disseminated. He owned what he took to be a picture by the master (but which is now attributed to his son) and in 1904 he used his influence to persuade the authorities of the Boston Museum to purchase the superb portrait of "Fray Felix Hortensio Paravicino". He executed copies after his works too. Mr. Ormond argues, not very convincingly, that "the extreme elongation of the figures in Sargent's late portraits, and his use of acute foreshortening, suggest a general, if not a specific, influence" from El Greco. But such elongation—an offspring of fin-de-siècle mannerism perhaps—may also be seen in portraits by Boldini and J. E. Blanche.

Sargent's knowledge of the Old Masters was extensive, and Mr. Ormond reminds us that he was deeply impressed by Frans Hals, but his contention that the Dutch master's painterly virtuosity covers "an absence of more profound values" is controversial and is surely contradicted by such a masterpiece of characterization as the portrait of Langelius in the Musée de Picardie, Amiens. It was an instance of Sargent's instinctive understanding of the taste of the wealthy patrons of his day that he should have learnt from Hals, whose reputation began to spread in the 1870s and 1880s. This rise in Hals's fame was due in no small degree to the advocacy of Wilhelm von Bode, whose first study on this painter was published in 1871 and his larger essay in 1883. There is however, Mr. Ormond observes, no direct borrowing from Hals and, as he says, "he was interested in Hals as a stylist, rather than as a delineator of character". He was also influenced by Dutch Cabinet painting, like his friend Whistler.

His keen eye permitted Sargent to put his awareness of the Old Masters to good use in his own work, and in later years he leant on Ingres. The results are pictures which suggest that they belong to tradition and yet are touched with modernism and sophistication. The way in which he responded to the French moderns is still a trifle obscure. The boldly handled "Two Wine Glasses" in the collection of Lady Cholmondeley which is dated 1873 (although this date was added many years later), suggests that he was painting still-life akin to that of Manet in this period.

* * *

Unfortunately Mr. Ormond has not given himself sufficient elbow-room in which to investigate Sargent's debt to French art. It is tempting to ask, for instance, if "Fumée d'ambre gris", which was exhibited in the Salon of 1880 and is now in the Clark Foundation, Williamstown, Mass., owes something to Gérôme. It would also be valuable to have more information about his friendships with Paul Helleu, Besnard and Rodin; his portrait of the last-mentioned dates from as early as 1884. It is just possible that the arrangement of the figures in "Frieze of the Prophets" in the Boston Library and in "Gassed" is indebted to Rodin's "The Burghers of Calais".

One of Sargent's most fruitful friendships was with Monet, whom he met in 1876; and they were both represented in the same exhibition at the Galerie Georges-Petit in 1885. Two years later, Sargent acquired Monet's "Rock at Tréport", now in the possession of John G. McConnell, Montreal. Mr. Ormond does not tell us that his hero was by no means the only American interested in Monet, an artist who exerted a special appeal to Sargent's fellow-countrymen, and that his enthusiasm for Monet's work was matched by that of Theodore Robinson and other painters who settled at Giverny so as to be in the shadow of the master.

Mr. Ormond is at his best when describing the period spent by Sargent and his American friends E. A. Abbey and Frank D. Millet at Broadway in Gloucestershire, and he explains the reasons which made him such an asset to the New English Art Club which was founded in 1886. He observes justly:

> The sketches which Sargent contributed to the New English Art Club represent his most experimental and spontaneous vein. Even in comparison with the work of Sickert and Steer, they are closer to the tenets of French Impressionism than almost any other contemporary paintings. They placed Sargent firmly in the van of the *avant-garde* movement, and the *Art Journal* could refer to him in 1887, with some justice, as the "arch apostle" of the "dab and spot" school.

For his part, Fry in his article on Sargent recalled the "buzz of excitement" occasioned by such pictures as "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" in the Tate Gallery and the Javanese dancers when they were shown at the New English Art Club. Yet when seeing such works again in 1926 he commented:

> When I look now at the thin and tortured shapes those lily petals make on the lifeless green background, I realize that what thrilled me then was the fact that this picture was the first feeble echo which came across the channel of what Manet and his friends had been doing with a far different intensity for ten years or more.

Fry was more or less right in his assessment of Sargent's pictures of this type, yet it has to be acknowledged that such works as "The Morning Walk" (Ormond Family Collection), "Paul Helleu sketching with his wife" (Brooklyn Museum) and the various studies of Javanese dancers (which look ahead to Augustus John and, for that matter, to Sir Gerald Kelly) have a sparkle which has not dimmed with the years.

French Impressionism was not to be Sargent's chosen style, however, and in 1883 he turned down an invitation to show in an Impressionist group exhibition. For to him, to quote Mr. Ormond, Impressionism was "'only a refining of one's means towards representing things', not an all embracing credo". Various reasons induced him to move away from Impressionism in any case, even if he had wished to continue with his style. Above all, there was his constantly expanding practice as a portrait painter for, after his trips to the United States in 188[illegible] commissions poured in [illegible] Mr. Ormond does [illegible] enough of the way in [illegible] stage, Sargent became [illegible] identified with the Am[illegible] and, when going through this book, it is fascin[illegible] how swiftly the Americ[illegible] be identified. In this co[illegible] revealing to compare [illegible] "Mrs. Adrian Iselin" [illegible] National Gallery, Wa[illegible] the type of portrait pa[illegible] delphia by a leading [illegible] Eakins.

Much is made by Mr. [illegible] other writers of Sarg[illegible] interest in money; [illegible] ever, make considera[illegible] of his portrait painting [illegible] years he was wisely adv[illegible] financial affairs. He w[illegible] ambitious about his a[illegible] Cassatt, who did not [illegible] (she was often cal[illegible] colleagues), once said: [illegible] gent wants is fame and [illegible] tion." He had his chan[illegible] himself on the grand sc[illegible] agreed to undertake a [illegible] which was out of keep[illegible] rest of his activity—the [illegible] mural decorations. This [illegible] provides another expla[illegible] his Impressionism fade[illegible] background.

In 1890 the idea wa[illegible] Boston that the Public L[illegible] was being built by Ch[illegible] and Stanford White, sho[illegible] ated with mural painting [illegible] no question that Sargent [illegible] the United States at the [illegible] anything other than keen [illegible] ject when his collaborat[illegible] quested, for, after a din[illegible] New York—attended by [illegible] tects McKim, Mead and [illegible] sculptor Augustus Sai[illegible] Abbey and Sargent—Mc[illegible] to Abbott, the President of [illegible] of Trustees: "It appear[illegible] Sargent had expressed [illegible] strongly interested in it."

The challenge of under[illegible] corations for the upper [illegible] this building was a power[illegible] was nothing less than a[illegible] rival the great tradition [illegible] decorative painting, and [illegible] appealed strongly to an a[illegible] Sargent who had long ad[illegible] rotto and Tiepolo—he ha[illegible] his admiration for the [illegible] century Venetian painter[illegible] 1874.

Although it may be [illegible] overreached himself in [illegible]

[illegible] task, the pictures that resulted [illegible]entral to any evaluation of [illegible]nt's art and mind, and he was [illegible]ed on the work for some thirty [illegible]ears. His original plan was to [illegible] painted themes taken from [illegible] literature; his friend Abbey [illegible]he Morte d'Arthur as his [illegible]matter. However, Sargent [illegible]ed his original scheme in [illegible]f a series of murals illustrat[illegible]e development of religious [illegible] from "paganism, through [illegible], to Christianity". The [illegible]may seem a curious one, for [illegible] was not a religious man. Yet [illegible]ing such a theme he showed [illegible] to be very much in tune with [illegible]s of Boston for, nearby at [illegible]d, the history of religion was a [illegible]e topic. He was, said James, [illegible]dmirable Bostonian" and the [illegible] must be placed within the [illegible]t of the eclectic and historicist [illegible]f Bostonian culture reflected [illegible] great assemblies of Japanese [illegible]assical art which are now in [illegible]ton Museum of Fine Art or in [illegible]ures amassed by Mrs. Gard[illegible] Fenway Court and in the [illegible] of Charles Eliot Norton, [illegible]na and Berenson.

* * *

[illegible]gh Sargent struck Charles [illegible] in 1918 as having a "beefy" [illegible]e was exceedingly well-read. [illegible]ok immense pains with the [illegible] for the decoration, and the [illegible]o" was of his own devising. [illegible]ked in many directions. Wil[illegible]owe Downes noted that he [illegible] "his ideas of Astarte's char[illegible] from Flaubert's *Salammbô*, [illegible]e utilized as the model for the [illegible]oddess's personal appearance [illegible]male statue in Athens". It is [illegible]nificant of his attitude that in [illegible] to Lady Lewis (quoted by Mr. [illegible]d) he wrote:

> [illegible]m to me to really like my [illegible]on and not so look upon it as a [illegible] conundrum as most people do. [illegible]lighted to find you got some [illegible]out of it through your eyes and [illegible] fidgetting about the obscurity [illegible] old symbols. What a tiresome [illegible]erfectly clear symbol would be.

[illegible] may the murals be judged [illegible]n Sargent's time they en[illegible]onsiderable success, although [illegible]pinion of Mrs. Sarah Wyman [illegible]an is worth recalling, for she [illegible]ed about one of them:

> [illegible] the things without being the one [illegible] clever, decorative, enormously [illegible] rich in colour, yet not beautiful [illegible]ur; an assemblage of objects [illegible]an a composition; a museum of [illegible]er than a picture of the world's [illegible]. So it seemed to me.

[illegible]n did not care for [illegible]or does Mr. Ormond, who [illegible]s them to belong to a dead [illegible] of decoration and relegates [illegible]n of them to an appendix, [illegible]aking it none too easy for [illegible]r to grasp their significance [illegible]ent's artistic evolution and [illegible]e in the history of American [illegible]he other hand, that excellent [illegible] American painting, E. P. [illegible]on, has effectively situated [illegible] the history of American [illegible]nd connected them with the [illegible]ork of John La Farge.

[illegible]ities which Sargent saw in [illegible]ch for the divine were over[illegible] splendour and mystery; in [illegible]ct, mood, the room is rich in [illegible]umental in decorative har[illegible] massively dramatic (or over[illegible]f you will) in impact.

[illegible]unately the reader of *John* [illegible]*rgent*, unless he knows the [illegible]s in the original, will find [illegible] make up his own mind [illegible]r quality (so far as this can [illegible]ed from reproduction) for [illegible]tail from the "Frieze of [illegible], which was exceedingly [illegible] Sargent's day, and the [illegible] the Hebraic end and the [illegible]cture of the medieval end [illegible]duced; the two last-men[illegible] shown on a small scale. If [illegible]ions are to be placed in [illegible] their period, it is perhaps [illegible]o compare them with the [illegible] with its origins in [illegible]coration, painted by [illegible] the Palais Stoclet in [illegible] although Sargent did not [illegible] pictures flat on the wall [illegible]

One of the valuable features of Mr. Ormond's book is its account of the way in which Sargent exerted such a powerful influence on many of his British contemporaries in the 1880s and 1890s, on Herkomer of the older generation and Charles Furse and Robert Brough of the younger. He writes with discernment on such topics. However, his touch is less happy when discussing the social scene, and he gives the impression that he cares little for the Edwardian world of which Sargent was such a distinguished ornament and ebullient recorder.

It is, for instance, difficult to know what to make of such remarks as "whatever the social overtones of snobbery which constitute the chief barrier to a just appreciation of their qualities, his style achieves its apotheosis after 1890". Or when he writes:

> Sargent evolved a normal iconography redolent of the great tradition of European portraiture. If such an iconography now seems inappropriate to the particular society which he depicted it did not seem so then, when traditional patterns seemed to be so strongly entrenched.

It is not clear why Sargent's iconography was inappropriate to contemporary society. The problems of painting the wealthy and the well-born are complicated, but then so they are with every class and at every period, and it is hard to see how Sargent could have depicted the upper strata in any other way, any more than Van Dyck could have avoided painting the Genoese aristocracy in the way he did. The point is that he never sacrificed his artistic integrity to the dictates of his patrons; he would stand firm when someone wanted a feature or a colour altered; but on the whole his vision and the outlook of the world he painted had much in common. Some may claim that one of his greatest distinctions is his very skill as a recorder of the Age of Opulence.

Mr. Ormond has an irritating habit of taking against some of the people who sat to Sargent. Thus Lord Ribblesdale is dismissed as "an incredible martinet"—a view of his character which not everyone will deduce from the famous portrait of him in the Tate Gallery. Sir Frank Swettenham is termed "arrogant", a word which hardly seems appropriate to describe the author of the entertaining *Malay Sketches*. It is perhaps true that the portrait of this proconsular figure may be considered, to quote Mr. Ormond, "a remarkable expression of Edwardian Imperialism"; but then he was Governor of the Straits Settlements and High Commissioner for the Malay States, and some indication of a sitter's status is necessary in a *portrait d'apparat*.

When Mr. Ormond refrains from comment of this sort and undertakes stylistic analysis he is on safer ground. He is interesting when he traces the derivation of certain of Sargent's portraits in the Grand Manner from Sir Joshua Reynolds. What he does, in fact, is to supply the evidence for Sir Osbert Sitwell's generalization that the portraits of this painter of Pêche Melba, as he called Sargent,

> are usually good period-pieces, *de luxe*, and bearing the same relation to the portraits of Gainsborough or Sir Joshua, that the Ritz Hotels in the ruined capitals of Europe present to the Place Stanislas in Nancy.

Mr. Ormond, however, does not examine the extent to which Sargent may have been indebted to Copley, except in respect of the conversation-piece of Sir George Sitwell and his family. C. M. Mount in his book claimed that such accessories as pillars and drapes were introduced by Sargent into his portraits as a result of the Copleys he had seen in the United States in 1890. In general, Mr Ormond does not attempt any consideration of the affinities between the portrait style of Sargent and that of his American contemporaries, nor does he examine in any depth the way in which Sargent's portraits approximate to those of recorders of the *belle époque* such as Boldini, Helleu and La Gandara.

Sargent rebelled against the burden of constantly producing "paughtraits". Unlike James, he was not a diner-out who found grist for his mill [illegible] and patterns of human behaviour. Fortunately, in later years he was able to escape from the treadmill and go on sketching expeditions. Mr. Ormond's account of Sargent's procedures as a watercolourist does much to redress Fry's unfavourable criticism. "Let's have a whack", Sargent would exclaim about some motif that had captured his fancy, and with powerful strokes he would dash in a scene in the Alps or Tirol or in Venice, Florence and Rome.

The forcefulness of his attack makes it easy to understand why his watercolours have been claimed in some quarters as precursors of action-painting. Yet if such works have zest and glitter, they never achieve the subtle rendering of light and shade that is the hallmark of the great practitioners of watercolour.

Although there is an absence among the reproductions in this book of those later portrait drawings which provide such an elegant record of society just before and after the First World War, Mr. Ormond's selection should do much to dispel the customary view that Sargent was almost exclusively a portrait painter; landscapes, studies of Capri girls, interiors, decorative ensembles (his decorations for the Museum of Fine Arts and the Widener Library as well as for the Boston Library) and his war pictures show that he was a many-sided and energetic painter. They confirm that in terms of American, if not of European, art he is a master of stature.

* * *

In concentrating almost entirely on Sargent the artist, Mr. Ormond has drawn only a partial portrait of his sister. What about Sargent the man? Is it true, as Vernon Lee claimed, that "to some of us he seemed to be painting to the exclusion of living". And if this was so, what is the explanation? It is of course interesting to know about his sources and his chronology, but when a man lived as much in the world as Sargent it is important to know more about his personality. Mr. Ormond is incurious about Sargent's life, and his book lacks the insight shown by Leon Edel in his biography of Henry James.

It is hardly to be gleaned from Mr. Ormond's study that Sargent was a gifted musician and that one of his closest friends was Gabriel Fauré. It adds a dimension to his character to realize that this master of *brio* responded to the delicacy of Fauré and Debussy, although finding *Pelléas et Mélisande* "anaemic". He considered Richard Strauss's music to be often commonplace, but admired its "organic power, the structural design". His musical friends included Percy Grainger, Cyril Scott and Charles M. Loeffler.

Two photographs of Sargent, taken in the early 1880s and in 1924 and reproduced in this volume, show a man of vulnerable sensitivity. Yet he was a proper Edwardian in so far as his passion for the pleasures of the table was conspicuous even in a period of notable gluttony. J. E. Blanche recalled lunching with him in the Grill Room at the Hyde Park Hotel when he gobbled a huge meal before dashing back to work; Lady Cholmondeley, when she sat for her portrait and lunched with him alone, noticed that two ducks were served just for herself and the painter and that, although she ate a normal portion, there were no leftovers.

It is tempting to ask if this compulsive appetite shrouded some hidden sorrow—a realization perhaps that his ambition remained unfulfilled, or was it connected with his private life? Little is known about his existence at Tite Street, where he was looked after by a faithful gondolier, Nicola. Berenson pertinently asked if he was a lover of women. Be this as it may, all in all Sargent, the painter of the Boston Library murals as well as the sought-after portraitist, remains a curious, even perplexing man. There are few painters who have spent their last night on earth reading Voltaire's *Dictionnaire philosophique*.

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Reeling and writhing, laughing and grief

JOE ORTON:
Head to Toe
159pp. Anthony Blond. 35s.

Had this novel been published anonymously, the scraps of dialogue would have prompted many reviewers to say: "This man must be a playwright" and, perhaps, "He must be Joe Orton". We recognize the cockneyfied camp, the parodies of gossip-column snobbery—and the author's own little snobbery, about people being ugly or good-looking. ("Vulp had bad teeth because if you are rich it does not particularly matter whether you disgust people or not.") But most of the book is straight narrative. The publisher states that it was discovered after Orton's murder in 1967, that it is the only known example of the playwright's work as a novelist, and that it was written at a time when he was working in a chocolate factory by night, and reading and writing "feverishly" by day. We may guess that the narrative is most influenced by the books Orton was reading, and that his quick ear picked up the dialogue from the conversation of workmates, neighbours and friends.

It is an account of a fantastic pilgrimage by a young man called Gombold in a magical territory. He has friends called Pill, Offjenkin, O'Scullion and Corporal Squall. He is innocent, childlike, something like Alice in Wonderland. Imprisoned with an old man called Doktor von Pregnant, he learns about "Saint Trimmer-Ac-whinous, Saint Ginn of the Crutch, Goitre, Dinty and Kneetchur", and such languages as "Finsh, Spoonish, Onlisch, Dallience and Greeman". (Had Orton been reading Joyce, or are the puns more like those of the Mock Turtle—about his education in Reeling and Writhing, and the classical languages, Laughing and Grief?) With the Doktor, Gombold digs a tunnel for escape, but the old man dies. Here we are deliberately reminded of Monte Cristo and his escape from the Château d'If.

The territory which Gombold is exploring is the body of a giant, "some hundreds of miles high". Gombold goes from the head to the big toe and back again. On the last page, we are told that the death of the giant (like the Death of God?) "could no longer be concealed: the Government had left the city; the countryside was considered unsafe". The countryside on this huge body includes the forests made by the giant's patches of hair; some parts of the surface are built-up areas and in one of them Gombold spends some time living as the kept man of the Chief of Police, a woman called Connie Hogg. The Government is all female, and Gombold gets involved in a male revolutionary group.

This section of the fantasy recalls Wyndham Lewis's *Childermass*, but Orton's treatment of sex war and sexual indeterminacy has none of Lewis's jeering, authoritarian "masculinity". The bias is that of the English homosexual Left, with all its contradictions: pacifism and a fondness for soldiers; a tendency to identify with women but to fear their domination; an aesthete's passion for everything "exquisite" and "refined", and a delight in ribald vulgarity; an anger against cruelty, and a fascination with it; a primly reproving tone and a consciousness of sin. It is the spirit of Oscar Wilde and Denton Welch.

Another fantasist might be mentioned—Amos Tutuola, the Palm-Wine Drinkard, who found in the Bush of Ghosts a town of multi-coloured people at loggerheads with the "mono-coloured". Similarly, Gombold finds a town of multi-sexed people, happy folk who complete one male and one female phase every five years, on the average. In the next town are people who are "part dog-headed and part horse-bodied". Their Queen is a white filly, applauded by the crowd: "Isn't she wonderful? What a perfect mare she is. Did you notice her bridle? She dresses wonderfully. She's a credit to the country." The Queen scarcely speaks, except after consultation with her Advisers, so that Gombold is delighted when, "in a charming voice with a suggestion of a neigh", she says to him, sincerely, "So kind of you to call".

There is some gentle mockery of the House of Windsor going on here, at much the same level as an earlier, fable-like passage about quarrelling animals—an aged lion, a capon that cries "Mon Dieu!", a shifty-eyed eagle trying to maintain an alliance, a Russian bear in the woods; to represent Rome, there is a she-wolf with a mitre, howling "Pax vobiscum!" Something of Orton's attitude to religion is represented by his account of the Jesus image—"I.N.R.I. encircled by a crown of thorns, the letters standing for I Now Represent Idiots." Another aspect may be recognized in Gombold's meeting with a holy woman who believes in the po[illegible] and longs for "the [illegible] Infinite Morning when unbiased friendship is [illegible] one.... Until men can [illegible] and women do not fear [illegible] own kind, we shall [illegible]" There is a spirit of [illegible] struggling to express [illegible] weird book. It is a [illegible] curiosity, but it helps [illegible] Orton's brief life and [illegible] plays, those grim mele[illegible] horror and coolly exp[illegible] indignation. It is a sum[illegible] of his education in "L[illegible] Grief".

The devil's own brew

JERZY ANDRZEJEWSKI:
The Appeal
Translated by Celina Wieniewska.
118pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.

The Appeal was written in Poland by the author of *Ashes and Diamonds* and like the works of Solzhenitsyn and Daniel has not yet been published in the country of its origin. It is easy to see why.

The book's hero or subject, Konieczy, is a paranoid meat-packer who believes that Polish counter-intelligence employ thirty thousand agents, not to mention the Electronic Brain, to keep incessant watch on him. Typically enough for a man of his times he was arrested and brutally interrogated by the Gestapo at the age of seventeen. At twenty-two and a Communist he was imprisoned for two and a half years by the Polish State Security because he did not realize that his girlfriend's brothers were counter-revolutionaries, and later he was before the authorities again for over-zealous supervision of his fellow workers. Thereafter he imagined that Big Brother was waiting around every corner in every guise. "Only I ask", he writes in an exercise book in the psychiatric clinic where we find him,

what is to happen to people like myself, innocently persecuted and pushed to the margin of life, what can the people and the nation do if there are no just men at the top, if it is the devils who hold the power, who cling to it and say to the nation: "We shall make angels of you," yet behave in such a way and oppress people so that the devil's own brew comes of it?

These are dangerous thoughts for closed societies even if they are spoken by a madman and even if the officials and bystanders about him are all drawn as unexceptionable, sane, even kind. *The Appeal* has therefore great initial interest for its political testimony about the effect on the individual of living in a police state but it should also win acclaim as a novel which movingly and truthfully charts the workings of a sick mind. The therapy offer[illegible] by the clinic's Registrar [illegible] a quiet room at which he [illegible] an appeal to the Citizen [illegible] tary of the Party against [illegible] surveillance. Set against [illegible] narration of events at the [illegible] word Konieczy writes, ev[illegible] every association, he mak[illegible] memory makes him reca[illegible] has the peculiar, relentle[illegible] self-importance, the percep[illegible] of those who are hopeless[illegible] in on themselves. Every [illegible] related with outward [illegible] every detail. All that is [illegible] what the doctors would [illegible] "insight".

One other point makes [illegible] tant novel more complex [illegible] esting. It emerges that K[illegible] not an entirely innocent [illegible] society since he gave false [illegible] against his girlfriend. U[illegible] ably, perhaps, in that kind [illegible] tion, and she didn't get a [illegible] tence, but we are left with the [illegible] that it is not easy to unra[illegible] and private wrongs.

[illegible]nglamorized

[illegible] **FERGUSON:**
[illegible] **Before Winter**
Hodder and Stoughton. 30s.

[illegible]sive merits in a novelist [illegible]em—by one of the fundamental injustices of the game—to [illegible] less in establishing a reputation [illegible]an, say, captivating sorts of [illegible] Mr. Peter Ferguson's two [illegible] of the early 1960s, *Autumn* [illegible] and *Monster Clough*, were [illegible] a quiet, yet very real, dis[illegible]. The prose was versatile [illegible]lish in an unhurried, crafts[illegible] way. The characterization [illegible] ieved with both economy and [illegible] There was an appealing [illegible] of the bizarre. And, most [illegible]ly—also, perhaps, the main [illegible] of unmistakable talent—[illegible] a very individual ability [illegible] understand minor, uncharted experience (like the world of [illegible] ocre athlete in *Monster* [illegible] and to produce from them [illegible] accurate, unnerving and [illegible] commentary on human [illegible] general. These were sub[illegible] but unglamorous, virtues; [illegible] im of the more perceptive [illegible] s not loud enough; and the [illegible] s have become hard to track [illegible] Coming after a nine-year gap, *Before Winter* therefore [illegible] a useful reminder of an [illegible] edly neglected talent.

[illegible] unpredictably, Mr. Ferguson [illegible] en to develop not the graver [illegible] *his* talent but the flair for [illegible] absurdity which appeared [illegible] in the earlier books. His [illegible] cholas Cearns, seven years [illegible] Cambridge and still in his first [illegible] m critic and strip cartoonist [illegible] local paper, is ironically [illegible] being overtaken in the rat [illegible] Nothing new in that; but Nicholas represents a large and forgotten army of the disaffiliated: the wearied world of the *un*successful postwar generation. In the garish 1960s, his youth mysteriously gone, he yearns typically for a past he never really enjoyed, resents change, cherishes the oddities of his adolescence in a post-Butler Act grammar school, and increasingly sees most human endeavour as an absurd parody of itself—endurable only if it can be absorbed into the rather too vigorous fantasy world of Huffrey the Badger, his strip cartoon character. At the end, his world is in ruins—his girl has despaired of him at last, his friends have married, and Huffrey is buried in a local press merger. But he still obstinately believes that destiny may offer something: his time on the boating lake is not yet up.

Mr. Ferguson's special gift here is for conjuring humour out of solemnly presented details of human ordinariness: dance hall conversations, the behaviour of neighbours, the controlled lunacy of school existence. The influence here seems to be Anthony Powell: and the semi-experimental form of the novel does obeisance to the increasing zeal, among the younger novelists, to make it structurally new. The force of Mr. Ferguson's comic imagination comes through despite, rather than because of, these derivations and devices. Suddenly he has discovered a wry, sardonic, perspicacious voice that is entirely his own, and used it with telling effect. Not the least of his achievements is his sense of place. The novel is set in quintessential suburbia, the upper Middlesex scrublands of the Bakerloo Line. Mr. Ferguson has, possibly for the first time, caught and tamed this anonymous and dispiriting terrain.

Hothouse crusader

ANAIS NIN:
A Spy in the House of Love
140pp. Peter Owen. £2.

Miss Anaïs Nin has acquired during the past thirty years a hothouse image, like some rare orchid—exotic, delicate, yet rich with voluptuous promise, a writer whose *Journals*, of which further volumes are promised, have become a literary legend to many who will never read a word of them. It's therefore likely to surprise anyone familiar with such an image to find that this slim—and suitably expensive—reissue of a novel which first appeared in 1954 is, beneath the dreamlike imagery and modish, tentative exploration of emotional disturbance, an impassioned cry for Women's Lib. Not that Miss Nin would dream of wasting fine writing on blueprints for economic independence, the burdens of domesticity, or the recognition of a woman's capacity in a man's role; she is concerned here with the obsessive guilt and bewildered longings of a woman who cannot bear to be caged by one man, one home, one personality, who will lie and cheat to retain sexual independence and who, above all, recognizes and is appalled by her desire for passion without responsibility, sex without love, for the game of "defeating life's limitations" by "passing without passports and permits from one love to another".

Hence the title; for Sabina, who picks up an opera singer on the beach at Provincetown, an ex-pilot haunted by war-guilt, a black nightclub drummer, a foppish entertainer, feels herself to be so expert in avoiding discovery that she is like a spy in the house of love. It is the risk of the game and the need to escape, always and at once, from each destination, that drug her, enabling her to act the role of loving wife and hide the guilt. Only when she confronts the mysterious figure of the Lie Detector is she finally reassured that she has created her own harsh punishment by searching for fantasy-lovers—"Crusaders who would fight your battles for you, or judges continuing your parents' duties, or princes who had not yet come of age and, therefore, could not be husbands".

The intriguing juxtaposition of fantasy with precise, accurately observed visual detail, and the sudden clarity with which, after pages of high-flown impressionistic self-analysis, she comes down to earth with some wry narrative statement—"At sixteen Sabina took moon-baths, first of all because everyone else took sunbaths, and second, she admitted because she had been told it was dangerous"—these are what give Miss Nin her peculiar appeal: perhaps it is not, after all, so odd to find so intensely feminine a writer also a fierce, if unfashionable, champion of the emancipation of women's psyche.

Leisurely ways

ANTHONY WEST:
David Rees Among Others
244pp. Hamish Hamilton. 30s.

"A sequence of funny and moving incidents in the life of a boy, David Rees, from early childhood to adolescence and his first love affair", proclaims the blurb of Anthony West's new book, and if this makes the enterprise sound episodic and predictable, that's precisely what it is. We follow young David from lovable nanny through smothering schoolmarm to ardent and instructive first love; the boy is sensitive but humorous, vulnerable yet full of precocious insight. Bullied at school, and sickly as an adolescent, he is invariably under the sway of women; lonely and introspective, he is never soppy. His rarely violent or surprising "episodes" occur in carefully evoked period contexts—the book opens at the time of the First World War and at one point sustains our sense of history by inserting a lengthily malicious portrait of T. E. Lawrence. All in all, the kind of character, the kind of tale, we can jog along with comfortably, whose progress we can follow with muted, leisurely good will.

The thread linking the separate incidents in David's evolution is his relationship with his mother, Gwen. A famous musician, she has always presented herself to her illegitimate son as "Aunt Gwen" and discovering the truth of the matter is one of David's chief (though again fairly devitalized) preoccupations: the unconvincing denouement comes when the boy is taken to see his dying grandmother and is denounced as a bastard (the denunciation being more or less grandma's last words). Led to attach importance to this discovery, we are yet not surprised to find that David takes it too in his stride.

Although this line of interest does make its unifying contribution to the book, there are signs throughout that the separate incidents were originally composed as separate works. For example, the detailed revelations about the private life of Gwen's Russian manager are quite out of proportion to the scanty role he has occupied in earlier chapters, and the T. E. Lawrence business is acceptable only if one views the chapter it occurs in as a separable (and somewhat feeble) story about T. E. Lawrence. Seen as ingredients of a novel, both appear as lumpishly digressive.

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HISTORY

The lost leader

IAN COLVIN:
The Chamberlain Cabinet
286pp. Gollancz. £2 16s.

Politicians and journalists often talk about the lessons of history. Historians seldom do so. The reason for such caution can be clearly seen in Ian Colvin's study of *The Chamberlain Cabinet*, based on official papers which (though not all published) have for the most part already been seen by professional historians. If the history of the 1930s, seen in the perspective of subsequent events, has any lesson at all it would seem to be that there are no lessons of history. A few inferences have been drawn from the period, but none of them very successfully. Because the League of Nations and collective security were allowed to fail, it was inferred that this must not happen again: the result was stalemate in the United Nations and the Korean War. Because Sir Anthony Eden inferred that dictators must not be allowed to get away with lawless conduct, the result was the fiasco of the Anglo-French operation against Egypt. These are not very hopeful auguries.

It might be argued that there is one other lesson to be drawn, though it is doubtful how it could be applied in practice. It is that democracies have a tendency to produce the wrong kind of prime minister for times of impending crisis. Chamberlain was, as Mr. Colvin abundantly shows, a strong prime minister, but one virtually without experience of foreign affairs. Mr. Colvin perhaps exaggerates in calling his colleagues all "nonentities" after the removal of Eden and Swinton, but he makes a good case for calling the system of government which prevailed from 1937 to 1939 "Prime Minister's rule". In a judicious summing-up, he concedes that if Chamberlain's foreign policy had been successful, "he would have deserved a place in history as a great Prime Minister". It should also be stressed that if there had been no Hitler or Mussolini, Chamberlain would have been one of the outstanding prime ministers of the century, judged by his domestic policies. He would in fact have ranked with Asquith and Attlee as a reformer. But the reputations of all three were inevitably hurt by the outbreak of aggressive wars for which they were not to blame. It seems that in a democracy the type of leader who is needed to confront a desperate crisis—a Lloyd George or a Churchill—can only emerge when the crisis is already on us. Before it is on us, democracies assume that their kind of leadership will only provoke the very crisis we wish to avoid.

Chamberlain is not excused from blame by drawing this lesson, nor is he to be compared with Asquith or Attlee in any other respect. For he was not only a strong and determined man who was convinced that he knew best: he also had a subtle and devious mind. Perhaps the one new revelation of Mr. Colvin's book is the breathtaking extent of Chamberlain's equivocations. The examples are numerous. When confronted with a disagreement in Cabinet over a new standard of naval strength, his solution was to argue that it was "unnecessary "to say that it would never be adopted, but that was not the same as saying that it must be adopted now". When Duff Cooper wanted a formal warning against aggression sent to Hitler in September, 1938, Chamberlain argued that "the formal warning would not stop Hitler, if determined upon that course; and if not yet decided upon it, might drive him to adopt the course that the Cabinet were anxious to avoid". When urged to make his policy towards Mussolini one of "nothing for nothing", he did not dissent but pointed out that its complement was "something for something". When he was advised that a German attack on Holland would constitute a casus belli, he replied that "it would give rise to a situation which would justify our going to war with Germany, but that did not mean that we should necessarily have to go to war forthwith without taking into account other considerations". He was indeed, in Churchill's mordant phrase, "adamant for drift"; and he never failed to have a convincing if specious argument for it.

Even when events forced him to abandon the policy of appeasement, the equivocations still continued. When Hitler completed the break-up and absorption of Czechoslovakia in March, 1939, Chamberlain's first reaction was that the British guarantee of the Czechoslovak frontiers automatically lapsed, because it was "not a guarantee against the exercise of moral pressure". Since the Czechoslovak leaders had been bullied into signing away their independence, no reaction by Britain was called for.

This legalistic attitude did not last long, but it reasserted itself even at the twelfth hour when Hitler invaded Poland. Instead of sending an ultimatum with a time-limit, Chamberlain first insisted on sending yet another warning, which caused such rage in the House of Commons that his government nearly fell on the spot. He would certainly have done his reputation more good if he had resigned before declaring, in words that would only have been appropriate in a resignation speech, that "everything that I have worked for, everything that I had hoped for, everything that I have believed in during my public life, has crashed in ruins". Yet still he clung to office, and still his Cabinet stood by him.

What manner of men were these seemingly docile colleagues? Eden, Swinton and Duff Cooper stand apart, since none of them remained in the Cabinet up to the declaration of war. Of the rest, most are no more than shadows today. Hore-Belisha at the War Office was alternately tough and weak; Inskip, who had overall responsibility for defence until after Munich, showed no trace of a mind of his own; Hoare and Kingsley Wood are revealed as having been more decisive than was once thought.

The principal acolytes of Chamberlain's policy are again shown to be, as was long since known, Halifax and Simon. The defeatist and pro-German role of Halifax, up to and beyond Munich, is merely underlined once more, for the proof of it was already on the record. At different stages he was equally ready to let Hitler have the ex-German colonies, Austria, Czechoslovakia and anything else that would appease him. As it gradually dawned on him that Hitler's greed was unappeasable, the boldest policy he felt able to advocate more than once was to "play for time". It is a miserable story, but it is not new. Simon's responsibility, however, appears in a more interesting light, for he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, which had been Chamberlain's last office before he became Prime Minister. The arguments which he was able to adduce from Britain's economic position were therefore well calculated to appeal to Chamberlain.

Some of his arguments were bad, but some were good. The worst was his reiterated assertion that the government must not deviate from the policy of a fixed ceiling on defence expenditure. The best was his answer to Inskip's case for establishing a reserve of 225 per cent of war material in store against the risk of war:

> In five to seven years it might mean that we should possess a mass of obsolete machines, whereas if the money was put into war potential, the factories would be able to produce up-to-date machines.

The problem was in fact to know when war would break out and how long it would last; and the problem was compounded by the fact that any action based on particular assumptions about the answers to the problem would itself tend to change the validity of those assumptions. We know today that the war was going to break out in September, 1939, and to last five-and-a-half years. But in 1938 Simon and Chamberlain did not know that: nor did Churchill even. So in the meantime the government was [...] the country with heavy [...] on armaments which [...] lete before any war [...] The same problem [...] history has no lessons [...]

In fairness to these muddled men, under [...] and misguided leader [...] conceded that they were wrong about everything [...] saw correctly what [...] would have to be [...] Germany could not [...] war; that other [...] inevitably become involved [...] the Soviet Union and [...] States would be the [...] beneficiaries. They [...] however, about the [...] the Soviet Union and [...] of Hitler. Neither error [...] able. Their assessment [...] Union was in fact [...] firmed by the performance [...] Red Army in Finland [...] of 1939-40. As for [...] understandable that [...] should have been puzzled [...] gence reports late in [...] "had been both [...] infuriated by the [...] ment". The diagnosis [...] reports was perfectly [...] was not until A. J. P. T[...] lished his *Origins of [...] World War* (which is [...] omitted from Mr. Colvin's [...] graphy) that the reason [...] crystal-clear. Chamberlain [...] never understood Hitler [...] logy, and it is doubtful [...] many of his advisers did [...]

It is true that Chamberlain [...] trived to be extremely [...] The fault was largely [...] because his choice of [...] deplorable. Of Sir Hor[...] the less said the better [...] Nevile Henderson was [...] ambassador as was ever [...] (for which Eden and Vans[...] share the blame).

There were others who [...] played into Chamberlain [...] with honest but untimely [...] for instance, the Am[...] Prague who suggested [...] March, 1938, that [...] successful war the Al[...] certainly not contemplated [...] creation of Czechoslovakia [...] permanent under-secretary [...] Foreign Office who [...] Litvinov's last proposal [...] pact in April, 1939, that [...] sian proposal is extremely [...] ient". The advice of [...] cials was also invariably [...] couraging about the [...] ment, and therefore [...] Chamberlain. Even Van[sittart] gave ill-considered advice [...] memoirs (which Mr. Colvin [...] quote) make it abundantly [...] his anti-German fixation [...] allowed him to tolerate [...] aggression on the part of [...] Italy as the lesser evil.

Perhaps the only [...] come really well out of [...] were two who both [...] heads of the Foreign Office [...] Strang and Ivone Kirk[patrick] [...] both were far too [...] decisively influential [...] does well, incidentally, [...] the absurd myth that Strang [...] to Moscow in 1939 [...] negotiating team in the [...] an Anglo-Soviet pact. Th[...] than once been called [...] the Soviet government [...] British government could [...] much worse); but it [...] quite untrue, as Lord [...] plained in his autobiography [...] Mr. Colvin now confirms [...]

It is for such comp[...] insights and clarification [...] Colvin's book deserves [...] cially welcomed. The [...] is already familiar, but [...] of detail will continue [...] years to come. Mr. Co[lvin's] [...] tions are interesting [...] important; sometimes [...] ironic and significant [...] the least, odd that [...] should have ordered [...] large quantities from [...] after Munich; and [...] May, 1939, the [...]

[...]ld have been asked "at very [...] notice" to assess the balance [...] value in war "between Spain as [...] enemy and Russia as an ally".

[...] small fragments of information [...] are worth noting as indications [...] conscious prejudices and latent [...] tions: for instance, that the [...] minutes in March, 1938, [...] the French Ambassador as [...] mbon (who had in fact held [...] post in 1914) instead of M. [...]; and that from about the [...] late Czechoslovakia began to appear in the minutes as "Czecho-Slovakia", as if to hint at its impending partition. There are also striking incidents in the story which are matters for the interpreter of omens rather than the historian: for instance, that the inkpot in which Hitler dipped his pen to sign the Munich agreement proved to be empty.

None of these small details loses anything in the telling, for Mr. Colvin is at heart a journalist rather than a historian. (A historian, incidentally, would have been rather more methodical and informative with his references.) He was also at one point a minor contributor to the events he describes, as has already emerged from the official *Documents on British Foreign Policy*. The heightened flavour of personal participation can indeed be detected throughout. Although his story is in many respects familiar, and in others incomplete—since he deliberately ignores all areas of policy except foreign affairs and defence—it nevertheless makes persuasive, and indeed compulsive, reading.

[H]ow not to start a revolution

[...]UBERG:
[Armed] Insurrection
New Left Books. £3.

[...] revolutionary handbook, issued [...] German publisher in 1928 at [...] instigation of the Communist [...] national and commended by [...] dy, with some reservations, as [...] greatest use to every com[munist] [...] and revolutionary worker". [...] sed on an illusion, in the [...] of which many courageous [...] women uselessly laid down [...] lives. This illusion received official [ex]pression in the Resolution of [...] th World Congress of the [Comint]ern, entitled "The Struggle [against] Imperialist War and the [Tasks] of the Communists", which [...] med:

> [...] ll wars in Germany in 1920 and [...] Bulgaria in 1923, in Estonia in [...] nd in Vienna in July 1927, prove [...] oletarian civil war may not only [...] ut in times of bourgeois imperia[lism] [...] s but also in the present "normal [condit]ions" of capitalism; for present[-day ca]pitalism intensifies the class [...] to an acute degree and at any [...] may create an immediately [revoluti]onary situation.

[...]ly were "normal conditions" [...] alism totally unpropitious for [...] essful proletarian insurrec[tion] [...] the abnormal conditions [...] d in by the *world* economic [...] f 1929-33 proved, in the [...] be even stonier soil.

[...] reason why, in these circum[stances], the Comintern not only [...] in insurrectionary terms but [...] nanced a series of fore[doom]ed coups is partly to be found [in] fanatical devotion to the Great [...] type of 1917 and in its obsti[nate] failure to recognize that the [...] r Revolution was the pro[duct] [n]ot of any ineluctable histori[cal ne]cessity but of the ability of a [...] ed band of men, led by a [r]evolutionary strategist and [...], to seize a unique opportun[ity]. [Eve]n so, by 1928 those communi[sts] [wh]o were serious about inter[national] revolution, such as the bril[liant Tr]otsky and the contemptible [...] were either non-persons or [...] qualifying themselves for [...] tus, and the triumphant [...] d his stony-faced henchmen, [...] rded foreign revolutionaries [...] ndable agents, had already [...] that variety of Great Rus[sian] [...] politik, as yet clumsily con[ceived] and executed, which was [...] ly to culminate in the Nazi-[Soviet P]act.

[...], therefore, a peculiarly [...] riate moment to publish an [...] onaries' handbook; and the [...] n of this work by the [...] n's Agitprop Section, then [...] y Palmiro Togliatti (code-[name "]Ercoli"), smacks of cynic[ism]. [How] widely it was read is diffi[cult to] [sa]y; the present publishers [...] neither size of printing nor [...] f distribution. There were [...] l German editions in 1928 [...] and a French translation. [...] published in English for [the first] time.

[...] ement of obscurity extends [to th]e authorship. Otto Piatnit[sky] [...] ill-fated Organizing Secre[tary of th]e Comintern, expounded the [...] two ponderous and quota[ble] chapters; General Un[schlicht], [...] veteran Polish Bolshevik [...] ier deputy-commissar for [...] ded the "team" which [...] the account of the Reval [...] on of 1923; Hans Kippen[berger, or]ganizer and military leader [...] Hamburg uprising, joined [...] other German communist, Erich Wollenberg, to tell its story; members of the "High Command of the Red Army" covered the Canton and Shanghai insurrections of 1926 and 1927; Togliatti or Unschlicht or a team under their direction covered the problems of political preparation for armed insurrection; General Tukhachevsky wrote at considerable length on military operations; and Ho Chi Minh contributed a significantly short piece on "The Party's Military Work among the Peasants". Wollenberg, the one surviving author, writes a reasonably informative introduction to the present edition, entitled "How We Wrote *Armed Insurrection*", but says very little about his individual contribution towards its production. The volume was originally published under the fictitious name of "A. Neuberg".

As might be imagined, the authors had a difficult furrow to plough. All the insurrections they described and analysed in such detail (with the help of sketch-maps) had failed dismally. Comintern policy, both in Germany and in China (the only two countries where insurrectionary strategies even began to make sense), lay in ruins. Yet the very fact that the Comintern had itself sanctioned the risings and—to the best of its grotesquely inadequate ability—directed them, now inhibited it from subjecting them to a truly objective examination: for by this time it was well on the way to acquiring that complacent belief in its own infallibility for which it subsequently became notorious. The hapless German and Chinese communists, therefore, had to take the blame. Their lack of preparation, their hesitancies, their political immaturity, and their opportunist or sectarian deviations were the causes of the failures. It followed that, once these "errors" had been corrected, with the help of the Comintern's superior understanding of the principles of Marxism-Leninism, there would be a very different story to tell.

Even so, some of the authors found Comintern orthodoxy rather difficult to swallow and so had to be taken to task. In a publisher's preface, here reproduced as an appendix, "Neuberg" was told that his explanation of the Shanghai and Canton insurrections "is wholly unsatisfactory and does not coincide with the line of the Communist International". His major sin was to draw the "false" (in fact completely true) conclusion that "the indispensable social conditions without which the victory of armed insurrection is impossible were not present to a sufficient degree in Canton". Like many others, "Neuberg" found himself caught on the hop by the Comintern's abrupt change of line on China. How impossible it was, at this time, for any communist writer to talk sense about the Chinese situation and simultaneously please his Moscow masters is well illustrated by the following "corrective" stricture:

> Characterizing the situation in Canton at the end of 1927 on the eve of the insurrection, Neuberg speaks of an "upsurge of the proletarian class struggle", etc.; at the end of the chapter, he writes that it was *only subsequently* established by the Communist International that the Canton insurrection was a rearguard action. It is clear that the writer should have begun from there: should have explained the decision of the Eighth Plenum of the ECCI qualifying the Canton insurrection as a rearguard action, and shown in detail what a rearguard action is. It is not true that a rearguard action is necessarily doomed to failure. ... It can serve as the starting point for a new phase in the struggle.

One sympathizes with a writer trying to reconcile this "analysis" with a respect for historical fact. Some time still had to pass before it became second nature to "begin" with the current line and invent a history to conform with it.

Of all the contributions, Ho Chi Minh's on revolutionary guerrilla methods among the peasants is the most interesting, since it is the work of a revolutionary who subsequently achieved success precisely because he silently abandoned the Comintern's "proletarian" orthodoxy. Wollenberg says that "what Ho wrote over forty years ago still has an almost breathtaking actuality"—and this is quite true up to a point. One cannot fail to notice, however, that at this stage Ho, as a loyal apparatchik, was still presenting the peasantry as an auxiliary force, incapable of achieving anything of permanent value except under the leadership of the revolutionary proletariat, and that his prediction about the nature of the Chinese revolution—"that Soviet power will initially establish itself . . . in some province or group of provinces possessing a great industrial or commercial centre"—was very wide of the mark.

The publishers suggest that this book will be of assistance "in the forging of all revolutionary theory and practice today". This is nonsense. As a revolutionaries' handbook it was hopelessly out of date even at the time when it was written, and modern insurrectionaries will find much more useful guidance in Mr. Edward Luttwak's *Coup d'Etat*. It is, however, as the publishers say, "a classic Third Period document", and its republication will indeed "contribute to the recovery and appraisal of the early years of Soviet and Comintern history".

No ball

PETER HAIN:
Don't Play with Apartheid
231pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 5s.

Peter Hain, a student who grew up in South Africa, talented as well as modest, found himself thrust into the leadership of last year's successful campaign to stop the South African cricket tour. Although it gained widespread support with surprising rapidity, the campaign might not have succeeded if the general election had not intervened. The last thing the Labour Government wanted, when facing the Conservative challenge on the issue of law and order, was a series of disturbances at cricket matches, so much easier to disrupt than the Springboks' rugby matches the previous winter. Other factors involved were the attitude of Commonwealth countries, the effects on race relations in Britain, and possibly the sheer capacity of police forces to cope with many incidents.

Mr. Hain outlines the history of apartheid in South African sport but the subject is larger than he thinks, affecting not only white teams. For example, Africans and Indians in Natal are prohibited from playing soccer against each other unless they are granted an official permit.

In his closing pages he foresees new campaigns to stop trade with South Africa and to assist guerrilla movements "unless a credible alternative to this struggle is presented".

Blond

From Trust to Terror:
The Onset of the Cold War, 1945-1950
Herbert Feis

'By the end of 1949 ... the lines of division in Europe were trenched ... Mutual trust had gone, mutual terror was becoming the decisive restraint.' These words set the scene for this important study, by the Pulitzer Prize-winning historian, of the events and personalities that dominated the opening of an era of world tension. **March £2·50**

The Roots of The Modern American Empire
William Appleman Williams

In this book Professor Williams shows how it happened that the nineteenth century agricultural community's desire for the preservation of those unique qualities of American society – freedom and justice for all – involved the US in policies of imperial expansion that parallel those of Ancient Rome. **£5·00**

The Appeal of Fascism:
A Study of Intellectuals and Fascism, 1919-1945
Alastair Hamilton
Foreword by Stephen Spender

In the confusion of the '20s and early '30s some European intellectuals – Céline, Spengler, Pound among them – saw in Fascism an alternative to bourgeois liberalism. This book analyses the theories of society they proposed and traces the relationship between them and the political movements of which they were both the progenitors and propagandists. **March £3·00**

Voyager: A Life of Hart Crane
John Unterecker

'Hart Crane is one of the finest modern poets in our language; and one of the dozen-odd major poets in American history.' R.W.B. Lewis's verdict, which indicates the recent revaluation of Crane's place in American literature, is borne out in Professor Unterecker's monumental critical biography, the product of ten years of research and interviews. **£5·00**

Rumour in Orléans
Edgar Morin

In May 1969 a rumour swept through Orléans: white slave traders were operating from six dress shops, all owned by Jews. No disappearances were reported to the police nor by the mass media, yet thousands believed this grotesque rumour. M. Morin uses his analysis of the events in Orléans as the basis for a discussion of the nature of rumour and what it can reveal about the modern world. **April £2·50**

The Secret Army:
A History of the IRA, 1916-1969
J. Bowyer Bell

Ireland has always compelled, disturbed and fascinated its nearest neighbour, England. No Irish institution has provided more occasion for speculation, suspicion and misunderstanding than the IRA. Bell's is a study of the growth of a clandestine organisation and its survival. **£5·00**

Styles of academic liberalism

ERIC ASHBY :
Masters and Scholars
The Whidden Lectures for 1970.
81pp. Oxford University Press. 18s.

MARGARET MEAD :
Culture and Commitment
99pp. Bodley Head. 22s.

HAZEL E. BARNES :
The University as the New Church
198pp. C. A. Watts. 15s.

A. K. RICE :
The Modern University
118pp. Tavistock. 35s.

Each of these books is a study in a style of academic liberalism as exemplified in the patient scholar-administrator, the empathic, open-minded anthropologist, the socially concerned philosopher, and the social engineer.

Sir Eric Ashby shows the Liberal Establishment in an unusually explicit mood—for an Establishment. He traces, in *Masters and Scholars*, the rise of the student estate and defines the kind of "responsible", "valuable" student leader with whom he will do business. At the same time he leaves adequate room for manoeuvre in that he both gives and takes away according to a verbal arithmetic which cannot be precisely summed. He concedes that students challenge our criteria of relevance and is oddly reassured by their high moral claims. He wonders whether academics may not indeed overvalue work and rigour and underappreciate spontaneity.

At the same time, he sets on one side the revolutionary, the intolerant, the indifferent, those against standards and independent scholarship. He argues that one must convince students that their criteria of relevance are localized and overheated. If they do not accept the value of work they are "out of place" in a university. There can be "no patience" with those who reject rationality and objectivity. Thus he concedes and gives little away.

The complicated arithmetic continues. Although students are "ignorant about academic management", they have—he says—a competence to participate which is that of a consumer. But consumers have a peculiarly partial competence: a limited sensitivity to certain technical aspects of presentation and facilities and to the tone of service. Beyond that his analogy collapses because a "taste" for this or that object or comestible does not normally require prolonged training. Sir Eric defends participation as providing for criticism but (apart from faculty-student committees) you do not need participation to ensure the passage of comment. He claims phased participation should parallel the process of turning apprentices into masters—as if we were breeding academics.

In his view participation is educational. For whom? For potential educational administrators? For those whose war-cry is bureaucracy or those promoters of union cabals who represent nobody? Sir Eric supposes experience may convince them that power is diffuse when they will merely suppose it has been removed elsewhere and persistently combine with dissentient academics to acquire some of its elusive substance. The trouble is that he does not frankly work out what is required to protect the autonomy of those whose judgment is based on a lifetime commitment from the alternating nostrums and sometimes flatulent rhetoric of rather inexperienced youths.

Margaret Mead analyses what she calls prefigurative, cofigurative and post-figurative cultures: those in which children learn from forebears, those in which both adults and children learn from peers, and those in which adults also learn from their children. *Culture and Commitment* is a sensitive, subtle exploration of these contrasts, particularly the varieties of immigrant and pioneer situations.

Cofiguration, she says, may be institutionalized in age grades or in the conformities of the modern adolescent group for which there are no grandparents, no closed ethnic community and where the styles derive from the mass media. Generational difference is softened by a notion of progress which still assumes broad agreement about values and a constant human nature. However, the children of the post-figurative culture are a new kind of immigrant, moving forward into a future so deeply unknown as to transcend mere generational revolt. Those born before 1940 have not only made a world for which their skills are no longer appropriate, but cannot know what it is to be *young* in such a world: the computerizing, polluted, populous, global village of nuclear physics and modern biology. Two unique generations, therefore, confront one another: those who made this world still carrying the past within them, and those who experience it new and with a unique universality and immediacy.

Then Miss Mead begins a commentary which is just generously wrong-headed. It is quite unhistorical to think of the young as different, in that they have never known a time when annihilation by war did not threaten: rather they are the first generation to achieve partial respite from just that threat. They are released, she suggests, from the simplicities of the printed word. Yet, in fact, they are released from the complexities of a verbal culture into a new audio-visual naivety. And is it *true* that they have really lost faith in religion and ideology when they propound the solutions of the feeling, authentic heart as against the logical, the institutional, the scientific, the urban and the conventional? Do they honestly have "no enemies" when they have so developed a political demonology? Do parents really not know how to teach their children? Surely this is true only of those parents who *share* the children's ideology, which is that a person emerges more fully without a stable frame of demarcated areas, of institutionalized respects, of rules, roles, relations handled and compassionately controlled within firm, understood limits.

If the new generation really does believe that the past is an unintelligible failure, then that would be an indictment of our system of socialization and education. It would indeed substantiate the claim that it prepares for living by putting off and thrusting aside the experience of life. Put in another way, education shelters from reality, from costs, creates an insensitivity to the processes of power, an inability to grasp the ethical sensitivities encapsulated in the conventions and even in the decent hypocrisies of the mature adult. It lets loose a free-floating censoriousness rooted in the sometimes brutal urges and chaotic incoherence of the "authentic" self. There really is no such thing as "leaving them free" to grow "straight and tall" into the open future: only either the conformities of counter-cultures or personal disintegration. It is not so much that they know something new: it is rather our malign achievement to induce in some of them an ignorance about what has always been known.

Dr. Barnes is the kind of person who believes so many *sincere* young people cannot be wrong. *The University as the New Church* is an intelligent liberal wobble, praising "choice" without grasping the circumscribed, restrictive content of any particular choice. She throws up ideas, opens new vistas, pronounces dire warnings about science and pollution, invokes human potential and new values (whatever they are), makes pregnant remarks about reason and love and large statements like: "The great affirmation of the Western Church in our century is its rediscovery of love."

The main idea is an analogy between university and church and she concludes that it is time new academics became old presbyter writ large. We are urged to draw up a list of values minus the supernatural, commit ourselves to them and embody them in the university. It is somewhat surprising that the university is chosen for this consensual role just when opinion is increasingly polarized. Moreover, the university as such requires only those values necessary to its specific, limited though enormously important tasks. Dr. Barnes rejects the church on the ground that there is no necessary connexion between the institutionalization of worship or metaphysical affirmation and doing something about the world. Maybe, yet that particular disjunction is very limited and partial as compared to the disjunction which is revealed when institutions devoted to the life of the intellect are converted into embattled citadels for our contemporary Salvation Armies. The sort of person who wants the university to provide for him the motivations and satisfactions of religion, criteria [illegible] sources of identity, [illegible] therapy, *and* a nicely [illegible] base for attacking social [illegible] advised to do his own [illegible] where else.

Finally, one moves to [illegible] theory specifics of the [illegible] Rice. He *assumes* that [illegible] tradition is properly linked [illegible] mity, passivity, repression [illegible] tation, dictatorship, [illegible] there is much sense in *The* [illegible] *University*, which is based [illegible] the way task systems and [illegible] departments and research [illegible] generate a capacity for self [illegible] tion in which they grade [illegible] more and more on themselves [illegible] become insulated from the [illegible] ment. However, Rice's basic [illegible] not appeal: control, systems [illegible] boundary, transaction, m[illegible]

Universities, he says, [illegible] tiple-task organizations, [illegible] appropriate organization [illegible] task and proper boundary [illegible] tion between them. [illegible] across internal boundaries [illegible] the external environment [illegible] better understood and [illegible] Universities import ma[illegible] vert them, export them, [illegible] the through-put by the co[illegible] boundaries and the re[illegible] sentient systems (groups) [illegible] sub-system must be anal[illegible] pendently and then reinteg[illegible] overall model. However, w[illegible] industrial "model" helps [illegible] is another matter. Unive[illegible] churches, are very peculi[illegible] tions, for which tradition [illegible] end be more pliable and [illegible] purpose-built models.

The pathos of *The* [illegible] *University* is the pathos of [illegible] three: of liberals seeking [illegible] for unreason everywhere [illegible] certain defects of their ow[illegible] and practice. All the same, [illegible] may still be the best illusion [illegible]

Claiming the whole child

HERBERT READ :
The Redemption of The Robot
271pp. Faber and Faber. £2.

Herbert Read published what he himself called his standard book on *Education through Art* in 1943 and a revised edition of it in 1958. The present book, of which we now have the English edition, was published in America in 1966, two years before Read's death, in "The Credo Perspectives" series. The aim of this series is darkly shadowed forth by its editor, Ruth Nanda Anshen, in an epilogue to Read's book which explains that "it is the effort of *The Credo Series* to define the new reality in which the estrangement of man and his work, resulting in the self-estrangement in man's existence, is overcome". Miss Anshen's writing may leave the reader with the impression that he has got sadly out of touch with the latest information, or perhaps the latest ideas, about the nature of reality, and it may be some consolation to learn that "*The Credo Series* belongs to those ideas that are intuitively conceived".

Much of Read's book consists of a *catena* of texts, from Plato to Jung and from ancient Chinese philosophers to Robert Ardrey, a form of composition to which theologians have been addicted and one that is not the less tedious when purged of any reference to God. The texts from Plato, recommending that in education the power of aesthetic perception should be linked to the power of discriminating between good and evil, provide the main theme for Read's argument and the main support for his claim that "we have within our grasp a method of education of absolutely universal validity", that instruction in music, poetry and the plastic arts is "the key to all knowledge and all noble behaviour". This, it would seem, must be the whole of education: "We claim the whole child."

Read seems to have been quite ready to disregard the notice on Plato's door, "no admittance without a pass in geometry", and, indeed, he was prepared to believe that much or perhaps all of the misery of the world is caused by "the prevalence of logical and rationalistic modes of thought". Inevitably his own proposed curriculum involved "the reform of all existing academic institutions, a complete breakaway from a pedagogic tradition which had its origin in the Revival of Learning". Even Unesco, though it supported the International Society for Education through Art, has betrayed an academic character and conducted a campaign against illiteracy. Read was aware that it might not be easy to disband all the forces which administer our educational systems since these represent old and powerful vested interests: "they must be left", he regretfully concluded, "to die a natural death".

Anyone who has a panacea will be tempted to exaggerate the severity of the diseases which it is intended to cure, and this is certainly one explanation of the gloomy diagnoses and worse prognoses that Read was apt to make. He asserted, for example, that "in the case of the vast majority of adults in our diseased societies" what he called the natural process of integration has never been achieved or even attempted and that therefore "some form of analysis or some therapy become necessary". But such melancholy conclusions were also symptomatic of the despondency which attacked Read in his later years. The process can be seen at work in an account given here of his inspection of Chinese education during a visit he paid to that country in 1959. At first all seems sweetness and light: Read was "much struck by a prevailing awareness of the dialectical nature of the educational problem", and Chinese educators undoubtedly had a policy of integration. All students were required to spend two or three months every year in productive labour—but do not many English undergraduates find that they have to seek employment in the vacations?—and Read was agreeably s[illegible] find poetry in the lib[illegible] technological institution, [illegible] university—but might it not [illegible] ble to find a copy of the [illegible] Shakespeare in the [illegible] M.I.T.? One may suspect [illegible] comes next was written [illegible] interval for reflection: he [illegible] cannot, after all, be ex[illegible] achieve integration be[illegible] alienated labour of a [illegible] technological civilization [illegible] provide it. Even so the [illegible] disillusionment never we[illegible] to make Read have any do[illegible] the benefit of an all-aesth[illegible] tion; he never got to the [illegible] worrying about a possible [illegible] between literacy and poetry.

Pop Art in School by Fi[illegible] (103pp. Batsford. 30s.) [illegible] though over-systematic [illegible] show how the interests [illegible] people at school in a co[illegible] urban society can be [illegible] gently and imaginatively [illegible] cation. It is serious be[illegible] plores the needs of yo[illegible] through their interests, and [illegible] ignore the needs of the ar[illegible] to use his own experience [illegible] a stimulus. It is over-sy[illegible] that it seeks to compare p[illegible] cises" with the work of [illegible] pop artists. If ever there [illegible] movement in which the c[illegible] bubble gum was father to [illegible] is pop art. To this exten[illegible] ments on the jacket are [illegible] To affirm that, "the w[illegible] Art as an Instructional [illegible] schools has been largely [illegible] shows no knowledge of [illegible] been going on in art educ[illegible] secondary schools of this [illegible] the past decade. Yet ma[illegible] chers will recognize the [illegible] useful consolidation of [illegible] art education and will [illegible] sympathetic and [illegible] approach. In particular [illegible] Pictures, the "Hen's Gi[illegible] and the Transformation [illegible] Pictures are rich in educa[illegible] tial.

MACDONALD

Recollections
Alexis de Tocqueville

Editors: Professor J P Meyer & Miss A P Kerr

A new translation of the definitive eye-witness account of life in France during and after the Revolution of 1848 by the author of *Democracy in America*, who was parliamentary deputy at the time of the proclamation of the Second Republic and later foreign minister under Louis Napoleon.
£2.75

Day-to-day thoughts of a perfect Gaullist

[FRA]NCOIS MAURIAC :
[N]ouveau bloc-notes, 1965-1967
[illegible] Paris: Flammarion. 38fr.

François Mauriac first started [illegible] blish his weekly "Bloc-notes" [illegible] 2, it was thought that this was [illegible] ort of writing which a distin[illegible] writer could permit himself [illegible] approached old age. It con[illegible] of a few political remarks of a [illegible] general nature, mixed up with [illegible] nts on the other things which [illegible] ied Mauriac—that is to say, [illegible] literature, religion, and per[illegible] reminiscence. It was a version [illegible] e old and (in France) popular [illegible] of a *journal* and it seemed in no [illegible] outstanding, no better but no [illegible] than the ordinary literary pro[illegible] ns.

[illegible] Mauriac's page soon became [illegible] s. His involvement in certain [illegible] al events, particularly concern[illegible] ench politics in North Africa, [illegible] is association with Pierre [illegible]-France and the so-called [illegible] disistes", gave him a renown [illegible] relevance as a commentator. [illegible] ole vigorously and he dealt [illegible] is subjects adroitly. What was [illegible] important, he continued to [illegible] is "Bloc-notes", in one paper [illegible] other. Even when "mendès[illegible] declined and when, as Mauriac [illegible] put it, "je me suis trouvé [illegible] n autre compartiment, bien [illegible] oujours dans le même convoi", [illegible] Bloc-notes" continued to [illegible]

[illegible] volume now published is the [illegible] in the series of *Nouveaux* [illegible] *notes*: with the original [illegible] e, which covers the years [illegible] to 1957, there are five [illegible] and it seems that there [illegible] more to follow. Thus this form of writing came to play a more vital part in Mauriac's literary production than had seemed likely. Some have even suggested that it is in this form of journalism that Mauriac has written some of his finest and most effective pages. However astonishing it is to think that the author of *Le Noeud de vipères*, *Thérèse Desqueyroux*, and *Le Baiser au lépreux* could be forgotten in favour of a journalist, we must bear in mind that in January, 1968, Mauriac himself wrote that it was not impossible that his *Bloc-notes* (and his *Mémoires intérieurs*) would still be consulted when no one thought of looking at any of his novels.

The present volume covers the years when a Gaullist usually found it easy to be confident. France had got rid of the Algerian problem, had achieved a certain prosperity and appeared to have stable institutions. Yet at the same time, as was shown in the Presidential elections of 1965 and in the general elections of 1967, these were years when a large number of French people refused to accept de Gaulle. A large part of these *Bloc-notes* is therefore taken up with this problem. Sometimes Mauriac writes directly, openly urging those who have not yet made up their minds how to vote that they should vote Gaullist. In other pieces he justifies his Gaullism to those who reproach him for his "prosternation" before de Gaulle. These passages, which can be quite long and involved, are not always personal; they are essays in political analysis and understanding.

But Mauriac's vision of de Gaulle remained a very personal one. He did not see the same intelligent, skilful, stylish statesman who was apparent to most people. A press conference by de Gaulle was not, for Mauriac, an example of oratory or of cleverness. It was not even a demonstration of Gaullist greatness. ("De Gaulle ne se souvient pas devant nous de sa gloire, il ne nous la rappelle jamais.") Still less was it the outcome of political passion or manoeuvring. De Gaulle appeared to Mauriac as the simple spokesman of the truth, the truth that had been examined and explained many times before by other men, but which only appeared evident and inevitable once de Gaulle had stated it. And what was this truth? Mauriac says many times that the Fourth Republic was driving France towards a certain disaster and death; in 1958 de Gaulle saved France from that disaster and death. Mauriac often goes into details. He speaks about the necessity for decolonization. He emphasizes the fact that only after 1958 is France respected abroad. Only then, too, does France have a stable currency.

It is true that Mauriac recognizes what makes many respectable men find Gaullism unpalatable: the idea of personal power, of "un pouvoir consulaire", a non-hereditary monarchy. He does not like the independent nuclear stategy. He accepts, by implication, that there is a need for a social policy when he dreams of a de Gaulle/Mendès-France alliance. There is an undercurrent of pessimism when he wonders what will happen when de Gaulle is no longer there (and his enthusiasm for M. Pompidou is not always convincing). But in general, Mauriac is the perfect Gaullist. For the first time in his life he finds himself governed "raisonnablement". According to his analysis, in 1958 there was not a choice between de Gaulle and another set of politicians or another policy; there was a choice between de Gaulle and nothing, and even the nothing, he claims, was Gaullist ("un rien qui, dans la mesure où il restait un souffle de voix, criait lui aussi 'De Gaulle! De Gaulle!'"). Gaullism for Mauriac was not simply a series of attitudes which could be good or which could be bad. It was a manifestation of that which had to be accepted. "Vous pouvez rendre le chirurgien responsable du cancer dont il vous a opérés et dont il vous a guéris", he writes; but even if you hate de Gaulle, you must accept that what he did was both necessary and natural. And in the chorus of hatreds which surrounded de Gaulle, Mauriac thought that it was necessary for him to defend and to explain Gaullism.

It is clear, reading through this collection of articles, that Mauriac remained a masterly writer; but he was not a skilful analyst. Indeed, his value as a political commentator was that he placed himself at the level of the ordinary French citizen. At worst one can accuse him of seeing politics from the level of the concierge (although frequently regretting that the best Gaullists seemed to be found outside France): at best one can comment on the excessively *simpliste* view which saw everything going badly until 1958 and then going well after that date. This does not mean that Mauriac, like the concierge, is not sometimes correct. It is true, for example, that the opponents of de Gaulle in 1965 represented an extraordinary hotchpotch of contradictory sentiments and ambitions, which could offer little except distrust and confusion. Doubtless, too, Mauriac is right when he maintains that "mendèsisme" was, in its way, a type of Gaullism, and that those who put their faith in Mendès-France did so in the hope that some day he would be in a position to put right, in his own way, what he and his followers thought was wrong in France. While de Gaulle had achieved that position, Mendès-France had been the victim of the vicious system of the Fourth Republic. Similarly, there is a good deal of common sense in Mauriac's frequent denunciations of the Social Republicans and their policies.

But once one has said all this, what does this volume by this distinguished writer amount to? Essentially, it is little more than a fixation which has its interest and which permits some fine writing, but which tends to be boring. It's a pity that Mauriac should go out of his way to praise some of the minor acolytes of Gaullism (such as Michel Droit). This was hardly interesting in 1967; it is not interesting now nor likely to be so in the future. It's a pity that Mauriac should be so complacently set in his conviction that de Gaulle was such a uniquely great figure in French history that he can only find Clemenceau, "pour un bref instant", to compare to him in the twentieth century. So much adulation is bound to become tedious. Perhaps it is inevitable that when writing about Maurras, Mauriac should try to compare Maurras's thought to that of de Gaulle (although he does not do it very well). But the same happens when the subject is Barrès or Claudel, and he cannot write about "la grande lande" which begins at the gates of Bordeaux and of Villandraut, without telling us that Villandraut is the "pays natal d'un des ministres de de Gaulle".

Even bearing in mind that a collected edition of these day-to-day pieces is bound to lead to repetition, it is a pity that Mauriac repeats himself so much. The references to de Gaulle, to the passage of the seasons at Malagar, to Mauriac himself as "romancier régionaliste", do not gain by repetition. Such a volume as this will confirm those who have always maintained, with some exaggeration, that Mauriac passed his life writing the same book over and over again. Equally, of course, it is true that those who admire Mauriac will find much in these pages which will delight them. When he writes of the church and of reforms in the organization and methods of the church, when he recalls walking alongside Reynaldo Hahn at Proust's funeral or seeing Robert Brasillach sitting alone at the Deux-Magots, just before his arrest, when he comments on Malraux, Maurois, Valéry, then he is a writer who commands attention.

It is interesting to see what he reads (notably Jacques Maritain's *Le Paysan de la Garonne*) and re-reads. Some of his anecdotes are delightful (for example, when Proust complained that neither Mme. Greffulhe nor Mme. de Chevigné read his works, Cocteau said, "Vous demandez aux insectes de lire Fabre"). It is fascinating to see how the Dreyfus affair always returns to his mind. But all this is bitty and by the way. It is not for this sort of writing or for this volume that Mauriac will be remembered.

DAVID & CHARLES

[Sto]ck-list for 4 February

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A change, not a crisis

RICHARD HARRIS :
Justice
268pp. Bodley Head. £2 5s.

Never judge a book by its cover or, in this case, by its sub-title. Richard Harris or, perhaps, his publishers have thought it wise to add to *Justice* the words "The Crisis of Law, Order and Freedom in America". If such a "crisis" does exist, then Mr. Harris needs many more words than he has used in this urbane, sophisticated and highly subjective account. If it does not exist, then what on earth is he writing about?

His central theme is the replacement as Attorney-General of the United States of Ramsey Clark, a Democratic appointee, by John N. Mitchell, a Republican, a friend and adviser to President Nixon and one of the shapers of the so-called Southern Strategy during the campaign of 1968. This was naturally very upsetting to Mr. Clark and to his deservedly large number of admirers, of whom Mr. Harris is certainly one. He was shocked. He saw much of Mr. Clark's programme scrapped by Mr. Mitchell and his associates. He heard Mr. Clark attacked during the campaign by Mr. Nixon.

All very upsetting to Mr. Harris and others. But, even in an era in which words are continually debased, hardly a "crisis". There was a crisis in the United States in 1933; there was one in Britain in 1940 and in Berlin in 1948. But the author's contention that the replacement of a personable, able Democratic Attorney-General by a less personable but, possibly, equally able Republican constitutes a crisis puts the whole book in question.

There is indeed a good deal about crime in the book, and the material is excellently handled. Mr. Clark makes the telling point, often missed on Park Avenue, that organized crime—the Mafia, &c.—is a very small percentage of American crime. He also points out that the poor tend to rob or rape or murder the poor, not the rich.

Some of the book's weaknesses arise from the atmosphere in which the author laboured. After Mr. Nixon's inauguration there were many people, not all of them Democrats, who saw the future in the blackest terms and who went about predicting blood and slaughter on every side unless the new Administration followed the unlikely course of carrying out the policies of the old. It was a hectic, uncertain period.

Things look a bit different today. There has been a second summer of comparative peace in the ghettoes of the major cities. Undergraduate protest has lessened. Vietnam has been de-fused as a political issue. Apparently none of this was foreseeable to the author or Mr. Clark when the material for the book was gathered. It should have been: people with faith in the United States and the people were not as worried. However, we have Mr. Clark quoted as saying that "it is quite possible that the commanding generals would get together and take over". If troops were garrisoned near major cities and fear of an uprising was especially strong. The Army, Mr. Clark said, wanted to be involved because "it gives them something to do".

This sort of nonsense—and to anyone who knows the generals and their strong distaste for involvement in civilian affairs it is arrant nonsense—mars Mr. Clark's very strong point that the police "have by far the best opportunity to stop riots before they get out of hand, because the police are on the scene and can move at once".

Consistently Mr. Clark's light is hidden under a mass of extreme statements and examples of strong political bias. And there is far too much selective quotation. Discussing a new narcotics control Bill, Mr. Harris writes:

> The outcry against the bill was immediate and intense on the part of experts who felt that the experience of the last thirty years had been utterly ignored by the Administration when the bill was drafted.

But were there other experts who did not feel this way, who endorsed the Bill? Mr. Harris does not say. The new Administration's attitudes on wire-tapping, race relations, school integration, the Supreme Court are given a bad time by Mr. Harris. Behind them he seems to see the hoods of the K.K.K., the John Birch Society and other hobgoblins of the American liberals.

The extreme right in United States politics is too serious a business to be trifled with in this way. The extreme right is not represented by Mr. Mitchell, Richard G. Kleindienst, the Deputy Attorney-General, or Mr. Nixon. What they are doing is carrying out a policy of their own, a Republican policy. This may be unfortunate for Mr. Clark and the Democrats. But to misrepresent it as a crisis of law, order and freedom is to weaken the very good case of the Democratic Party and to mock objective reporting. So *Justice*, for all its skilful writing, its vignettes of life at the top, is basically a political tract. Indeed the author is occupied with the same game that entrances the unlovable Mr. Mitchell: playing politics.

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The universal egoarch

JOHN GROSS:
Joyce
95pp. Fontana. Paperback, 6s.

A short book about James Joyce—say ninety-five pages, the length of John Gross's contribution to the "Modern Masters" series—which would finally dispose of all the more vexed and vexing questions, while exploring, to adapt Mr. Asquith, all and only those avenues, in Dublin or elsewhere, really worth exploring, and turning only those stones, prehistoric or otherwise, there was really something under, would seem to many at the moment an exceedingly desirable phenomenon. It should of course also, if it is to serve the purpose of an introduction, entice and illuminate rather than suggest mere difficulties and entanglements.

Mr. Gross's book is not quite the dream, perhaps because he recognized the impossibility of settling everything. That it is in many ways a model of what an introduction should be is, paradoxically, partly because of this. He has not been sidetracked. He knows when not to raise a question and when to be tentative. When widely divergent schools and methods of criticism exist, he is sometimes content merely to mention and keep the ring.

Some of the vexed questions, though, are more or less finally disposed of. That old nonsense of Stephen Dedalus's (if not of James Joyce's) about impersonality is faced from the start. Stephen, it will unfortunately be remembered, spoke of the artist as "being like the God of the creation .... within or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails". The statement had a wide appeal and much Joyce criticism tried to adapt itself to it. It was perhaps reasonable to assume its importance, but there was more involved. Various notions of classicism were about; and, perhaps because of a reaction against Victorian and Romantic egotism, perhaps because of the very newness and dangers of Freudian psychological criticism, certain of the most formative of modern writers were anxious to deny that their inner tensions, anxieties or neuroses had anything to do with the finished work. As Mr. Gross reminds us, a short while before the publication of *Ulysses* Eliot had laid down the line for a whole generation of critics in "Tradition and the Individual Talent" with "his account of the artist's progress as 'a continual extinction of personality' and his emphasis on the gap between 'the man who suffers and the mind which creates'".

Well, it is beginning to be clearer now—to some it was clear enough all along—that both Eliot and Joyce were confessional writers, just like everybody else, whatever the nature of the concealments and what Henry James called "the deep counterminings" of art. Indeed the diversionary tactics, the statements about impersonality, were perhaps rendered humanly necessary in their case and at the time by the difficulties, intimacies and the then novelties of what was to be confessed. The tactics succeeded but, as Mr. Gross says:

> With the years, the tradition of Joyce's impersonality has become harder and harder to sustain. On the contrary it is now clear that few writers, in Stanislaus Joyce's words, have ever exploited the minute, unpromising material of their experience so thoroughly, that he was indeed the "egoarch" which he accuses himself of being in *Finnegans Wake*.

Mr. Gross in fact uses the personal element as his unifying theme. As he rightly indicates, what Joyce actually pinned his faith to was a belief in the universality of one man's experience, however peripheral or untypical his background or life might seem, and of one man's psychology, whatever odd things went to make it up. However, he insists, criticism

> isn't just a question of identifying prototypes and tracking down personal allusions. Many of these turn out to be trivial; others are best forgotten. . . . Where a knowledge of Joyce's life really counts, where it can modify a reader's fundamental response to his work, is in bringing out the full egocentric and conflict-ridden nature of his genius. Seen in this light his books derive their power from the intensity of his obsessions and the energy with which he tried to master them. They are acts of concealment and exposure, of revenge and reconciliation, of self-purgation and self-definition.

On the even more vexed question of the "extensions of meaning"—or, as Mr. Gross plainly calls them, the "allegorical devices" in *Ulysses*, the mythical, historical and other parallels—he is level-headed and cautious. After admitting the temptation to adopt an attitude more or less like that which Hazlitt recommended in the case of *The Faerie Queene* ("if we don't meddle with the allegory, the allegory won't meddle with us"); declaring that there does come a point where one says, "it may be what Joyce intended but I don't want to know"; and probing the difficulties of deciding when an allusion is really intended and if so what weight we ought to give it—he agrees, more or less, with Robert Martin Adams that "the meaningless is deeply interwoven with the meaningful in the texture of the novel" and that "the book loses as much as it gains by being read closely".

On Joyce's personal and racial obsessions, on his general intent, on the nature of his partial failure and the greatness of his partial achievement Mr. Gross is never less than judicious; and considering the nature of many of the vexed and to be dreaded questions with which he chooses to deal, he is wonderfully lucid.

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Made to remember

ESTHER SALAMAN:
A Collection of Moments
A study of Involuntary Memories.
141pp. Longman. £2.

Those who have read *Far Away and Long Ago* will remember W. H. Hudson's description of how on the second day of a serious illness towards the end of his life events of his childhood were suddenly visible to him as they had never been before. He had drawn on conscious memory for many of his earlier books. He thought the rest oblivion. It never necessarily is:

> That indeed is how our memory serves and fools us; for at some period of a man's life—at all events of some lives—in some rare state of mind, it is all at once revealed to him as by a miracle that nothing is ever blotted out.

Many have had such experiences. They are frequently inexplicable. No immediate stimulus is apparent. As often as not they are frustrating. They provide no sequence. They defy efforts at completion. It can be years before another tiny piece of the jigsaw falls into place. Again we rarely know why. We wonder, and let it go at that.

Esther Salaman was not prepared to do so. She set out systematically to study her involuntary memories. The better to understand them she also studied the works of those who had written about theirs: Aksakov, De Quincey, Harriet Martineau, Stendhal, the little-known William Hutton, and Edwin Muir, among them. *A la recherche du temps perdu* will spring to most minds, but Esther Salaman warns: "We cannot take Marcel's experiences at face value: they are not always Marcel Proust's. Proust used involuntary memories for a purpose; to make his ingenious plot."

Esther Salaman's gleanings from the experiences of others are valuable. They cannot be decisive. She has to depend on what they wrote. She cannot submit their evidence to the intensive and extensive questioning she can give her own. She can draw parallels and cite corroborative phenomena. It is on her personal experiences that the strength of her book depends.

It is not necessary to accept all her conclusions—some psychologists and psychoanalysts might in some cases offer other explanations—to say that her book passes the test. Esther Salaman's childhood and adolescence were spent in old Russia. This is not in itself a major factor in her book. She is not intent on depicting a world that has gone; her quest is too minute and personal for that. It does provide her with a distinctive approach. *A Collection of Moments* enriches the reading of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and others, as well as stimulating private recall.

That memory lies in layers is a common experience. Esther Salaman relates depth and brilliance. "The most surprising difference among my memories was in their luminosity: the long-buried moments of incomprehension appeared brighter than any." If this is a general rule, training is needed to perceive it. That "the involuntary memory has this in common with a moment of inspiration: it is unexpected, surprising, and yet we claim it as our own at once, sure of its validity" is easily acceptable. Indeed the reader finds, as he makes his way through these pages, involuntary memories of his own asserting themselves; so certain as to be immediately recognized as authentic, so tiny and evanescent that he wishes he had read *A Collection of Moments* with a tape-recorder by his side.

Lapsed lefty?

RAYMOND WILLIAMS:
Orwell
95pp. Fontana. Paperback, 6s.

In the last chapter of his study in the "Modern Masters" series, Raymond Williams provides a summary of the different George Orwells who seem to him to exist at present. There is Orwell the "figure the age needed", the plain-living decent left-winger whose disillusionment led him to anti-communism; and also the Orwell respected by the New Left for his anti-imperialism, anti-Stalinism, his attempt to "live and feel . . . beyond the range of an Establishment culture". Mr. Williams's conclusion is that the first Orwell was, upon the whole, defeated by the second. He tried to enter "the critical places" and to join in "the experiences of his epoch" on the right side, but the war left him prepared to settle for "capitalist democracy" so that finally "his radical pessimism was combined with an accommodation to capitalism and with an illusion of the imminence of social democracy". In simpler words, a good man gone wrong.

There are some facts to support this view, but to insist upon it as Mr. Williams does is to distort the tenor of Orwell's life and the development of his thought. A single instance may serve to show the way in which facts are interpreted to fit into a preconceived viewpoint. Mr. Williams spends some time in disposing of what he called the "general idea" that Orwell "returned from Spain a disillusioned socialist who then gave his energy to warnings against a totalitarian socialist future". But who ever supposed he did, who held this "general idea"? Certainly nobody who has read much of his writing. And when Mr. Williams goes on to say that "tracing the real development is undoubtedly difficult", this is so only in the light of his own assumptions about Orwell as an early New Leftist. In the light of the way he lived and acted, Orwell's "revolutionary" period after returning from Spain and before his views changed just before the war was an aberration. There is an overwhelming mass of evidence to show that he was not the defeated revolutionary making "what settlements he could find" of this study, but a man for a long time uncertain of his own aims or settled opinions, whose powers as a radical social critic were fully realized after the beginning of the war, with a deeper understanding of his own nature. For Mr. Williams this would make Orwell a much less interesting and important figure, and so he refuses to accept it.

The perverseness of his viewpoint can be seen in his attitude to the actual work. Since early Orwell was by definition good Orwell, that must be reflected in his wri[...]ngly the prewar nove[...] much more influential [...] commonly noticed; [...] could say they created [...] the drifting anti-hero [...] of the fifties". Well, [...] anything, but evidence [...] statements would be hard [...] general Mr. Williams [...] early books, of which Orw[...] and almost all other [...] thought comparatively [...] a glancing word of pra[...] essays, and deprecates [...] *Farm* and *Nineteen Eigh*[...] which he complains that [...] are written off as passive [...] and that all the "ordinary [...] of personal life" are wri[...] His attitude to these [...] curious. One has the im[...] times that he feels an [...] work to be worthwhile [...] expresses an optimis[...] Casting around desp[...] something nice to say abo[...] *Farm* he discovers "a [...] confidence, an assured [...] and laughing intelligence" [...] in this sad book, even in [...] irony of the final scene [...] and pigs have become [...] the other animals cannot [...] is which. But when in [...] *Eighty-four* hope is mone[...] pressed in relation to a [...] "proles", he is outrage[...] state revolutionary romant[...] insulting as the original [...] tion." The tone is that of [...] Marxist criticism of the [...] were asked whether these [...] works were not far more [...] and much better written [...] early ones, Mr. Willia[...] presumably reject such [...] of judgment.

Perhaps it is not surpr[...] the style of his own book [...] sionally obscure, often ab[...] never fulfils Orwell's re[...] that good prose should be [...] a window pane. Instead [...] that Mr. Bowling in *Comi*[...] *Air* returns to the wo[...] childhood, Mr. Williams [...] the book is "written at a s[...] and abstracting distance" [...] where he says that Orwell [...] sions needed to be inte[...] root they were one de[...] that his writing offers "[...] through a limited interna[...] the limit as the basis for [...] pattern: a self-proving [...] need and the impossibi[...] sustained break, so that [...] vention dwindles to a [...] protest or self-assertion". [...] had written an essay on [...] abstract instead of concre[...] literary criticism, this [...] have provided him with [...] lent examples.

TANNENBERG 1410:1914
Geoffrey Evans

'The first battle began the disintegration of the Teutonic order, the second the disintegration of the Romanovs. The consequences to the world are still incomplete.'
(Sunday Times)

'Brilliant study of the 1914 battle.'
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Maps and heavy illustrations

Hamish Hamilton

[E]motions recollected in emotion

[COM]PTON MACKENZIE:
[My Li]fe and Times
[Oc]ten, 1953-1963.
Chatto and Windus. £2 6s.

[...] in 1963, on the author's [...]h birthday, that the first [...] of Sir Compton Mackenzie's [...] *and Times* was published; [...]w, eight years later, he has [...] the end of one of the liveliest [...] entertainingly varied auto[...]hies of the mid-century. The [...]ion of the work has not been [...]r he has been handicapped by [...]th, by the loss of the sight [...] eye, and by personal bereave[...]. Yet there has been no sign [...]ing, and this last volume is [...] the most zestful, most amus[...] most deep-rootedly contented [...] all:

> [...]tion as I write these last words [...]r by year record of a long life [...] gratitude. I have been happy [...]unate. *Homo Felix*, and I am [...]y happy and fortunate. As I [...]n my pen on this June 13th, [...] let my last two words be
> DEO GRATIAS

[...] contentment must have been [...] because during the whole of [...]e he has been writing the [...]graphy, Sir Compton has [...] one house. Drummond Place [...] to the second phase of [...]gh's New Town, less elegant [...] Charlotte Square but perhaps [...] Scottish in its dignified sob[...]. When the author's second [...] sister set up a hairdressing [...]s in the basement, Evelyn [...] wrote in alarm: "Someone [...] a barber had opened shop in [...] beautiful home." Indeed, for [...]t eighteen years 31 Drum[mond] Place has been, in the words [of a] B.B.C. interviewer, a writing "factory" and, at the same time, a port of call for distinguished visitors to the Edinburgh Festival and Scotland in general. Prince Philip stopped there when he came to the University Rectorial Installation; James Thurber called there on his way to investigate the Loch Ness Monster.

Residence in Edinburgh has illumined Sir Compton's more recent years with the glow of a "simmer dim", and in his self-portrait he can be seen decorated with Scottish honours like one of Henry Raeburn's lairds. He was elected "Professor of Literature" by the Royal Scottish Academy, made an honorary Doctor of Laws by the Francis Xavier University of Nova Scotia, nominated "Scotsman of the Year", invited to preside at the Gaelic Festival in Oban and to perform the Sashing Ceremony at Musselburgh. At one time he gained a new fame in advertisements for Scotch whisky: and when, in 1962, he was guest of honour to the Worshipful Company of Pipe Makers, one is surprised to find that the pipes are related to tobacco rather than the pibroch—though, as Sir Compton had previously written a history of smoking, the surprise is not really justified.

Yet he was by no means confined to Scotland, repeatedly travelling down to London by the night train to fulfil one engagement or another. On one occasion two friends who were seeing him off at Waverley found themselves locked in his compartment, and it was only by tossing a note out of the carriage window that they were able to have the train stopped at a station not too far from Edinburgh. Several times, too, he visited the Wexford Festival and twice journeyed to the Mediterranean for a notable series of television programmes about Greece.

Television and radio continued, as before, to make much use of his wit and virtuoso conversation. He appeared in *Any Questions*, in debate with Gilbert Harding, in an interview with Somerset Maugham filmed in Nice, and in programmes about Queen Mary, the stars of the Edwardian stage and the Café Royal. Once he went down to London under the impression that he was to take part in a *This is Your Life* programme about his sister Fay, only to find, when the cameras were started, that he himself was the subject.

And all the time he was at work on many other chores and projects: a weekly article for *The Spectator*, various film-scripts, three or four novels (including *Ben Nevis Goes East* and *Thin Ice*) a book of children's stories adapted from the Greek myths, and a book about cats which would have been called "Whiskers Galore" had the author not feared that the title would confuse the booksellers!

In the matter of public campaigns, arguments and law-suits this was one of the quieter decades of Sir Compton's life, though he kept up his usual guerrilla skirmishes with the Inland Revenue and was always ready to defend friends from calumny, Greece from the British Government and the Hebrides from almost anything. In fact, at the end of this life-story, the reader is left with a sense, above all else, of the author's capacity for friendship—of his warm, quick, sympathetic response to other people. In these ten volumes we are introduced to hundreds of personalities, many of them portrayed at length, often with memorable anecdotes, and all brought to life even if in no more than a few lines. In fact, if they had no other merit, these books would endure as a hilarious collection of the sayings and foibles of the famous.

They have many more merits, of course. *My Life and Times* may not be one of the more fastidiously written, consciously shaped autobiographies of our time, for Sir Compton has not sought primarily to turn his life into a work of art: he has relived it and reported it, valuing the experience more than what he can make out of it. This is emotion recollected in emotion, and tranquillity can wait a few more years yet. Sir Compton believes in a decent reticence between author and reader, yet he writes with his eye so consistently on the world around him and so little on himself, that he gives a self-revelation unintentionally more revealing than that of many biographers who blatantly set out to tell all. He appears to have lived four or five different lives simultaneously and to have enjoyed them all. In this, and in the enormous range of his interests and activities, he may perhaps be something of an anachronism, flowering on from a time when the Man of Letters was a Man of Public Affairs. Yet if this is so, he is an anachronism so unapologetic, so vigorous, so observant that he is able to give us a bright, new, octogenarian view of our age just as, in previous volumes, he gave us unforgettable glimpses of his own. In short, Sir Compton has chosen to end with a bang.

The Shirt

There is something strange about this shirt,
As if it had been a dead friend's,
Who only now is being missed and understood,
And he has left it, hardly worn, for someone else
To wear. Death is all round me, cold and clean,
So white, orthodox and unacceptable.
This was my old shirt. It feels like wax now,
And I cannot bear to look at myself in it.
I should run away in this shirt, to where
It was worn, the white shadows of the men
Who once were alive, the strangest company.
There is someone there the way I used to be.
Haunting the old roads, I've looked for him.
He always sees me coming and keeps away,
Running with fast shadows on the fair slopes.
I wear his shirt, death's shirt, legacy
I did not know of. His mother put it
Clean and crisp into a scented drawer.

DOUGLAS DUNN

[Pe]eling off the onion skins

[AUBRE]Y MENEN:
[The Sp]ace within the Heart
[...] Hamish Hamilton. 35s.

[...]ok will certainly be classified [...]iography, though it is shorn [...]f-indulgence. Not for Mr. [...] the tedium of total recall, [...]ssumption that something [...]ing because it happened to [...]ll interest others. He has [...]e trouble to be short. *Vita* [...]*rs brevis*.

[...] whereas autobiographies are [...]d with What and How and [...]n exposition, *The Space* [...]*he Heart* is a search, for [...] is a problem, dramatized in [...] private interview with Pope [...]XIII.

> [...]pe looked at me with a frown. [...] is your nationality?" [...]h" said the Papal Chamber[lain, look]ing at a list. [...]e's not" said the Pope. [...] so here, Holy Father." [...]ot English," said John XXIII [...]ill kneeling. A thigh muscle [...] ache. I made to rise. The [...]t one hand on my shoulder [...]e down. He ran a broad [...] right round my jawbone. "Look," he said to his assistant, "These bones aren't English. Nor these eyes." He touched my grey hair. "Nor this."
> "No, Holiness," said the Chamberlain obediently.
> "My son" said the Pope to me "you are Indian, aren't you?"

Aubrey Menen's father was a Hindu, his mother an Irish Catholic, winner of a beauty competition; and he was born in England. But this being known, he wondered later, *what* or rather *who* was he? *The Space within the Heart* is the story of his attempt to discover, and later to become, himself.

Secluded in two rooms vacated by a famous thief in the Piazza Farnese, separated from the outside world of the Piazza Navona by three doors and long corridors, he embarked upon his spiritual argosy interrupted only, and then briefly, by the beautiful young Piero, as uncertain of his identity as Menen and maybe ourselves. (Details of Piero's life are concise, e.g., "A woman ten years his senior fell in love with him while he was bathing. She took him to Rome; she took him to a tailors. She dressed him. She took him to her apartment. She undressed him.")

In the Piazza Farnese, Mr. Menen has his books, the psychoanalytic tomes from Charlotte Street in the 1930s when Freud got top Marx for self-expression, and the theological treatises dating from his reception into Mother Church by Mgr. O'Flaherty, "who was disappointed to find that although my knowledge of the Faith was sound, I did not play golf". These are taken down and summarily replaced. But the Upanishads, or more precisely two of them, the *Brhadaranyaka* and the *Chandogya*, "at first reading . . . as hard and strange as their names", recur throughout the book, and from them comes the haunting title.

Mr. Menen's self-analysis begins (shades of *Peer Gynt*) with the peeling off of the adventitious layers of the onion. What, for example, led to the marriage of the Irish beauty-queen to the young Hindu, studying to be a doctor?

> "When I was a little girl," she said, "we used to dress dolls to give to the missionaries. I always chose a *brown* doll . . . So when I saw Kali in the hospital looking so frightened and *so* handsome, I just said 'That's the man I'm going to marry'."

This and the posy culled from what Mr. Menen calls "botanising" on his mother's grave (perhaps remembering the accusation from Leonard Huxley's letter to Aldous about *Antic Hay*), his mother's attempts to seduce him, her connivance at his absence during their stay in Paris so that she could be with her lover—they give us a wrily funny impression of a relationship, compassionate but cold. But is this all, even when we include in the total his giving no more?

His witty detachment from the outworn enthusiasms of his youth is very entertaining: the adolescent ecstasy of intercourse with the lady at the Opera who became a bore, one night of love with the expert Claude, not talking money with Maynard Keynes or politics with Krishna Menon, the hypocrisy of trying to be good with the Dangis in a malaria-ridden teak jungle, and the confessed inability of Mother Church to show a writer his own way to what he is looking for. These things are done so well that the reader scarcely wants more. Why should the author not be satisfied with what he does so well? What is this malady, Menengitis, the symptoms of which resemble the primary and secondary stages of Antic Hay-fever, though less morbid?

It is a variant of a common illness, Frigor Cordis or Spectator's Disease, the inability to take a header into the stream of life and a hatred of standing on the bank. Mr. Menen does not abdicate his artistry for some perennial philosophy or opening the doors of perception with mescalin or lysergic acid. By his period of retreat, he claims to have found the space within the heart and with it the peace which passes understanding, in which also everything is understood:

> The man who has found the space within the heart is like one who sits in a theatre watching the rehearsal of a play. Suddenly the director calls upon him to take one of the parts. He goes on to the stage, he takes his script, he reads the lines as best he can. He goes back to his seat as calm as when he left it.

Mr. Menen considers that many others will wish to find the space within their hearts, and he gives instructions which may appear to others less obscure than to a reviewer who finds the symbolic things and people outside Mr. Menen's heart more fascinating than the space within.

[Pre]vent the Crime of Silence
[Rep]orts from the sessions of the International [War] Crimes Tribunal, founded by Bertrand Russell
[Edi]ted by Ken Coates, Peter Limqueco [and] Peter Weiss
[For]eword by Noam Chomsky

[In 1]967 the International War Crimes Tribunal was [con]vened to hear evidence on the conduct of the [war] in Vietnam. Its findings were of political [con]nivance at unjust war, and wholesale attacks [on c]ivilians. Since the Tribunal first met, Russell [has] died and the world has heard of My Lai. This [boo]k is intended to answer Russell's request 'to [prev]ent the crime of silence'. £3.50

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Greeks, Jews and Catholics

PHILIP P. ARGENTI:
The Religious Minorities of Chios
581pp. Cambridge University Press. £7.

The Greek Orthodox Church in its days of power was not alone in believing that it held a monopoly of divine wisdom. Additionally it held that its doctrines were so perfectly formulated that it was impossible to improve on them: nothing might be added and nothing taken away. These convictions naturally led to an attitude of contempt towards practitioners of other faiths. By virtue of a common principle governing the relations between religions, the Greeks despised and detested the Roman Catholics more intensely than either the Muslims or the Jews. The superficial reunion of the Churches shortly before the fall of Constantinople was regarded as an abomination; and the last Byzantine commander-in-chief was warmly remembered for his declaration that "he would rather see the Muslim turban in the midst of the City than the Latin mitre". It was not merely a matter of *odium theologicum*. The Latins had diverted the fourth Crusade to take Constantinople instead of Jerusalem; and the Greeks never forgot the atrocities they then committed.

The Jews were another matter. Greek antipathy towards them, as a people who ostentatiously kept themselves aloof, antedated the birth of Christ. They were also more vulnerable throughout most of their history, because they did not have a powerful external protector as the Roman Catholics had in the Pope and later in the French. In the post-Byzantine history of Greece, the Roman Catholics were generally the persecutors rather than the persecuted. The Jews, on the other hand, were never in a position to enjoy more than tolerance. The Romans and the Turks both gave them some favour and protection, but whenever the Greeks became their own masters, at least until modern times, the Jews suffered intolerance or worse. The habit of burning Judas Iscariot in effigy at Easter lasted until the present century; and it was as a substitute for this annual treat, which had to be suspended in the hope of obtaining a substantial loan from the House of Rothschild, that the citizens of Athens in 1847 burned down the house of Don Pacifico instead, thus provoking the most celebrated crisis of their history with the British government. In modern times, however, the Greeks have shown themselves outstandingly tolerant towards the Jews as well as other minorities. Witness the large colony of Jews who settled in Salonika under Turkish rule, and prospered unharassed until the advent of Hitler.

The history of these minorities in the island of Chios, which is Dr. Argenti's special concern, stands a little apart from that in the rest of Greece. The status of the island under foreign rule was often peculiar. The islanders benefited from their early loyalty to Rome, which entitled them to a relationship of *amicitia* and a status of autonomy within the Roman Empire. This was their position when they were privileged to receive a visit from Herod the Great, an influential friend of Rome who was the first known Jew to set foot on the island, though others were probably already settled there. Under the Byzantine Empire the island was assimilated to the rest of the Greek world, which meant that the minorities were treated with indifference or contempt. The Jews in particular were subjected to many humiliations, and obliged to live in a ghetto from the middle of the eleventh century. Two centuries of Genoese rule produced further changes, when the island had the unique experience of being controlled and exploited by a merchant company, the Mahona. During this period the Jews suffered little legal discrimination, but very heavy taxation. As fellow-merchants, they enjoyed Genoese protection, which was inevitably counter-balanced by the bitter antagonism of the Greeks.

The Turkish conquest in the sixteenth century had a more surprising result for the Chiotes. Because their island produced the finest mastic gum, which was in great demand among the ladies of the Sultan's harem in Constantinople, Chios was made a private appanage of the Queen Mother. This privileged position exempted the island from the normal depredations of Turkish governors, which was advantageous for the Greeks but less so for the religious minorities. It deprived the Jews of the protection of direct rule; and the Roman Catholics were less well off than in other islands, where the French established rights of protection. Another drastic turn of fortune came with the Greek revolution in 1821. In the following year an attempt to liberate Chios resulted in the appalling massacre immortalized by Delacroix's painting. The Catholics suffered almost as heavily as the Greeks, and never recovered their position in the island, being now reduced to a total of less than sixty. The Jews, on the other hand, benefited from the massacre, which they commemorated in a remarkable pro-Turkish popular poem. It is hardly surprising that the Jewish community has not flourished since the liberation of the island in 1912.

Dr. Argenti tells the story of the religious minorities of his ancestral island with his customary scholarship and felicity. It is necessarily a disjointed and fragmentary story, with long gaps between occasional episodes that can be substantiated at length. For more than a thousand years after the visit of Herod the Great to Chios there is not a single mention of the Jews to be found. At later dates a more considerable narrative can be built up, enlivened with some outstanding personalities. Dr. Argenti does not, however, confine himself exclusively to the records of his own island. The book is really a history of relationships between the Greeks and their minorities throughout the Aegean world, with specific illustrations drawn from one particular case-study. Only so would a coherent work be possible. It is at the same time an invitation to other scholars to undertake similar case-studies elsewhere, from which a general conspectus of inter-community relations in the Mediterranean world could eventually be built up. Dr. Argenti has made a pioneering contribution of the highest value in this field, as in others related to the fascinating island which has been the centre of his researches for nearly forty years. It is sad to learn from the introduction that this will be the last of his labours of love.

Doing up Paris

MAURICE GUERRINI:
Napoleon and Paris
Translated, abridged and edited by Margery Weiner.
468pp. Cassell. £4 4s.

"He was a good tenant, that Bonaparte." Even Louis XVIII paid tribute to the care the Corsican upstart had lavished on their capital. With the Court at Versailles for over a century, the splendours of the monarchy had largely passed Paris by; the Revolution had brought ten years of neglect and damage. When Bonaparte took it over it was a scruffy place unworthy to be the first city of the first nation of Europe. If it had fine palaces, mansions, churches and theatres, many were in disrepair or incomplete, almost all cheek by jowl with squalor. Much of Paris was a slum of dilapidated houses in narrow, congested, filthy streets. Water supply and sewerage were seriously deficient, cemeteries and slaughterhouses inadequate and insanitary, street-lighting non-existent; the Seine was unembanked and had few bridges. By the close of his brief rule, Napoleon had gone far to provide the spaciousness and monuments appropriate to a great capital and the amenities and equipment essential to the well-being of its people. Though many of his projects were never completed and some not even begun, only his nephew can rival him as creator of the Paris we know today.

It is well for his reputation that one of his pet schemes never advanced beyond a wood and plaster model—a bronze elephant on the Place de la Bastille of a size to have staircases in its legs and with water gushing from its trunk. But he did reject Fontaine's proposal for the Carrousel of fountains flowing from the breasts of naiads; naiads, he pointed out, were virgins, not nursing mothers. If his architects, engineers and sculptors lacked genius, they were at least talented, and what they created was effective for its purpose and sometimes, as in the rue de Rivoli, rose above the limitations of their distinctive style. Maurice Guerrini hazards few aesthetic opinions, but he enthusiastically records the inception and progress of their work and Napoleon's constant and dominating role in it.

Thus far the ground has been covered by earlier writers. But M. Guerrini has the wider aim of presenting the whole relationship of Napoleon with his capital and its people and all the varied influences each exerted on the other. The story as he tells it reads like a passionate love-affair scarcely marred by occasional doubts and fears when the master was away from home.

There is no doubt that Napoleon did have a deep and genuine love for his "good city" or that for most of the time most of its population responded with respect and devotion. But on both sides there was calculation as well as spontane… elsewhere could be co… shrugged off; open dis… the capital would have g… mined the Emperor's p… incalculable consequence… though it was, his popu… was more precarious than… France. Parisians were … offering unswerving loya… them were the bitteres… cleverest of his outright… while the overt support of… ity was tacitly condition… thousand "notables" wh… to influence and afflue… tides of the Revolution … and obey just so long … able to guarantee their … status. The half-million … artisans and labourers … orderly and industrious a… shout "Vive l'Empereur!… long as work was availab… plentiful and cheap; faili… could turn in a moment… uncontrollable, dangerous… young Bonaparte had … action and feared ever aft…

M. Guerrini is aware of… recounts Napoleon's ma… to avert unemployment … guard the provisioning of… and he keeps as close an … the Emperor himself on … barometer of bourgeois c… the price of *rentes*. He onc… the Parisians a "febrile po… But his method is to chro… than to analyse and … stresses have little chance … behind the façade of unity… He also fervently admires … and this leads him to make … statements such as that … and censorship had been … sired by friends of the thea… he is a high official of … administration, it is unde… that he should approve … dependence on the executi… less so that he should justi… the ground that an elec… might "become a disrupti… the nation". His politic… indeed, are sometimes jeju…

For these reasons *Na… Paris* is a little disappoint… still well worth writing… anyone interested in … Napoleon or both, it is … reading. Miss Weiner's tra… accurate and pleasing. A … criticisms can be made, … absence of references fo… numerable quotations. Mo… is the fact that only two … and inadequate maps are … and the reader must know … well indeed if he is not … hopelessly lost in the … topographical names. The … out, too, for illustrations … look at the Arc de Triom… Bourse, but it would be … be given some idea of … things that were never bu… since disappeared; … drawings of these exi… including that monstrous …

Rural Russia

PIERRE PASCAL:
Civilisation paysanne en Russie
137pp. Lausanne: L'Âge d'Homme. 18.30 Sw. fr.

Russia was and in many ways still is a land of peasants. Population statistics indicate that in 1796 some 96 per cent of its inhabitants were rural, and in 1897 the figure was still more than 87 per cent. Today, in spite of urbanization, industrialization, and the shrinkage of the peasantry, the *muzhik* tradition still looms large in Russian life. Even if a majority of Russians are now living in towns, most Russian novels take the peasant and village life as their theme. Moreover, in the past few years a renewed interest in old-peasant Russia has been widely noted among Soviet intellectuals, many of whom have begun to decorate their flats with peasant embroidery and prints, icons and artefacts.

Recent Russian scholarship also reveals a new trend towards a more ethnographic and anthropological approach to the peasant as a more intensive study of his way of life, both in the present and in the past, has got under way. In spite of all the emphasis on rural progress in official statements, few would deny the great contrast between town and country and the continuing existence of a separate peasant culture. If Imperial Russia consisted of two separate worlds, the educated, westernized elite and the illiterate peasant masses, two cultures that had little in common, there is much evidence to suggest that the peasants are still alienated from the state and form the most discontented single group in the Soviet Union.

Professor Pascal, the doyen of French Slavists, has observed and studied this peasant culture (or "peasant civilization", as he calls it) with discrimination and affection since the 1920s when he first visited the Soviet Union and spent part of three successive summers living in a Trans-Volga village. His awareness and sympathetic understanding of the peasant way of life and of the treasures of popular artistic creation have infused much of his writing and they gave a captivating charm to his magnificent study of Avvakum and the Old Believers. The little volume under review brings together a number of his articles on this theme published between 1928 and 1966. Their contents vary considerably: an account of the growth of Russian awareness of peasant culture and the collecting of folklore, a study of the peasant commune after the Revolution, an impressionistic sketch of the peasant woman of northern Russia, an essay on mutual aid among the Russian peasants, a delightful sketch of "my Russian village", and a study of Yesenin, "the poet of the Russian countryside". Each has much to offer, but gathered together in this volume they acquire an extra dimension and focus attention on a feature of Russian life and civilization which was and is of great importance. Talk of peasant ignorance and peasant backwardness should not blind us to the existence of a distinct peasant culture in Russia. Those who read Professor Pascal's book will be in no danger of ignoring it and will undoubtedly have enhanced their understanding and appreciation of Russia, past and present.

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…SE THREE new books, which …e complementary in their sub…t-matter, are as different in …s in critical and intellectual … M. Tralbaut wanted to com… fullest and most understand… …graphy yet published of Van … artist with whom he tries …ully emotionally. Mr. Roskill …ndertaken a dispassionate, but …ious, art-historical analysis of a … of Van Gogh's stylistic de…ment in relation to what …uin and other artists of the time …doing. While Mr. Wadley has …iled a level-headed stylistic …lation of what Van Gogh … and achieved as a draughts… successive stages of his career.

…he Drawings of Van Gogh … nothing pretentious, nor has …adley set out to be specially … in his ideas. His approach is … the man of good sense, …ty and perceptiveness. Mr. … recognizes that Van Gogh … with technical handicaps, …ow under the impulsion of an …ed evangelical vision" he felt … to overcome them, empha… …at Vincent as he developed … more importance to express… feel of things through their …structure than to achieving …presentation, and reaches the …on that his "major contribu… …he history of drawing lies in … he invented in Arles". For … thoughtful author,

…ular invention of [Vincent's] … of spikes, dots, plumes, ara… …nd brutal hatching . . . coin… …ly with the dazzling exten… …s palette.

…wo media were alternative … equally original.

… say, in Vincent's paintings …

…cance of each separate brush… …as the carrier of a colour. The … structure lay in the intricate …monics of these marks. In the …ses the colour-marks are also … acquire almost as much … from their length, shape and … from their colour. The … rhythmic articulation of surface … the St. Rémy canvases was … his drawing.

…dley illustrates his points … 130 well-chosen drawings … enlarged details, some … paintings.

…t Van Gogh, more lavish, …nderous, more popularity… …cludes 337 black-and-white illustrations as well as 117 in colour. Not all these, however, are devoted to paintings and drawings, for in his determination to provide the biggest dossier of Van Gogh documentation ever seen the author has also included numerous photographs of the artist's relatives and friends, of *motifs* he painted and of houses and rooms he occupied, facsimiles of letters, hospital registers, police reports and the like, and lastly some maps and a family tree. Most of this material has already been seen in didactic exhibitions, but it should have formed a supplement on its own since it interrupts the narrative and swells the book unnecessarily.

Unlike Mr. Wadley, M. Tralbaut seldom attempts to write about Van Gogh's methods of painting and never indulges in stylistic analysis. His biography—which makes a tome too weighty to be held for reading even with both hands—is intended above all to be an informative, reliable life of a great artist written for the general reader. M. Tralbaut presents himself as a fair-minded super-specialist who, because of his superior knowledge, can at last provide, in undramatized form, the most probable and sincere version not only of the facts of Vincent's life but also of the truth about the man. To achieve this, he is obliged to steer a median course between sticking to the ascertainable facts and interpreting Van Gogh's actions and reactions to them in the light of psychological probability, of the influence of his immediate surroundings, of the paintings he produced and of frequently inadequate medical evidence. The task is very considerable, so despite his shortcomings, of which more later, M. Tralbaut deserves first to be credited with a large measure of success. The result is a book which honourably fills a long-felt gap in the literature dealing with Van Gogh.

Biographically speaking, M. Tralbaut has set the record straight, has unearthed some new scraps of information, and offers some acceptable hypothetical solutions to old problems. For instance, his elaborate account of Vincent's early years up to 1883 is particularly full, sound and remarkable. M. Tralbaut, an ardent *flamingant*, is also, as one might expect, good on the few months Vincent spent in Antwerp, a period to which he has already dedicated a separate book. He is also to be commended for his down-to-earth account of Vincent's continuous "fury" which subsequently turned to "madness" (*sic*).

This makes the first half of *Vincent Van Gogh* much stronger, more interesting and valuable than the rest. What spoils so much of the second half is compression, evasion, ill-judged special pleading, as well as the extrusion of his own personality. M. Tralbaut constantly breaks into the narrative, introducing people to the reader (why should he care?) as "my old friend", "my late friend", "my dear friend", or insisting on the importance of "my own" discoveries, exhibitions and investigations, which have enabled the author to take photographs (and again who cares?) from "the exact spot" where Vincent worked. M. Tralbaut shows nothing like the same interest, however, in the publications and opinions of others. Moreover, M. Tralbaut has a regrettable tendency to write glibly about subjects with which he is clearly unfamiliar, in particular psychology, symbolism, bull-fighting, and the climate of Provence. When he expounds on any of these, his statements are sometimes more ridiculous than unreliable.

M. Tralbaut has, too, been badly served at times by his translator (whose name is not given), as in the following passage:

> the fire that smouldered within him and broke out in hallucinations of the senses has here been set down on canvas in a most striking fashion. The cypresses beating their branches like flames were for him not only an incarnation of demonic events, but also a deliverance from his misery. They sang to him through his pain.

But he himself must surely take full responsibility for the lamentably inaccurate transcription of the letter Vincent wrote to Boch in September, 1888 (reproduced in facsimile) and of the erroneous English translation which has resulted.

Generally speaking, M. Tralbaut is sound on the historical plane, where he can marshal factual evidence, though even so he invents an encounter in Aix-en-Provence in the mid-1850s between the young Dr. Paul Gachet and Auguste Cézanne *père*, through whom it is claimed he "thus made friends with Paul Cézanne, who was then completely unknown"—and, one may add, aged only fifteen. For the rest, however, M. Tralbaut is blinded by passion for his subject to such an extent that much of his book has to be looked at with a wary eye before being discounted. For example, it is reckless to claim that "Gauguin's chief interests were decorative, and he was little fitted to understand or appreciate Vincent's work which was always basically naturalistic". We shall see how effectively Mr. Roskill counteracts such a claim. Again, it is going against the facts to assert that Gauguin "was in no way responsible for beginning the revolution which shook Western painting as a consequence of Vincent's innovations". What do the "Blue Nude" of Matisse, the "Demoiselles d'Avignon" or Braque's "Standing Nude" owe to Van Gogh?

M. Tralbaut is at his weakest when he discusses individual paintings by Van Gogh. Not only has he little new or interesting to say but, more tiresomely, many of his comments reveal a certain visual and art-historical naivety. For example, it is false to claim either that "The Potato Eaters" is "generally considered to be the origin of the Expressionist movement", or that

> Van Gogh felt that Impressionism had had its day, and he urged that the movement should take a new direction; it had to have a name and was provisionally called Post-Impressionism.

On the other hand, it is sad that M. Tralbaut should be so blinded by admiration for his hero that he can single out an inept, academic sketch of a nude made in January, 1886, as a noteworthy example of Van Gogh's "skill as a draughtsman". Alas, this comment expresses an attitude which mars much of M. Tralbaut's text: a tendency to sentimentalize over and aggrandize the awkwardness, the self-torture, and the yearning to serve humanity through his art, which account for Vincent's urgency and hence his personal eccentricities of handling. In his comments on "The Church at Auvers" (1890), for example, we find a superbly controlled and eminently self-explanatory painting interpreted in highly questionable symbolic terms; worse, the author is ready to see and describe things which are not set down in this canvas. Again on page 82 M. Tralbaut identifies a drawing made by Vincent in 1881 as a portrait (done from a photograph) of Kee Vos-Stricker. It is, however, clearly a likeness of Vincent's sister Willelmien, as is evident

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from comparison with the photograph which M. Tralbaut reproduces on page 24—an identification not only upheld by the author of the latest catalogue of the Kröller-Müller Museum (1970), where the drawing belongs, but given further point by M. Tralbaut's own sensible comment that "Wilhelmien had a round or rather oval chin, Kee's was distinctly pointed".

Mr. Roskill, who treats in depth certain personal relationships and vital exchanges of ideas which M. Tralbaut does not discuss, has produced a worthwhile but rather heavy-going volume, *Van Gogh, Gauguin and the Impressionist Circle*. This is partly because it is the outcome of working on specific problems, the discussion of which requires intuition and imagination, with graduates in art history. For them it was obviously necessary to spell out every detail, but the result is that Mr. Roskill labours his points and writes much which now seems banal because it has been said so often before. The object of the exercise was to discover whether, and if so to what extent, similar stylistic features occur in the individually divergent works of the leading French Impressionist painters after 1880 as are found in those of the leading young artists of the post-Impressionist generation who were in reaction against them. He thus looks for similarities in conception underlying, on the one hand, works by Degas, Cézanne, Monet and Renoir, and on the other by Bernard, Gauguin, Seurat and Van Gogh, before attempting to chart the cross-pollination through personal friendships and admirations. Going on from there, Mr. Roskill leads the reader into a discussion of a feature which permeated much European art after the Impressionist years: "the emergence and crystallization, between 1880 and 1890, of a type of art whose characteristics can best be signalized by the use of the adjective 'symbolistic'".

Unfortunately Mr. Roskill is a long-winded, inelegant writer in whom the light touch is singularly lacking. His study thus becomes verbose and something of an endurance test. Yet the effort to comprehend is rewarded because he expounds much that is of interest. Indeed, two of his more detailed discussions are memorable. The first of these—a vital subject not discussed by M. Tralbaut—concerns the profound stylistic changes which independent French painting underwent from 1860 onwards as a result of the "discovery" of Japanese prints. Here Mr. Roskill sifts the visual and critical evidence more professionally than has been done before, making clear initially that unless one distinguishes *japonaiserie* from *japonisme*—as the men of the time did but modern critics no longer bother to do—no fruitful discussion can ensue:

the term "*japonaiserie*" is the equivalent, for Japan, of the better known term "*chinoiserie*". It means an interest in Japanese motifs because of their decorative, exotic or fantastic qualities. The kind of response which it aims to elicit is purely and simply a matter of imaginative or wishful association. "*Japonisme*", on the other hand, means the incorporation into Western art of devices of structure and presentation which match those found in actual Japanese works. Abstracting such devices from Japanese works which he knows, the Western artist wills into being a parallel in his own art, bending to this end a theme or subject which remains basically in the European tradition.

This leads him to show that this Japanese influence made itself felt in two waves. First, during the 1860s—with a switch from *japonaiserie* to *japonisme* during the second half of the decade—when the Japanese prints available for inspection "were generally cheap, commercial products of markedly poor quality—not the work of the leading Ukiyoe masters". And secondly, during the 1880s, the more significant period, when *japonaiserie* was rare, except in a few works by Van Gogh, and *japonisme* a dominant consideration, and when the significant change had occurred that works by the great Japanese artists had become widely known and that they themselves were appreciated individually. Mr. Roskill then goes on to analyse "the chronological correspondence between Van Gogh's *japonisme* and Gauguin's" and to show that:

The *japonisme* of both men, based on specific models in the available repertoire of prints, went through a tentative and experimental stage followed a year or so later by a renewal and effective synthesis. In both cases the whole development was confined to the very end of the 1880s. Appropriately too ... it came about half a decade later than the corresponding stage in the art of Monet and Degas.

At this point one would have welcomed an acknowledgment by Mr. Roskill of his sources.

The second detailed discussion into which Mr. Roskill enters concerns the thorny problem of who did what first and who influenced whom in the cases of Bernard, Gauguin and Van Gogh. Once again Mr. Roskill is trenchant in his analysis and summing-up. He gives Bernard his due for being "full of aesthetic ideas and theories, and good at articulating them verbally", as well as being "bright" and inventive. But so far as Gauguin is concerned, Mr. Roskill maintains that twenty years' difference in age between them, plus an "implied spirit of respect and deference [towards Gauguin] on the part of Bernard himself" in their joint self-portrait sent to Vincent, plus the greater sophistication and subtlety with which Gauguin "presented and structured" his pictorial imagery, plus Gauguin's greater knowledge of Japanese art, lead to the inescapable conclusion that "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" owed no part of its conception to "Breton Women in a Meadow", even though Bernard's painting was almost certainly done first. And Mr. Roskill does not hesitate to assert that Bernard subsequently backdated many of his works of the time to prove that he was the true stylistic mentor. He then concludes: "The truth is that in 1888 there was no real interaction between the two personalities." And, if not in 1888, then never. Other people have pronounced thus before, but Mr Roskill cites all the arguments.

On the more fascinating but less studied subject of Bernard and Van Gogh, Mr. Roskill has rather more of interest to say. He begins with the close relationship existing between Bernard, Anquetin and Van Gogh in Paris in 1887-88 and their joint concern with *japonisme*. He then goes on to emphasize that "Van Gogh was incapable of taking a friendship lightly" and that he would be vividly concerned about a friend's work, even if the man in question was only a second-rate artist. This then leads him to show how, through friendly rivalry, Vincent came to be affected in Arles by paintings of Bernard which he remembered seeing in Paris before leaving and more specifically by groups of drawings which Bernard sent to him for approval, to the extent that he would paint similar subjects and even made a modified use of Bernard's "pictorial syntax". Now all this happened in the spring and summer of 1888, before Gauguin's arrival on October 23, when he brought in his baggage "Bernard's canvas of *Breton Women*, which ... was then copied by Van Gogh in watercolour and gouache". Mr. Roskill thus sees Van Gogh as already alert to the conflict between "reality" and "abstraction" which broke out when he began to work "directly at Gauguin's instigation and suggestion", because prompted by what he saw in paintings by Bernard—who was Gauguin's shadow—Vincent had already been making "experimental efforts" tending towards symbolism for the previous six months. Mr. Roskill pursues the matter no farther but sums up drily:

The works which Bernard sent down to Arles were indeed of some importance to Van Gogh in 1888. It would be wrong to imply that they added up to a strong and continuous artistic influence; Van Gogh was already much too firmly set on his own path for that. But they were nevertheless a recurring stimulus to experiment.

There remains the question of the pictorial interaction between Gauguin and Van Gogh, a problem which Mr. Roskill does not treat thoroughly and on which he gives an inadequate answer. For he decides that "neither man affected the art of the other in any permanent way", which, in the light of Vincent's "B... late St. Rémy still-life... Rémy "Self-Portrait"... Children" (1890), is no... Even his admission th... borrowed from Van G... on occasion" is a hollo... ment. What was he do... "Sunflowers" at Hiva-H...

These constitute Mr. R... significant contribution... appreciation of post-... developments. But it w... not to draw attention... important Appendix F... author has listed and... dates for all the letters... been written (even if no... Gogh and Gauguin during... together in Arles. This is... because it enables a large... the paintings done by... arranged in chronologic... Unfortunately Mr. Rosk... give the reader this ... ance but is selling his... ing as a separately ... dix through University ... Ann Arbor, Michigan. ... even without it another ... baut's errors may be co... where he gives the date of... "Portrait of Van Gog... Sunflowers" as Novemb... now certain that it is a ... the "electric" explosion ... two men, because Ga... working on it on Dece... finished it on about Dece...

Sadly, Mr. Roskill can... be relied on for accuracy... contains numerous small... some inexactitudes as ... tric datings which should... openly discussed. For ins... guin's "Landscape with ... probably was completed i... October, 1888, or in early... of that year. Yet the... seascape in the background... that it was certainly beg... fany, as do the unmistak... costumes of the two peas... of this is discussed, and the... assigned to November, ... though Arles were by the ... theless there is an obviou... ion with Van Gogh's ... camps: Falling Leaves ... "done" by November 4... Again, Gauguin's "Ent... Village" (Museum of Fin... ton) has always been ... reasonably, to 1884 and ... a motif from the Rouen... grounds does Mr. Roskill... Osny and give the date ... third case is Gauguin's ... Scene" (Art Museum, In... which is generally accepte... of October-November, 188... basis of the blond light, the... trees and the shapes of ... ings—and could well be ... landscape of this region ... Gogh said he was at w... Letter 558b, written at the... October 28. What more ... that directly after his arri... Gauguin should have ... "making a Cézanne"? ... is also similar in tonality ... ling to his "Washerwo... "Les Alyscamps", and the... ing in the subject-matter ... a dating to that autumn... Roskill has suddenly ... "Farmyard" 1889, thereby... a Breton subject. All the... and more besides, make ... what confused reading. ... is illustrated with 198 plate... and-white and a further... colour.

Lavishness of produc... illustration mark *Christ... of the Year, 1969-1970* ... John Herbert. 432pp. ... £4 4s.)—a year in which ... turnover was £20 million... the principal pictures sold... brandt's Portrait of an ... Monet's "Bord de la Se... teuil", Seurat's "Les ... and Gauguin's "Bonjour... Gauguin" (this last fetchi... price for a work by ... £131,707). Victorian ... shared in the general... upswing and one of Mil... sugary-sweet production... Squire", was sold for ... Objects that came under ... apart from paintings, ... armour to models of ...

Displaying the collector

...E GORDON, LUCILE M. ...N, LEON KATZ, DOUGLAS ...R and ELLEN B. HIRSCH-...

...mericans in Paris
...llections of Gertrude Stein ...r Family.
... New York : The Museum of ...n Art (Trans-Atlantic Book ...). £3 7s.

...recent Monday 9,651 people ...ed into the Museum of ...n Art in New York to see an ...tion sponsored by the Alcoa ...ation : "Four Americans in the Collections of Gertrude ...nd her Family". It was what ... called a "pay-what-you-wish-... as such, it may have drawn ...f those who jib at paying the ...which is mandatory on the ...x days of the week. Even so, ...an awful lot of people.

...drew them there ? The title, ... echoes of George Gersh-... the sub-title, with its defer-...ow to an author more rev-...n read ? Or the prestige of a ... and hitherto somewhat ...ous collection ? The last, ...all : for in New York the ...of the "great collector" is ...uch alive. It is in the interest ...erican museums that people ...ying should strive to emulate ...llectors who in one way or ... plunged heavily before ...if those collectors can be ...to have acted in a creative or ...articipatory way, so much the ...

...h is the prestige of the Steins' ...on that when the remains of ...up for sale a year or two ago ...as no difficulty in finding a ...even at the stiff price which ...ked. Five buyers, in fact : for ...ortium composed of André ... William S. Paley, David ...eller, Nelson A. Rockefeller ...n Hay Whitney put up the ...and drew lots to determine ...er in which they would take ...pick of the thirty-eight works ...casso and the nine works by ...which were involved. As four ...five men concerned are Trus-...the Museum of Modern Art ...e fifth is a patron of its ...ions, the transaction was of ...terest to the museum, which ...ed by "promised gifts" of ...f the more important works.

...long afterwards it was de-...at the entire Stein collections ... as far as possible, be reas-... under the direction of Mar-...Potter in the form of a ...ry exhibition : this opened at ...seum on December 19 last ... will eventually travel, in ... form, to Baltimore, San ...o, and Ottawa. Its catalogue ... in simulated leather, and ...look of a family album. ...t in the front of the binding ... a first sight of four faces ...become amply familiar as we ...ough the five introductory ...Gertrude Stein, Leo Stein, ...Stein and Sarah Stein are, ...ntroduced and re-introduced ...l we are really quite glad to ...ack of them, and get down ...tures.

...ain domains, those pictures ...urse very good indeed ; and ...ter has done a first-rate job ...ion in getting together not ...more famous of the Steins' ...s, but many which had ... to view. The Alcoa Foun-...uld not have found a better ...s money : this is precisely ... of historical reconstruction ..., the Museum of Modern ...ounded. The "Stein show" ...cation of the qualities for ...e museum has become ...ver the past forty years ; it ... very great loss to us all if ...ies are curtailed by finan-...s on the one hand, or by ...lly of the Art Workers ...on the other.

...show full of lessons ; and if ... the lessons are not quite ... intended, so much the ...e general drift of *Four ...in Paris* is that the Steins were people of great discrimination who befriended Picasso, Matisse and Gris at a time when no one else would look at them. Gertrude Stein's genius as a writer is taken for granted. Leo Stein is presented as a man of supreme intelligence. If the Michael Steins are left somewhat in the background, that is as they would have wished ; the record, there, speaks for itself.

The record also speaks for itself when we see that the Steins' massive holding of Picasso is very heavily balanced in favour of work done before 1909. Leo Stein bought his last painting from Picasso in 1910, and not long after that he gave it as his opinion that Picasso had gone to pot. If it is difficult to square this with his status as a man of supreme intelligence, we must remember that he also thought that Gauguin was "a second-rater" and that Van Gogh's paintings were "pictorially too superficial to amount to much". By February, 1913, he was writing to a friend that

As for Picasso's late work it is for me an utter abomination. Somebody asked me whether I didn't think it mad. I said sadly : "No, it isn't as interesting as that ; it's only stupid".

But if Leo Stein had the kind of jumpy, flimsy, rackety small mind that can never stick to anything for more than a month or two, his sister with her famous "laugh like a beefsteak" was something very different. Opinions about her ultimate stature as a writer may differ, but at least she was a person of genuine and original achievement. She had a gift for friendship of a possessive, conspiratorial kind ; first Picasso, and later Juan Gris, were swept up in this way, with results that were very satisfactory for the Stein Collection.

Gertrude Stein knew nothing about art, but she did have a certain understanding of artists. When she wrote about Picasso, or about Gris, she had a way of setting down things as she had caught them, *sur le vif*, which still makes for very good reading. But as Douglas Cooper points out, in the only contribution to the catalogue which can be said to be non-hagiographical in character, "one should not look for serious art criticism in the writings of Gertrude Stein". Mr. Cooper has no difficulty in proving that the account of her friendship with Gris, as given in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, is largely untrue and that during the most difficult, not to say desperate, period of Gris's life she made no attempt to help him.

It would have been relevant, if inconvenient, to quote at some point in the catalogue from the opinions which were expressed with one voice, by everyone in Paris whose opinion was worth having, when Gertrude Stein published *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* in 1933. If space were short, one or more of the many photographs of Leo and Gertrude Stein could have been sacrificed in the interests of serious history. Rather than read how Leo Stein said that "There will be no good books on art till Berenson and I have written them", the American public could have noted that, in Braque's view, "Miss Stein understood nothing of what was going on around her ... she never got beyond the stage of the tourist", and that Matisse regarded her book as "sheer invention, like a harlequin's costume sewn together without taste and with no relation to reality". ("Une grosse bourde" was Matisse's description of Gertrude Stein in a letter to Simon Bussy.)

The case of Matisse is very much to the point. Leo Stein dropped Matisse in 1908, and Gertrude Stein had the presumption to say that after 1905-1906 Matisse's work "lost its direction". But the truth is that Matisse was not prepared to waste his time in propitiating the Steins. They bored him. Gertrude with her portentous silences, Leo with his opinionated ranting, were each more tedious than the other. Matisse knew what he had to do and he had all too little time to do it in. Quite apart from this, he realized from the start that, as he said many years later, Mrs. Michael Stein was the only member of the family with genuine discrimination. She was also the last person in the world to put herself forward ; with her, Matisse enjoyed a cloudless friendship that lasted a lifetime. He valued her opinion of his work, he listened to her with great care, and neither he nor she exploited the relationship for their public advantage. Would that the rest of the family had had the same instincts !

Sarah Stein was not, of course, a Stein by birth. Perhaps her delicacy of thought, and her delicacy in action, were genetically beyond the reach of her brother-in-law and sister-in-law. When she wrote something down, it was not to glorify herself, but to give us (in her account of Matisse's teaching methods) a glimpse of a great man at work. Not surprisingly, the pictures owned by Michael and Sarah Stein contribute to the New York show on a consistently high level. In the catalogue, as in life, her role in the formation of the "Stein Collection" is much underplayed ; it is still suggested, for instance, that Leo Stein bought Matisse's "Woman with the Hat" "after the few days he needed to get accustomed to the way the paint was put on", whereas in fact it was Michael and Sarah Stein who loved the picture from the start and who eventually got it from Leo in exchange for some Renoirs which were nearer to his taste. Visitors to the exhibition will also have noted that in the mid-1920s, when Leo Stein had retreated to Settignano and Gertrude Stein was getting ready to take up Sir Francis Rose, the Michael Steins were giving Le Corbusier one of his first important commissions : that is the measure of the difference between the two sides of the family in terms of continuing discernment.

Those of us who cannot see the exhibition would have welcomed a catalogue that said less about the Steins and reproduced more of the paintings. (A model of discretion, in this context, is the catalogue of the Raoul La Roche Collection, put out some years ago by the Kunstmuseum in Basel, in which the paintings are left to speak for themselves and a true collector stays quietly in the background.) But we can at least rejoice that so many wonderful things will find their way in time to an institution that is worthy of them.

All Manet

The Complete Paintings of Manet
Introduction by Phoebe Pool.
Notes and catalogues by Sandra Orienti.
128pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.

This book is a welcome addition to the "Classics of World Art" series, an international co-production which offers in the case of each artist a complete catalogue raisonné, a postage-stamp-sized reproduction of every known painting, sixty-four pages of colour plates, a basic bibliography, an anthology of critical comment, a group of indexes and a brief introduction. The introduction changes from language to language : all else remains the same. French readers of *Manet* profited, for instance, by the observations of Denis Rouart, who has an inherent passion for the subject. English readers switch to Phoebe Pool, who fills her six fat columns in exemplary style, without a word wasted or a convention unchallenged. The book, like its companions in the series, is a reference-library in pemmican form : even the colour-plates are perfectly decent.

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TIMES PAST THE TIMES

T·L·S

70th Year — 29 JANUARY 1971 — No. 3,596

Commentary

Though it has had its repercussions in the theatre, film and poetry, pop art has hitherto produced little that could be called a pop art-book. Between the limited edition of David Hockney's *Grimm* (at $1250) and Alison Knowles's *The Big Book* (extant in a single copy, the size of a young house) the assiduous reader, asked to name something that truly fulfils this description, would find nothing more substantial than that sad valedictory *The Beatles Illustrated Lyrics*.

But perhaps the two duralin-bound books in the new "Art and Society" series are a portent. These 96-page albums, with their offset illustrations in colour and black-and-white, are the result of two exhibitions put on by the Welsh Arts Council, one devoted to *War* (by Ken Baynes) and the other, last autumn, to *Work* (by Ken Baynes and Alan Robinson); they are published for the council by Lund Humphries at respectively 35s. and 42s. The aim here is to show art not so much as a select series of masterpieces, though some masterpieces are included, as in its multifarious uses and functions in our communal life. The exhibitions themselves have been very successful (a third, on Worship, is to be held at the National Museum of Wales in November; we hope it will embrace the worship of Stalin, James Dean and Money). The themes are basic and human. And the rich illustrative material in the books blends popular, traditional, lowbrow, mechanical or anonymous work with high art in a way that is characteristic of the pop movement at its least compromisingly commercial.

What matters in this view is the theme itself. The picture may be a painting by Bellini, a print by Goya, a poster, a film still, a picture postcard, a signboard or an illuminated nineteenth-century diploma; it is chosen each time for the relationship which it evokes between that theme, the artist and the public for whom it was conceived. The result in many cases is surprising or touching, the compiler's standard of design high, the choice of subject in line with the interests of many pop artists, since war has an obvious fascination and "work" as here interpreted largely boils down to the concerns of the workers as a political force: to protest, in other words, and revolution. "Masterpieces", says the chapter on "Art and Work", "no longer appear as the key issue. Rather there comes into focus the general clutter of art produced at any one time." The problem of standards is thus raised, only to be left limply hanging.

It is easy to criticize these books. To begin with, there is this question of standards, for one can take function fully into account and still find a road-mender painted by Seurat preferable to one on an East European postage stamp—even more so, perhaps, than by judging "purely" aesthetically. Then there are the omissions: Seurat himself for one, such early painters of industry as Bonhommé, and the whole long tradition of peasant painting from the *Work* volume; Napoleonic, Nazi and similar pictorial heroics from *War*. There is the somewhat over-didactic division of *War* according to artistic schools—Classicism, Expressionism and the like—where function itself would provide a much more illuminating guide: e.g., a division along such lines as official commission, folk art, advertisement, political protest, journalism, child art, and so on. Above all there is the treatment of work as a factor creating social roles—an identity or an urge to struggle—but not as a form of expression in itself, and one linked particularly closely with the popular need to see tangible evidence of hard work in any "work" of art.

None the less they are excellent publications, and deserve to be widely argued over. It is encouraging to see art books losing that faint aura of the coffee-table or, worse still, the auction-room which has hung around the genre for so long.

* * *

As one might expect, Kafka's manuscripts have had a tortuous career. After having been (literally) rescued from the fire by Max Brod, they are not today buried away in some labyrinthine office building in Central Europe. Most of them are, surprisingly, now to be found in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and this fact accounts for the title of a new exhibition at the National Book League, "Kafka in England", which documents his literary reception in this country (which Kafka never visited), as well as taking an opportunity to show off some of the Bodleian's unrivalled collection of manuscripts. Since the publication in 1930 of Willa and Edwin Muir's version of *The Castle*, Kafka's reputation here has not ceased to grow: for instance, Penguin have not only sold 300,000 copies of *The Trial* since 1953, but sales go up yearly.

This literary acquisition is, aptly enough, the result of a political débâcle: at the time of the Suez crisis of 1956, the manuscripts were moved for safety from Tel Aviv, where Brod had made his home, first to Switzerland and subsequently, by the wish of Kafka's heirs, to Oxford. With one of the leading Kafka scholars, Malcolm Pasley, at Magdalen College, Oxford was an ideally-suited home. Mr. Pasley, who with Klaus Wagenbach has compiled the standard bibliography and chronology, has advised the organizers of the present exhibition, the German Institute and the National Book League.

The most lasting contributions in Kafka scholarship in recent years have undoubtedly been in meticulous textual research of this kind. Although it is well known that he expressed the wish that everything he had written apart from certain works published in his lifetime should be burnt, it seems appropriate that his texts and manuscripts should now be treated with reverential care. If nothing else, this will encourage us to return to the original and shun the endless misinterpretations and layers of obfuscation from which Kafka has suffered more than most; he has been *weginterpretiert*, as Günter Grass has said. At last it looks as though a full critical edition may soon be under way. An international panel of scholars has been assembled for some time, and a pilot volume was launched not long ago.

"Kafka in England" opens next Tuesday and will run until February 16. It is complemented by lectures by Dr. Wagenbach and Eduard Goldstücker, a television documentary on Kafka, Brod and their circle, and a one-man "performance" by Wilfried Baasner of the story "Ein Bericht für eine Akademie" (A Report for an Academy) at the German Institute. Four main types of material will be on show: a selection of the Bodleian manuscripts and manuscript notebooks, including parts of *Das Schloss, Der Heizer* (i.e., the first chapter of *Amerika*), *Das Urteil*, &c., by permission of Mrs. Marianne Steiner, Kafka's niece; a number of early German publications of the works in book form and in periodicals, from Mr. Pasley's own collection; the major prewar and postwar English translations; and writings about Kafka. A section of the latter, "English books refering to Kafka", is of especial interest because it shows something of the extent of Kafka's influence on English writers in the 1930s and 1940s particularly Rex Warner. There are also some photographs of Kafka, his family and friends, and of his Prague background; Mr. Pasley's catalogue (price 4s.) gives full details of all the material on display, and is in itself a useful bibliographical tool.

* * *

Thirty of the ninety or so members of Poets Conference, gathered for the second time at Cardiff last weekend, fell out and disbanded without knowing for sure whether or not there would ever be a third meeting. Poets Conference was started last July to work to improve the social lot of the poet, and at Cardiff members repeated their demand that the Arts Council's alms for poetry should be stepped up to £400,000 a year, and went on to specify ways of spending it.

The first £150,000 was earmarked for compulsory poetry fellowships at every British university, and poetry fellowships were to be real poetry fellowships, not creative arts fellowships where poets would have to take turns with the other deserving poor: artists and musicians. Custom-built poetry centres were a project with less support, but the conference did approve of grants going to all the kinds of place that hold regular poetry readings. It also liked the idea—and why not?—of royalties continuing to be paid on works that have grown too old for copyright, but paid into a special fund which could be ploughed back into literary purposes. Some extremists saw no reason why the legislation needed should not be retrospective, so as to tap the handsome pickings from works by William Shakespeare and others; a more realistic view was that publishers would certainly not stand for more than a small percentage.

But the real and perhaps definitive scission in the conference was over the question of internal organization. George MacBeth and others argued that you had to have an executive committee that could get on with the job and pay calls, for example, on the Arts Council. Adrian Henri and his side argued against committees for sound, anarchist reasons, and carried the conference's secretary with them, so that he ended up resigning his own office.

Lots of votes were taken and many compromises apparently reached, but it is not sure that Poets Conference still exists.

Nevertheless, 400 poetry-loving people of Cardiff, their supply of dialled verse perhaps imperilled by the postal strike, turned up for the evening of poetry reading. And a party of visiting Russian writers, noting the threadbare jeans of many of the readers, asked solicitously and appropriately whether these poets were adequately cared for materially.

* * *

Candidates for responsible posts who are called on to prove their emotional stability by finding orthodox associations for Rorschach's ink-blots ought to know that there is an extensive crib available to them. This is the fifth, enlarged edition of Marguerite R. Hertz's *Frequency Tables for Scoring Rorschach Responses* (274pp. Case Western Reserve University Press: American University Publishers Group, £2 10s.), which is meant for the guidance of over-subjective examiners, but might do their victims a bit of good too. It is a bizarre tribute to the ... American adolescent ... the tables having been ... the blot-induced trips ... school children in Cle... They, presumably, did ... they were being emp... normative role; if they ... they have seen the Ror... differently?

The true hero of Prof... check-list is Rorschach ... whose symmetrical ink... turned out so lastingly ... The professor reproduc... drawing, each of ten ... into their more provoca... and then lists the pictures ... them by her panel. The ... between responses to the ... or part-shape are certainly ... even if the lay reader may ... what he ought to read ... responses, let alone the ...

Card Seven, for instance, ... from the side, struck ... loyalist as a likeness ... Washington's head, while ... voyeur on the next col... think only of a keyhole ... Card Two, seen whole, ... one elegiac but untroubled ... a "setting of sun" with ... to another, undoubtedly ... dent respondent it was an ... sticking out of brain". ... mental divergences just as ... are also apparent when ... down to the details of this ... and one mind's "Chris... cross" becomes another's ... cone.

Altogether, an ... thesaurus of motifs for ... examinees to browse in as ... nervously in ante-rooms ... thing that is needed, the ... follow-up study which tells ... sort of a go, or hash, ... various respondents have ... Until we know that, there ... risky and tell-tale element ... jective left in any selection ... make of a likely response ... next Rorschach test.

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... in General
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... Press. £6 each.

The project of publishing the Collected Works of Jeremy Bentham bore its first fruits a ... of years ago with the appear... two volumes of early corre...nce (reviewed in the *TLS* on ... 23, 1969). Professors Burns ... Hart have now completed two ... of the works proper. These ... books are the most fundamental ... since they give the theoretical ... plan for the rest of Bentham's ...

Bentham's original intention was ... a treatise on the "elements ... ical jurisprudence". After ... years he decided that the first ... this work would be a plan ... al code. His proposals were ... based on the utilitarian ... phy, and therefore it was ... for him to outline that ... phy and to show how it ... to the principles of legislation ... well as the principles of ethics ... the *Introduction to the Prin... of Morals and Legislation*.

... the end of that book, having ... an elaborate classification of ... Bentham wanted to make ... to himself the distinction be... penal and civil law before ... on to the details of his penal ... much of which he had already ... d. But he found that it was no ... matter to draw a line of ... tion between penal and civil ... it was really meaningful. In ... g with this problem he had to ... himself primary questions about ... ure of law as such, and a piece ... ing that began as a single ... of the *Introduction to the* ... grew to be as large a work ... *Introduction* itself.

... was persuaded, with ... difficulty, to publish in 1789 the ... *ection that he had had printed* ... 1780. *He never published the* ... *treatise that grew out of it. It* ... first printed in 1945 in a version ... by Professor C. W. Everett ... entitled (inappropriately and ... warrant) *The Limits of ... udence Defined*. Professor ... has now produced an edition ... ing substantial differences of ... ment and bearing the title ... Bentham himself used in a ... manuscript table of con... *Laws in General*.

... is pure and applied philo... there is pure and applied ... The history of utilitarianism, ... history of science, has its ... its applied phases. In the ... Francis Hutcheson or of a ... Hume in the first half of the ... century, or again of a ... Sidgwick in the latter part of ... eenth, a utilitarian theory of ... the function of explana... as a theory of mechanics ... hands of a Galileo or a ... Helvétius, Beccaria; the ... ies, however, were more ... nologists than physicists. ... ted utilitarianism as the ... social reform.

... himself drew the distinc... rently. He compared the ... *on to the Principles* with ... thematics; and his less ab... ings with applied mathema... hysics. He likened Helvétius ... and himself (in aspiration at ... Newton. "What Bacon was ... ysical world, Helvétius was ... oral. The moral world has ... had its Bacon, but its ... yet to come."

... piration was a common... Hutcheson had suggested that ... ce was to the social system ... ity was to the physical, and ... osed (in his early work) a ... ical formula giving the ... virtue to motives and conse... Hume described the asso... of ideas as "a kind of ..." having the same impor... psychology as corporeal ... dias for physics. Beccaria ... literal (instead of Hutche-

Head of the plaster effigy of Jeremy Bentham, constructed round his skeleton and dressed in his clothes, which is kept in the South Cloister of University College London. Photograph by courtesy of the College authorities.

The logic of the will

BENTHAM'S TWO FUNDAMENTAL WORKS

son's benevolence) to be the analogue of gravity. The conscious aping of natural science by empirically minded philosophers led to the emergence of what we now call the social sciences. Adam Smith's economics arose directly from his study of jurisprudence and indirectly from his moral philosophy. So did his sociology, less well known but for him no less significant.

The sociological jurisprudence of Scottish thinkers like Smith, Kames, and Millar, and of Montesquieu who gave them their lead, is a markedly different study from the analytical jurisprudence initiated by Bentham. For example, in Chapter 6 of the *Introduction to the Principles*, Bentham discusses "circumstances affecting sensibility", and at the end of his list of circumstances he comes to the familiar terrain of sociology, "sex, age, rank, education, climate, lineage, government, religious profession". He skates over these "circumstances" quickly and says nothing of any moment. Bentham did not lack interest in pure theory, but it was logical rather than sociological.

C. K. Ogden, introducing in 1931 a new edition of *The Theory of Legislation*, wrote that "to-day it is regarded as hardly less a treatise on Sociology than on Jurisprudence". This is true only to the extent that Bentham always interprets the concepts of jurisprudence in terms of social and psychological facts. He does not, however, have a particularly sharp eye, as Hume and Adam Smith had, for catching previously unnoticed facts of psychology and sociology. *The Theory of Legislation* is, of course, a book of *social* (rather than sociological) importance. It is an English translation of the popular accounts of Bentham's writings which were put out in French by Étienne Dumont and which quickly reached a large circulation in many countries. They give the gist of Bentham's practical proposals for law reform as well as sketching the theoretical substructure. Bentham's own *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation*, though vastly superior to Dumont's version as a piece of social philosophy, attracted little attention at first. The initial edition "was very small", Bentham wrote, "and half of that devoured by rats" because the printed sheets had been lying in store for some years. Law reform is a popular cause, legal logic is not. Bentham cared deeply about the first but was also captivated by the second.

Bentham's logic was a logic of classification. It has been shrewdly said that he "came nearer being the Linnaeus than the Newton of the moral world". Bentham was essentially a classifying animal (rather than a codifying animal, as Leslie Stephen called him). His method of classification was simple "bipartition". He sometimes found this primitive logical instrument inadequate for relating together all the distinctions that he drew, but on the whole it worked remarkably well in enabling him to cut through the tangles of legal language and to set out the facts in a new and clearer light. How well may be seen from Bentham's chapters, in the *Introduction to the Principles*, on intention and motive and on the classification of offences. The latter is a tour de force, providing in itself the outline of a code of law, since "to class offences is to class laws". The discussions of intention and motive are not only subtle but extraordinarily modern. Much of what now goes under the name of philosophy of mind is just the sort of thing that Bentham does in those chapters, charting distinctions and nuances in the language used to describe states of mind.

This is logic in a broad sense, but there is another respect too in which Bentham's logical interests were ahead of his time. The published edition of the *Introduction to the Principles* in 1789 added to the printed sheets of 1780 a preface and a number of notes. The preface, among other things, contains these words:

> There is, or rather there ought to be, a *logic* of the *will*, as well as of the *understanding*: the operations of the former faculty are neither less susceptible, nor less worthy, than those of the latter, of being delineated by rules. Of these two branches of that recondite art, Aristotle saw only the latter: succeeding logicians, treading in the steps of their great founder, have concurred in seeing with no other eyes. . . .
>
> Of this logic of the will, the science of *law*, considered in respect of its *form*, is the most considerable branch—, the most important application.

Standing by itself, the passage does not come to much. It is suggestive but could not strike home to its readers without some illustration of what was meant by a logic of the will. It needs to be read together with a manuscript note which Professor Everett printed as an isolated fragment in his *Limits of Jurisprudence Defined*. Professors Burns and Hart show that this note was clearly intended for inclusion in the 1789 addenda to the *Introduction* but was overlooked at the time. They print it in their edition as a final note to Chapter 17 of the *Introduction*, the chapter from which grew the second treatise, *Of Laws in General*. In this note Bentham again refers to a logic of the will, which he relates to the necessity of understanding law as an interconnected system:

> A body of laws is a vast and complicated piece of mechanism, of which no part can be fully explained without the rest. To understand the functions of a balance-wheel you must take to pieces the whole watch: to understand the nature of a law you must take to pieces the whole code.
>
> The subject we are now entering upon belongs to a particular branch of logic, untouched by Aristotle. The main and ultimate business of the school-logic of which that philosopher was the father, is to exhibit the several forms of *argumentation*: the business of the branch now before us is to exhibit the several forms of *imperation*: or (to take the subject in its utmost extent) of sentences expressive of volition: a leaf which seems to be yet wanting in the book of science. . . .
>
> Had Aristotle happened to turn his view this way, as many pens might perhaps have been employed on this branch of logic as on the other: . . . the business of a great part of the following pages might in that case have been dispatched by a few references.

"The following pages" refer to what became the treatise *Of Laws in General*, and in parts of that book, especially Chapter 10, we can see what kind of thing Bentham had in mind as the logic of the will. There is a square of opposition formed by the four types of volition: command, prohibition, non-command, and non-prohibition (or permission). Non-command, i.e., the absence of a command, stands in relation to a command as a negative assertion does to the corresponding positive assertion. Similarly, non-prohibition or permission is the contradiction of a prohibition. Command and prohibition stand in relation to each other as contraries. Command includes permission, and excludes both prohibition and non-command. Prohibition includes non-command, and excludes both command and permission. Non-command excludes command, but does not necessarily include either of the others. Likewise permission excludes prohibition, but does not necessarily include either command or non-command.

Obligations, rights, and powers are, for Bentham, fictions created by commands, prohibitions, and permissions in the connected system of "mandates" that form the law. The logical relations of these mandates

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accordingly give rise to corresponding logical relations for obligations, rights, and powers. Bentham's logic of the will is a beginning, and a promising one at that, of the modern branch of logic called deontic logic.

Bentham recognizes that it is only a beginning, and his scheme is necessarily cruder than modern refinements. On the other hand his treatment has the merit of robustness in being applied to actual law. Bentham was quite right to say, in the preface of the *Introduction to the Principles*, that the form of the science of law affords the most considerable branch of the logic of the will. Law is a systematic body of concepts, as carefully and as coherently structured as some of the natural sciences and far more so than any of the social sciences. The logic of moral concepts is looser than the logic of law, more flexible no doubt, and instructive on that account; but anyone who is interested in a systematic logic of practical concepts should turn his attention to legal thinking.

Bentham never allows his theoretical interests to run away from his practical concerns. As much as any latter-day linguistic philosopher he was fascinated by language, its niceties and its pitfalls. But always he had reform in view. That is why, when "unravelling" an "entangled branch of nomenclature", he was so ready to invent new technical terms, many of them utterly barbarous, as he well knew. "Who would have endured in this place", he asks, "to have seen two such words as the *pthano-paranomic* or *crime-preventing*, and *pthano-symphoric* or *calamity-preventing*, branches of the police?" Yet a little later he cheerfully uses them, together with "polemo-tamieutic", "epistemo-threptic", and lots more of the same sort. It is rare to find a man's knowledge of ancient Greek leading him to obscure what he can say quite clearly in his own tongue. Although a few of Bentham's new terms found favour, most of them simply made people think his work unreadable. He can in fact be very readable indeed. Apart from the technical terms, his style is essentially simple and crisp, not unlike that of Hobbes. He resembles Hobbes too in his command of a pretty wit with which to belabour opponents.

Bentham's strength on theoretical issues lay in logic and language. He commands admiration even more for the thorough-going way in which he applies utilitarianism to law and government, chiefly by his doctrine of punishment. The basic idea is not original: Bentham is simply elaborating what he found in Beccaria. But he does it with a piercing directness and a persistence that are part of his peculiar genius. On the basic questions of moral and legal philosophy, however, he is less impressive.

In the *Fragment on Government*, published in 1776, Bentham wrote that when he first read Book III (on morals) of Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature*, he felt as if scales had fallen from his eyes. "That the foundations of all *virtue* are laid in *utility*, is there demonstrated, after a few exceptions made, with the strongest force of evidence: but I see not, any more than Helvétius saw, what need there was for the exceptions." It is a mark of Hume's sensitivity as a philosopher that he saw the need to account for apparent exceptions to the utilitarian thesis. Where Hume used a scalpel, Bentham took a chopper. Bentham is amusing but a little ridiculous himself when he reduces virtually all of his eighteenth-century predecessors, including Hume, to holding a single position, "the principle of sympathy and antipathy" or, more bluntly, "the principle of caprice". He means that they took their own subjective feelings to represent morality, while he himself sought an objective foundation for a science of morals. In truth, however, Hume is more scientific than Bentham in his respect for facts when constructing a moral philosophy.

Bentham does not, as many critics have supposed, base his ethics on the theory of psychological egoism, i.e., the view that a man can act only from motives of self-interest. He describes the pleasures and pains of benevolence and malevolence as "extra-regarding" while "all the rest are self-regarding". Nevertheless there is a blurring of psychological distinctions, as when Bentham identifies benevolence with sympathy and malevolence with antipathy.

Similarly, in the philosophy of law Bentham is less sure-footed on the fundamental questions than on practical applications. His definition of a law is extraordinarily wide, taking in any executive order that is *lawful*, i.e., permitted by law. On the problem that so perplexed him, the distinction between penal and civil law, he reaches a conclusion that is unconventional and unconvincing. It is that every law of any substance contains both a penal and a civil part, the penal part lying in the sanction, the civil in the exposition of detail. Bentham seems here to equate punishment with sanction of any kind, which means that he has not distinguished specifically *penal* law from the rest. He tried various tacks in earlier drafts, reviewing his different suggestions with the honesty and the doggedness that are so characteristic of this remarkable man.

The editorial notes supplied by Professors Burns and Hart are admirable. They are succinct and unobtrusive, yet they hardly ever fail to tell the interested reader what he wants to know. Each volume contains both an index of names and an analytical index of subjects which helps one to see how Bentham fitted his ideas into a systematic whole.

It is more difficult to approach perfection (or simply to satisfy all readers) in the treatment of the text. The editors say that they have "systematically" modernized the spelling, but they have failed to do so in a few instances, mostly belonging to the second treatise.

The *Introduction to the Principles* retains Bentham's punctuation except where this would be positively misleading. In the other volume, however, Professor Hart allows himself more discretion and has tended to modernize and standardize, while retaining some features of Bentham's own practice. To have followed the manuscripts exactly, he says reasonably enough, would have impaired clarity and readability. Yet in the correspondence editorial policy is to preserve the original spelling and punctuation, and Professor Hart follows this convention when appending a relevant letter to the treatise *Of Laws in General*. The inconsistency looks odd. Do the edito… clarity and readability … for correspondence; or … of biography are used … the peculiarities of an … while students of thought … simply that philosophy … enough anyway without … fashioned spelling and … punctuation?

Another question con… sor Hart's treatment of … readings in the manuscri… that he has "usually" … ham's later thoughts, " … the original version … clarity or consistency with … the passage". Should he … printed both versions in … tional cases? An editor … that his author would … wished to leave the … inconsistency introduced … sion, but that is insuffi… for giving only the earlier …

Mr. Timothy Sprigge … meticulous in editing the … two volumes of correspo… lished in 1968, and one … that the whole of the … Works of Bentham … matched the superb … textual editing set by the … edition of the Collected … J. S. Mill. Still, the queries … are relatively trivial. They … have worried Bentham him… least. The texts now be… clearly superior to those … gone before, and for that … explanatory notes, all … Bentham will be grateful.

To the Editor

'Beyond the Ivory Tower'

Sir,—On my return from abroad I have just seen your issue of January 8, and read the extensive review which you published of Sir Solly Zuckerman's book *Beyond the Ivory Tower*. The anonymity of your reviewer makes it difficult to judge the extent of his practical experience; but, as someone who has recently left a senior position in the Scientific Civil Service, I should like to dissent from what he says about the second half of the book, which deals with science as a component of government.

As I read this part of his book, Sir Solly is saying two things in particular. The first is a description (in the manner of someone collecting observational data on a natural phenomenon) of just how complex is the philosophical background to anything which purports to call itself Science Policy. The second is an assertion—based, no doubt, on a combination of personal style and long experience—that the only place where scientists can usefully contribute to the key decisions, which represent society's reaction to the pressures which their own science has created, is in the world of action—at the point where decisions are taken.

The arguments relating to the first point are deployed at a level which goes beyond any discussion of mere nuts and bolts. Obviously there are useful things which could be said about project management, but that is hardly the purpose of the book. In any case there is no point in doing perfectly what should never be done at all; so the key issue is the selection of priorities. As Sir Solly is at pains to point out, this is something where the scientist can expect no more than to have one vote among many. And—the author rams home the point—unless he consciously prepares himself to survive in such an environment, then the scientist cannot expect to have even that limited amount of influence. No scientists outside government, not even those who serve on the part-time committees mentioned by your reviewer, can ever hope to exert a decisive influence on a Minister charged with guiding the policy of a major Department of State. If any problem were that easy to solve it would not have reached governmental level in the first place—it would have been settled lower down.

This problem of what to tackle, of how to spend our technical resources—and even more how to react to the challenges which science has thrown out to modern society—is something which poses itself in particularly acute form for this country. We live by exporting advanced technology. But we are also a deeply socially concerned nation, and wish to make our full contribution to the task of learning now how to deal with the problems of the future. Sir Solly underlines that this is what we must attempt to do. He does not offer any solution, except a general invitation to men of sufficient ability to come and try their hands. No doubt his present position prevents him from being more definite, but for the moment a statement of the problem should be sufficient. This is not an issue that is going to be resolved—if it ever can be—without the fullest public discussion; and his book provides a convenient starting-point.

It is a discussion which is particularly appropriate to the present time, when the consequentials of Fulton are still being worked out, and when a new administration is settling in. Some of what Sir Solly says may indeed be elitist, though hardly the "elitist nonsense" that your reviewer suggests. But, in so far as elitist is a correct description, there is an implied managerial point: that some at least of the top scientific posts in the Civil Service ought to be reserved for the best in the land—who may or may not at any given time be already available from within the government service. From an internal civil service trades union point of view this may be an uncomfortable conclusion—though bringing in outsiders is in fact no different from the practice that has been followed fairly generally over the past quarter of a century. But in one important respect the situation has changed. Up till now we have always been able to call on distinguished outsiders who already knew something of government, through their wartime work. This supply has now dried up, and it can only be replenished if the government makes it much easier than at present for men to move easily between the public and private sectors, and so acquire, in the short time at their disposal, between being active scientists and advisers at the point of action, enough experience in fields outside their own to be able to handle the really big issues—if not with confidence, then at least with decent humility.

TERENCE PRICE.

The Athenaeum, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Solzhenitsyn

Sir,—Robert Conquest (January 15) is perfectly correct to argue that Solzhenitsyn has "borne witness" to the nature of life in Russia during the Soviet past, and to the horrors of the Stalin epoch. But if his novels inevitably have political implications, and are certainly anti-Stalinist, this does not necessarily mean that they are narrowly political in the sense in which they have been interpreted by his opponents in the Soviet Union who have described him as a "spiritual émigré" who is "hostile to the whole life of the Soviet people". It was essentially this view with which R was agreeing in *Encounter*, and the central question in this controversy is whether R. Conquest, and other anti-Russian critics are justified in using the deeply patriotic Solzhenitsyn and his works as support for their own ideological arguments, or whether, as you have suggested, Solzhenitsyn has been enrolled in the service of a cause rather different from any that he might believe in himself.

There has been a great deal of argument in the Soviet Union over the meaning of Solzhenitsyn's works. Some of this is translated in the recent collection *Solzhenitsyn, A Documentary Record*, edited by Leo Labedz, from which it can be clearly seen that on this political level it is not Solzenitsyn's attackers but his liberal supporters who have the better case. But some critics, including myself, have argued that at a deeper level Solzhenitsyn is not so much a political as a religious writer, a view well summarized by Professor Elisabeth Koutaissoff in her recently published *The Soviet Union*, where she links Solzhenitsyn's preoccupations with those of Tolstoy.

Tolstoyan themes, though they are surely central to Solzhenitsyn's work, have not received the attention they deserve in discussions of it, which have concentrated on him as an anti-Stalinist and a critic of Soviet society. Yet Solzhenitsyn is more than merely a truthful witness; as Leo Labedz has put it, he "makes his own experience the centre of his literary work and the point of departure for its symbolic significance". There is nothing to prevent any critic from interpreting that significance in the light of his own beliefs, so long as he can find supporting evidence for his interpretations in the work itself. But I would submit that Solzhenitsyn, like his acknowledged master Tolstoy, has clearly expressed values and beliefs of his own, which are very different from those of R and other Cold War propagandists who have been eager to claim him as their ideological ally.

On the question of publication in the West, it is true that both *samizdat* and K.G.B. copies of some of Solzhenitsyn's works have been circulated. But Lionel Bloch's suggestion (January 8) that the K.G.B. only started peddling their copies of the manuscripts in order to confuse and discourage potential western publishers will not bear examination. One of the documents in *Solzhenitsyn, A Documentary Record* is the telegram from the editors of the émigré magazine *Grani* to Aleksandr Tvardovsky, announcing their intention of publishing *Cancer Ward* immediately because the K.G.B. had sent another copy to the West "to block its publication in *Novy Mir*". The *samizdat* paper in Mr. Labedz's book on K.G.B. machinations similarly says that the K.G.B. "sent to the West through Victor Louis a copy of *Cancer Ward* in order to block its publication in the Soviet Union".

Solzhenitsyn comments on this: "The works of our authors must be printed in their own country and must not become the plunder of foreign … houses." His clearly … always has been to get his … lished in the Soviet Union … been part of the K.G.B.'s … thwart this. But another … aim which Solzhenitsyn … feared is that they might … case against him, particularly … play *The Feast of the* … cussed in the extract from … in Mr. Labedz's book. Solzh… always forbidden the publ… this play precisely because … one work by him, an early … in 1950 by "nameless … Shch 232", which can be … being anti-Soviet as well … Stalinist. According to … had one copy of the manus… was taken from him by the … one of their searches, and … been offered to numerous … houses in the West. Solzh… also opposed publication … out his consent on the gro… has no control over the … Russian or in translation, and … know from experience that … *in the Life of Ivan Deni*… spoiled by haste in all the … But the essential point in … lar connexion is that unauth… lication abroad has been … excuse to prevent publication … sia, and it is his right to … he likes in his own country … zhenitsyn's whole campaign … freedom has been about.

KONSTANTIN B…

77 avenue des Vosges, … Rhin, France.

Public Lending Right

Sir,—In your Commentary … 22) you referred to the … "between two distinct co… argument for P.L.R.: justice … and added: "there will … much cash in it for the … authors". May I point out …

(1) P.L.R. is first and fore… ter of justice, based on the … "payment for use".

(2) Under the new scheme … to the D.E.S., an author will … lending royalty of 1½ per … £2 book, therefore, he … 6s. a copy, or £225 per 1,000 … to public libraries. Not … but when related to the … great majority of authors … annum or less from writing … significance.

VICTOR BONHAM-C…

Society of Authors, 84 … dens, London, S.W.10.

Chinks

Sir,—Professor Leech … ber 25) draws quite right… the use of "chink" in *A* … *Night's Dream*, V, i, … reading of a bawdy … *Romeo and Juliet*, … force to a thought I have … staging of the Pyramus …

… which does indeed become "more … ly gross" as it progresses. Wall's … is usually presented in accordance … the direction "*Wall holds up his* …" (V, i, 175.1), added to the text … pell in 1768. [Quotations are from … or Peter Alexander's edition.] This direction appears in none … extant earlier texts. It might be … that Capell was justified in this … by Bottom's earlier suggestion … ll must "hold his fingers thus, … ough that cranny shall Pyramus … isbe whisper" (III, i, 61-3). But … parison of the rehearsal scene … e actual performance by the … icals shows that none of the lines … d is performed. Furthermore, … in preparation is so changeable … parts of Thisbe's father and … and Pyramus's father, originally … d to Starveling, Quince and … , ii, 50ff.), are dropped from … formance in favour of Moonshine, Prologue and Wall. Thus … 's suggestions about staging, … III, i, need not be binding upon … formance in V, i, where indeed … chanicals appear to be ad libbing … f their lines and, from the evi… of these lines, some of their staging … well.

… Wall, when called upon to … ramus his chink (V, i, 175) might … in confusion by slightly spreading … legs rather than holding up his … a staging which seems appro… to the increasing frequency of … ouble meanings which Profes… … h points out. Thisbe would … hind him at 186, and Bottom … im at 191. Then, when Pyramus … , kiss me through the hole of … wall", and she responds "I … wall's hole, not your lips at all" … Thisbe would attempt to kiss … through Wall's legs from … presenting us with a comic com… … ce reminiscent of *The Miller's* … (perhaps more immediately rele… … the oath-swearing in *Gammer* … *Needle*, where Hodge … Diccons breeche" (quoted … J. Quincy Adams, *Chief Pre-*… *pearean Dramas*, II, i, 76.1). … was probably the manner in … the Chamberlain's Men staged … e, and one might conclude that … stage direction ought not be … in editions of *A Midsummer* … *Dream*. I know of no recent … ons that have restored this … apparently original staging … your readers might correct me … have been any), but a forthcom… … duction at Glendon College, … y Professor Michael Gregory, … do so, following the bawdy … ns of the scene to their logical …

G. B. SHAND.

… artment of English, Glendon … York University, Toronto 317, … Canada.

…ormation and the …tional Libraries

… n his article (January 15) Mau… … enumerates the advantages to … ed if regional union catalogues … t into machine readable form … acquisitions of libraries re… … ntrally. This is not, however, … gests, still a matter of surmise. … ndon and South Eastern Lib… … on (L.A.S.E.R.) now records … nguage material published on … anuary 1, 1970, on a computer … Standard Book Numbers as … umbers. The new system, … n conjunction with B.N.B., … libraries to notify us of books … stock merely by a list of …

… ion L.A.S.E.R. is at present … a controlled experiment, … iple copies of computer-… location catalogues, in an … test the feasibility of direct … between libraries without … a centrally housed union … We are also looking into the … of producing this catalogue … orm by computer output … g techniques.

… proved, as Mr. Line sur… … most promising area for … , and I am sure that he will … to know that all the … which he predicted for the … his article have in fact been … our experience to be correct.

J. M. PLAISTER.

… and South Eastern Library … National Central Library, … London, WC1E 7DG.

…e Norwegian …apitulation

… w that so much wartime his… … rewritten by British auth… … ng and old, it is right that … know of extraordinary deve… … Norway recently in regard … rtant branch of study. … lyn Woodward's long-over… … ry of the British Cabinet papers for 1940, David Irving on Convoy PQ17 and soon his biographies of Hitler and Field Marshal Erhard Milch, Correlli Barnett's military history in general, and particularly Martin Gilbert's next volume of the official Churchill biography—all concern Norway in some degree, great or small. It is therefore desirable that accumulating mountains of Norwegian documentation and writing on Norway 1940-45 should be studied thoroughly despite the language difficulties and in context with the prevailing Norwegian academic climate. This, to say the least, is disturbing.

On September 3, 1970, the State Lawyer Håkon Wiker broadcast over the national television network that massively documented revelations by the State Historian, Sverre Hartmann, concerning the nature and aftermath of the Norwegian and German High Commands' capitulation agreement of June 10, 1940, would be investigated by the national legal authorities (*Aftenposten*, September 4). This investigation will be led by Police Adjutant T. Haakenes of the Criminal Police, it was further reported next day.

On September 26 the national, socialist weekly, *Aktuell*, revealed that the senior State Lawyer, L. J. Dorenfeldt, had "given the green light" to the police investigation. This has not been denied since.

Naturally, this prospect has raised a national outcry. Hartmann has described the investigation as "an attack on historical research" and his view is widely held, but not universally.

The opposition has not been ameliorated by Herr Wiker's answer to the question whether the authorities and the police intend to seek the help of qualified historians, notably Professor Magne Skodvin (Contemporary Norwegian History, Oslo University).

Herr Wiker replied: "It is pretty clear that we must have assistance from qualified historians to get to the bottom of the matter [the 1940 capitulation], but which 'qualified historians' I don't yet know."

Concern has been long expressed in the Norwegian mass media about Professor Skodvin's academic approach to the controversial capitulation—in his books and the Law Courts. For instance, his doctorate thesis, *The Struggle over the Occupation Powers in Norway to September 25, 1940* (Oslo, 1956), does not mention the capitulation. Moreover in *Between Neutrality and Alliance* (Oslo, 1968) he misquotes the Defence Chief and Commander-in-Chief, General Otto Ruge, who was left to arrange the capitulation when the Royal Norwegian Government went into British exile on June 7, 1940, so as to suggest that *Norway* (as a state) remained "at war" whereas Ruge's proclamation on June 9 actually stated that only "*Norwegians*" were still fighting on other fronts—a fine but vital distinction. Furthermore Professor Skodvin repeated flatly during the re-trial of the former Gestapo Chief, Hellmuth Reinhard, in Karlsruhe (September 21, 1970) that there was no total capitulation—only one between the Norwegian Sixth Division (hitherto under the Allied Commander, Admiral Lord Cork and Orrery) and the Germans in North Norway.

His stand has produced a head-on collision with his fellow state historian, Hartmann: hence the police investigation.

Further topicality to this issue is provided by the impending appearance of the 588-page *Quisling, Rosenberg und Terboven* (Stuttgart) by Professor Hans-Dietrich Loock, which was reviewed at length in *Der Spiegel* on September 7, with copious repercussion in Norway, including the news that his inspiration in this work was none other than the controversial Professor Skodvin.

It has been pointed out in the Norwegian press that the investigation of historical data by the police and the associated threat to the ventilation of historical discoveries, with professional comment by highly qualified historians, such as Sverre Hartmann, amounts to an undermining of paragraph 100 in the written Norwegian Constitution, guaranteeing freedom of expression.

Two of Professor Skodvin's own pupils in his Historical Institute at Oslo University have had the courage to protest against the police action.

Finally, in default of any definitive or convincing historical agreement in Norway on the nature of the 1940 capitulation, unprejudiced by state-employed lawyers or the police, a test case on this touchy subject was submitted to the European Convention on Human Rights at Strasbourg on September 25.

The historical issue is the nature of the exiled Royal Norwegian Government's association with Great Britain from June 10, 1940—later with the United States and the Soviet Union—up to and including the "liberation" period (May 8-November 1, 1945). The legal issue is whether Norway as a state was "at war" after June, 1940, as has always been maintained officially here, despite academic doubts which have not until now filtered through to the populace or school textbooks.

Further, the legal issue is whether such prominent Norwegians as the late Chief Justice Paul Berg, the late primate Bishop Eivind Berggrav, and their associates committed offences in creating the Administrative Council for the Occupied Territories and thus seeking a modus vivendi with the German Occupying Power (April 15 to September 25, 1940) and whether Major Vidkun Quisling committed high treason in seeking a similar modus vivendi during his second government (February 1, 1942, to May 8, 1945), likewise his numerous supporters.

Both issues are further complicated by the mysterious disappearance of the original capitulation document from the State archives in 1947, at the height of the "treason" trials, and the State Archivist, Dagfinn Mannsåker, is *now* looking for it. Also the twenty-five-year-old report of the state Military Investigation Committee, which is widely believed to confirm the totality of 1940 capitulation, is *still* "top secret".

As the author of two books on Scandinavia during the war and as a participant in the Norwegian Campaign, the "Free Norwegian" activities in Stockholm, the liberation and the Quisling Case—as a journalist—I feel it is my duty to acquaint my fellow non-Norwegian historians with the curious academic situation in this outpost of Western Democracy today.

RALPH HEWINS.

Oslo.

James Joyce

Sir,—I wish to disclaim responsibility for the title *James Joyce: the Man and His Works* under which my book *Exploring James Joyce* (first published in 1964 by the Southern Illinois University Press) has been reprinted in paperback by the Forum House Publishing Company. I was unaware of the existence of the new title until I saw a copy of the paperback edition for the first time last October.

In my judgment, anyone who is offered a book with this title has a right to assume that the book combines something like a biography of Joyce with something like a comprehensive survey of his works. My book contains neither, but is instead a selection from my writings on Joyce consisting of an essay on his use of words, an essay on *Stephen Hero*, and five essays on *Ulysses*.

JOSEPH PRESCOTT.

Department of English, College of Liberal Arts, Wayne State University; Detroit, Michigan 48202, U.S.A.

Art and Design Education

Sir,—Your reviewer of Mr. Hannema's book on art education, *Fads, Fakes and Fantasies* (*TLS*, January 15) suggests that the Royal Academy should call a congress of all parties interested in art education.

Your readers may be interested to know that we are organizing two symposia on Art and Design Education at the I.C.A. in the Mall on two successive weekends, April 24-25 and May 1-2, 1971, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. on each of the four days. The aim is to provide a forum for rational discussion. The first weekend will concentrate largely on the theory of art and design education, and the second will examine how well the existing system provides the kind of education desired. Each weekend will conclude in a formal debate.

The convener is David Warren Piper, senior lecturer at the Institute of Education and a former member of staff at Hornsey. Further details and a list of speakers will be published in due course.

DAVID THOMPSON.

Institute of Contemporary Arts, The Mall, London, S.W.1.

'The Jews in Soviet Russia since 1917'

Sir,—That standards of scholarly accuracy often slip when certain lively political subjects are being discussed is all too notorious. One of the many services rendered by the *TLS* is to keep a watchful eye on such aberrations. Occasionally, though, your reviewers overlook them, and even appear to connive at them.

An example of such a slip being actually recommended to your readers is to be found in the review (August 21) of *The Jews in Soviet Russia since 1917*, edited by Lionel Kochan. Though several months have passed, the subject-matter of this symposium has been brought so insistently to public attention in recent weeks that it is not merely of antiquarian interest to refer back to the article in question.

The reviewer devoted a paragraph to what he miscalled the "Jewish National Republic", meaning the Jewish Autonomous Region, in the Soviet Union, and told us that the volume under review contains "a learned and exhaustive essay by Chimen Abramsky" on this subject. In fact, it is in this essay that a very crude misrepresentation is committed.

As is well known, the Soviet Union is made up of a number of constituent republics, nominally of equal status, called the "Union Republics"—Russia, Ukraine, Byelorussia, and so on. Inside some of these are some "Autonomous Republics", with subordinate status, such as the Yakut Autonomous Republic. There are also "Autonomous Regions" and "National Areas", with much lower status. In 1934, when the Birobidzhan territory was proclaimed the "Jewish Autonomous Region", the then President of the Soviet Union, Kalinin, promised that as soon as there were 100,000 Jews living there it would be raised to the status of an Autonomous Republic (cf. I. Rennap, *Anti-Semitism and the Jewish Question*, London, 1942, page 54). Dr. Abramsky reports Kalinin as having promised "a Soviet Republic"—a suitably ambiguous expression—and then proceeds to allege that, only two years later, Stalin made a statement raising the qualifying minimum to one million. This Dr. Abramsky presents as aimed against Birobidzhan, and a cynical betrayal of Kalinin's pledge—in short, yet another Russian crime against the Jews!

The declaration by Stalin that is meant—Dr. Abramsky gives no reference—can only be his speech of November 25, 1936, "On the Draft Constitution of the U.S.S.R.". This is available in the collection of Stalin's speeches and articles, entitled *Leninism*, which was published in London in 1940. It contains no mention of Birobidzhan, explicit or implicit. It does, however, include (pages 583-585) some remarks on the conditions *for raising an Autonomous Republic to the status of Union Republic*, one being that the republic concerned must have a population of more than one million. This had, of course, nothing whatsoever to do with the Autonomous Regions, including Birobidzhan. If the latter is still not an Autonomous Republic, that is quite in accordance with Kalinin's pledge, since there are not yet 100,000 Jews living there.

It is hard to know which is more remarkable—that Chimen Abramsky should have thought it necessary to present the evidence like this, or that the result should have been left unchecked by the editor of the symposium. Can it be that, where Zionist propaganda is concerned, "anything goes"?

BRIAN PEARCE.

42 Victoria Road, New Barnet, Herts.

Hardy, Browning and the Iris-Bow

Sir,—When I prepared *A Hardy Companion*, I assumed that Hardy was indebted to Browning for his use of this image. It occurs in a number of poems in at least five volumes from *Wessex Poems* (1898) to *Human Shows* (1925). Later, when I re-read *The Woodlanders*, I had misgivings. The only occurrence of "iris-bow" I found in Browning was in the prologue of 1889 to *Asolando*. Hardy sent Browning a copy of *Wessex Tales* on May 7, 1888 (the poet's birthday), and it may be that after or before that date Browning read Hardy's latest novel, *The Woodlanders*.

If so, he would surely have been interested in Fitzpiers's quotation from Shelley, and the thoughts that follow, in chapter xvi, where Fitzpiers reflects that love is subjective, an emotion creating an idea associated with any appropriate object one chances upon, just as the rainbow iris is projected against any type of tree in the line of one's vision. Apart from the idea of causality, the thought of the passage could not be much nearer to Browning's in the first verse of the 1889 prologue: the image is identical.

The question is whether Browning used such an image before, say, the summer of 1887. *The Woodlanders* was published in the middle of March that year.

To this may I append another question? What is the origin of "The homage of a thousand hearts; the fond, deep love of one" (chapter xxiv of this novel)?

F. B. PINION.

65 Raamoor Crescent, Sheffield, S10 3GW.

A Wrestling Baronet

After Chartinet of Switzerland pulled his leg out of its socket, Sir Atholl's weight went down to five and a half stone and he spent two years on crutches. Most of that time he drank eleven pints of milk a day. He eventually got back to twelve and a half stone and to being a heavy weight wrestling champion. They don't make baronets like Sir Atholl any more. Or anybody else come to that.

His story of all-in wrestling is littered with scissored, head-locked victims like the Frenchman Lacine who was nine foot three; Jumbo Giles who had been Sir Atholl's cook in the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light (sic) Infantry and weighed thirty-two stone; and Jim Wango, Champion of All Africa (alias 'the Black Devil'), who gave exhibitions at the Folies Bergères and ended each performance by jumping fifteen feet in the air and landing in the splits. The greatest of all moderns, the Dutchman Rhinehardt, was eight foot four, weighed fifty stone and consumed thirty bowls of soup in one sitting.

Alas, according to the wrestling baronet no-one has equalled a champion of 511 BC. So thrill to the man who carried a chariot-full of warriors, gasp as he strangles a bull, faint as he hurls three hundredweight of rock! Read the amazing feats of the Mighty Milo! And spare a thought for Sir Atholl Oakley, whose wrestling autobiography, BLUE BLOOD ON THE MAT, is to be published by STANLEY PAUL on 15 February, price £1.75.

Taurus

The Southern Review

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Details and entry form in this week's Spectator.

Piecing together the bones and teeth

L. S. B. LEAKEY and VANNE MORRIS GOODALL :
Unveiling Man's Origins
185pp. Methuen. 32s (paperback, 14s.)

Dr. and Mrs. Leakey are pre-eminent for the skill, flair, and fortune with which they find and unearth fossils of early members of the human stock. They provide evidence to support Darwin's opinion that Africa, where they themselves live, was the main evolutionary centre of Old World higher primates including man himself. It is easy to see from tables of the humanoid stem how very much enriched with branches it has been by the work of the Leakeys.

It is not easy, though, to see why Dr. Leakey's name appears on the title-page of *Unveiling Man's Origins*, because except for a page and a half of preface, the book was written not by him at all, but by his wife. She reflects Leakey's views, but she refers to him in the third person, which is odd for the advertised senior author.

The first chapter contains a good brief summary of progress made in the subject up to the year 1859 (which saw the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*), but it is surely an exaggeration to claim for Lucretius in his *De rerum natura* that "Amongst the many brilliant theories he postulated was one which astonishingly anticipates the theory of evolution with which Charles Darwin electrified the world more than eighteen centuries later". Lucretius certainly recognized the struggle for existence, one of the most important factors in natural selection, but it is possible for natural selection to work without producing any evolution at all, and Darwin still had to do some work to show that it also can produce evolution.

From 1859 until the present, the rest of the book is divided into eleven sections, each one devoted to a decade and describing the more important finds made during that decade. As Mrs. Goodall admits, these chapters are not intended to be read as a consecutive story, but since they probably will be by readers wanting to get on with the story promised by the title, it should be said that they make tough going. There is a certain amount of repetition from one chapter to another and there are gaps which make it difficult to follow the story at all. There is much talk about *Pithecanthropus* (Java Man, Pekin Man), but later *Homo erectus* suddenly appears, without any mention of the work or the name of B. G. Campbell, who pointed out in 1963 that the differences between Java (and Pekin) Man and modern man were not taxonomically worth the distinction of different genera.

One of the bugbears of the study of the evolution of man has been the alacrity with which palaeontologists have given Linnean specific and often generic names to their finds of bones, or even of only a single tooth. Biologists who are familiar with the progress made in genetics, and especially population genetics, and in variability, know that in rapidly evolving populations—such as those of man's forebears—variability is great. Since the giving of a new specific or generic name carries with it the implication that the bone or tooth belonged to an individual which when alive did not breed with any individual to which a different specific name had been given, such practice goes far beyond the evidence and succeeds only in cluttering up the literature with useless nomenclature. That is why leading biologists, who have abandoned "typological thinking" and substituted "population-thinking", admit only the two genera, *Australopithecus* and *Homo*, after the end of the Tertiary Era for the evolutionary lineage of Man and his forebears; also why they prefer to refer to "Taung australopithecine", or "Pekin man", or "Olduvai hominid 7", enabling each form to be referred to accurately, without becoming embroiled in unverifiable taxonomic nomenclature.

It seems that Mrs. Goodall is aware of this problem, for she always refers in her text to "*Zinjanthropus*" between inverted commas; most biologists include it among the australopithecines. She is, however, on much more uncertain ground when she affirms that "few . . . doubted the validity of *Homo habilis*"; such experienced and authoritative anatomists and biologists as Sir Wilfrid Le Gros Clark and J. T. Robinson consider it to be no more than an australopithecine variant. On present showing, David Pilbeam agrees with this view.

Unveiling Man's Origins is mostly concerned with the morphology of bones and teeth, but there is one paragraph in which Mrs. Goodall refers to her daughter, Jane van Lawick-Goodall, and her ethological work on chimpanzees, for the information it gives about the capacity of apes to make and use tools. There are other veils that can be raised from the secrets of man's origins, besides bones and teeth. One of these veils is made up of a combination of biochemistry and genetics. A. C. Wilson and V. M. Sarich have shown that the arrangement of amino acids in the molecule of the red blood pigment haemoglobin is identical in man and chimpanzee, and differs by two amino acids between man and gorilla. There are methods of estimating the time taken by mutation and natural selection for the replacement of one amino acid by another in evolution. In the case of the haemoglobin molecule, as also in those of fibrin-protein, and of cytochrome-C, these estimates work out at a very low figure, around five million years, which is much smaller than that favoured by palaeontologists, so more research is needed, but it is at a crucial point in the unveiling of man's origins.

Mrs. Goodall properly draws attention to the fact that the fossils discussed do not exhibit a gradual and simultaneous change in all their parts. One of the best examples of this is the acquisition of vertical posture in australopithecines combined with retention of a very small brain. But this is only an example of the principle of mosaic evolution, exhibited in all classes of vertebrates and in plants, a realization which facilitates the understanding of how this principle has worked in the evolution of man.

Another principle, which should have been discussed, is that of paedomorphosis, the retention by the adult descendant of juvenile ancestral features. The facts of this principle, which is of universal application in the animal kingdom, were clearly recognized in a most unexpected place—a remark by Tennyson to the effect that there is ... between the young ... and the human: "A yo... skull is quite human ... gradually alters." This is ... of a comparison be... australopithecine and a... and that of modern ... heavy brow ridges. H... morphosis is much mo... than that, for the mat... in human developme... responsible for the ... of the newborn, and th... the establishment of ... couple as a long-term ... vital for the survival ... of every human newbo... this be apposite for *Un... Origins*? Physiology al... here, for it was the ... menstruation for oestru... woman sexually acce... times, and monogamy ...

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WE DANCED ALL NIGHT*

For Barbara Cartland to say that she danced all night is an astonishing understatement. Her whole life has been one frenzied gavotte—an extravagant pot pourri of literary outpourings and social activity, punctuated with advice on everything from the consumption of Royal Jelly to how to address the third son of an Irish Peer. The whole brilliant performance contained, but never confined, by the proper demands of etiquette.

She first made an impression in the twenties. Gay but sad, with the appearance of utter frivolity and the substance of some seriousness, she danced and flirted, and thought, and grew up. A young man proposed to her at Derby Railway Station when she was wearing one of Norman Hartnell's fashionable grey flannel suits; a friend of a friend committed suicide at a golf club near Esher. The Duke of Devonshire still lived in Devonshire House, Lord Lansdowne in Lansdowne House, everyone was wild about Harry and Miss Cartland was young and gay.

Taurus

*Another volume of Barbara Cartland's autobiography, WE DANCED ALL NIGHT, will be published on 1st February. HUTCHINSON, £2.00.

A setting error occurred in the final paragraph of this advertisement when it appeared in the T.L.S. on 15th January for which we apologise.

From evolution to pollution

JOHN E. PFEIFFER :
The Emergence of Man
477pp. Nelson. £3 15s.

John E. Pfeiffer has joined the fashionable but honourable company of those who have sought to put together in simple language the history of the human species in one general volume. His range is wide and his argument discursive; he proceeds from the rise of primates in Palaeocene times, through the development of the first hominids on the African savannas, to the appearance of modern man in the crucible of the Pleistocene ice ages; he examines the behaviour of our primate cousins, in particular baboons and chimpanzees, and then that of aborigines and other primitive peoples; he speculates on the development of our language, art, environment and ability to invent the future; and ends with some thoughts about outer space, computers, pollution and faith.

The formula is well-known but intimidatingly difficult to put into effect. Professor Pfeiffer has assembled a great deal of fascinating material, and his general argument is sound. But his book falls short of what it sets out to be and what is claimed for it on the jacket. First there is some irrelevance. Part of it may come into the category of literary adornment and be designed to give the reader human interest and time to catch his breath; but the sections on primate and primitive human behaviour and the anthropological chit-chat are generally out of proportion to the rest of the book, and their relevance is not always demonstrated.

In some respects the book is ill balanced. There is, for example, surprisingly little about the genetic aspects of human evolution or about the significance of the ice ages. The author has a tendency to state only one group of arguments to explain a phenomenon, such as the end of the Cretaceous reptiles, the onset of the Pleistocene ice ages, or the growth in the size of the human brain. He does not claim there are no other explanations, but his manner of presentation has the effect of excluding or devaluing them.

Professor Pfeiffer sometimes jumps to conclusions. For instance, in discussing prehistoric behaviour patterns, he uses evid... epileptic seizures amon... to say that the princ... hereditary and pathol... normal defensive beha... ably applies to hum... Such an assertion if tr... great deal more supp... than is here provided. ... statements about wor... and nuclear wars on o... planets underline a cer... presentation which is ... where. Throughout, the ... and readable; but the ... from occasional disjoi... argument and lack of d... arrangement of the mat...

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Chemistry's atomist

ELIZABETH C. PATTERSON :
John Dalton and the Atomic Theory
348pp. New York: Doubleday, \$6.95 (paperback, \$1.95)

It seems highly appropriate that John Dalton, who gave so much of his life to teaching young people, and whose writings are marked by simplicity and clarity, should at last have found a biographer capable of conveying his story in straightforward terms to almost any audience, young or old. Professor Patterson's account is relatively long and comprehensive, but her pace is leisurely and her choice of materials well balanced. Dalton's atomic conception of matter brought about a revolution in chemistry of immense intellectual and practical importance, and the development of his ideas (which date perhaps from his work with nitrous oxide in 1803) is naturally given pride of place, and explained in some detail. We are also reminded, however, of Dalton's many other scientific interests—of his early work with a rain gauge, to take one example befitting a resident of the Lake District.

The historical background to a life concurrent with the early Industrial Revolution is given in enough detail to make the book self-sufficient. Dalton's life as a Quaker is well portrayed, and likewise the high esteem in which he was held in his adopted city, Manchester.

This self-educated schoolmaster taught in Manchester from 1793 until his death in 1844. He investigated many aspects of science beyond chemistry pure and simple. His studies of colour-blindness, for instance, are of the greatest interest. It was from a typically mechanistic attitude to elementary physics that he was led to the new species of chemistry without which his name would be all but forgotten. Professor Patterson makes the point with the help of extended quotation, both from Dalton and his contemporaries, and she does so with such anaesthetic charm that the least scientific of her readers will feel no pain whatsoever at the truths she extracts.

There are chapters or shorter passages which obviously had to be included, such as on the relation of Dalton's ideas to those of Berzelius; and there are many far less obvious but illuminating observations, as when, for example, it is pointed out that two-thirds of Dalton's principal book on chemistry is devoted to the subject of heat; but in all cases there is an adequate appendage of notes by which the issue may be judged or pursued. The book will astonish few Dalton scholars, but it will please many.

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In the style of Rome

AXEL BOËTHIUS and J. B. WARD-PERKINS :
Etruscan and Roman Architecture
The Pelican History of Art.
622pp. Penguin. £8 10s.

Few would disagree that in no other branch of art are the life and achievement of a people or epoch more transparently reflected than in their buildings. This holds true above all, for the subject of the large and important work of scholarship here reviewed: the architecture of the Romans both in their earliest days, as confined to Central Italy, and then as the rulers of an empire that embraced first the whole of the peninsula and eventually the entire ancient world from the Tyne to Mesopotamia, from the Sahara to the Rhine and Danube. The fruit of this Boëthius/Ward-Perkins partnership is no mere architectural manual. Descriptions of buildings there are in plenty—lucid, vivid, and exact. But in every chapter of *Etruscan and Roman Architecture* those buildings are related, with fine discernment, to the political, social, economic, and cultural background of the individuals, groups of persons, and regions to whom they owed their existence. The reader is, in fact, presented with an illuminating history of the spirit, development and spread of Roman civilization (in that term's widest sense) as manifested in the almost infinitely varied surviving monuments.

Part One, Axel Boëthius's contribution, tells the story in Italy from prehistoric times down to the end of the Republic. But the lion's share, Parts Two to Four, the history of Roman building from Augustus to Constantine, in Rome, Italy, and all the provinces, has fallen to J. B. Ward-Perkins. If the former's task was simpler in being limited geographically to Italy, the fact that so much Etruscan and republican architecture has been lost or overlaid (Etruscan tombs excepted) creates many problems which the author most skilfully surmounts, filling the gaps with recourse to the indirect evidence of ancient literature and of other arts, notably painting and sculpture. The result is a coherent picture of this vital formative period's successive stages and of its legacies to the imperial age. Prominent among the latter are the Etruscan temple with its podium and axial planning (incidentally Boëthius inclines to belief in the Etruscans' oriental origin); Etruscan town-planning and domestic architecture; the gradual hellenization, from Magna Graecia and Greece proper, of *consuetudo Italica* in Rome; the advent of marble; and, above all, the discovery of concrete and its possibilities.

It is the exploitation of this discovery, most aptly termed "The Roman Architectural Revolution", that is the content of the most exciting chapter in Part Two, which very suitably makes a break, between Trajan and Hadrian, in the chronological account of building in Rome from Augustus to Alexander Severus. "It was left to Rome to evolve an architecture to which the concept of interior space was fundamental." The whole face of ancient building was, in fact, changed; and it is not easy to imagine what the future of Roman (and later European) architecture would have been had the potentialities of Italian *pozzolana* in the make-up of concrete not been grasped. The repercussions of this revolution on domestic building, already heralded under the late Republic, are central to another striking chapter in this section—that on houses in the towns and countryside of Italy.

Part Three takes us the round of the Roman provinces from Britain to Morocco, via Spain, north-western and central Europe, Greece, Asia Minor, the Roman East, the last including Syria (in the widest sense) and the Mesopotamian frontier lands, Egypt, and the rest of North Africa. "Don't imagine it to be your quickest way to get architects from Rome, for it is usually from Greece that they come here" was Trajan's tart reply to Pliny's request for an architect from Rome to solve the building problems of Bithynian Claudiopolis; and the migration to Italy and the western provinces of architects, craftsmen, marbles, and architectural styles from east of the Adriatic is a commonplace.

But that is only half the truth. To read these fascinating chapters is to be continually impressed by the strength of the tide that flowed the other way, eastwards from Italy—not only to Roman colonies such as Corinth that were founded in Greek-speaking lands, but also to some of the long-established strongholds of hellenistic tradition in Asia Minor and Syria. There we find temples reared on podia after the Italic style, bath-complexes of the type evolved in Rome, Greek theatres transformed, and theatres built *de novo*, on the Roman model, even amphitheatres occasionally; and, perhaps most interesting of all, brave attempts to emulate the achievements of Roman concrete in local media of inferior quality. Part Four rounds off the whole story with a comprehensive survey of late pagan architecture in Rome and the provinces.

The line-drawings—plans, elevations, reconstructions, and axonometric views—are admirably clear. The plates, a substantial number from Dr. Ward-Perkins's own camera, are uniformly first-class and include some magnificent aerial views, some little-known monuments and architectural details, and some unfamiliar pictures of familiar buildings. That the text will encounter serious criticism seems extremely unlikely.

Meanwhile a few very minor queries come to mind. Apropos of the multi-storeyed tenement house here claimed as a local Roman (and later Ostian) phenomenon, do not the multi-storeyed insulae recently found at Ephesus (*I.L.N.* 16, v.64, pp. 766-8; 23, v.64, pp. 822-4) and apparently dating from the first century B.C. deserve a passing mention, at least in a note? Has not the thoroughly romanized Apollodorus of Damascus, Trajan's master-architect, left behind him one small token of his eastern origin on the Column's base, namely the oriental corkscrew moulding that features so conspicuously at Baalbek and Hatra? Is it not, perhaps, a trifle rash to write as yet of the "assured chronology" of the Petran rock-cut tomb-façades? And is it really so plausible that the great Piazza Armerina villa in central Sicily was the retired Maximian's residence? The leading themes of its mosaics—the capture of beasts for the arena, other animal-hunting, and mythological motifs (not to mention the "bikini" girls)—would seem to be out of keeping with the interests of an emperor who throughout his brief, enforced retirement was panting to return to politics.

Axel Boëthius did not, alas, survive until publication day. But his partner will surely reap a richly deserved reward from the enthusiastic welcome that this magnum opus is certain to receive—a reward for many years of intensive study of the literature, ancient and modern, of his topic, of the cultivation of many fruitful contacts with archaeological colleagues, and of extensive travel throughout the length and breadth of the Roman world in order to appraise the monuments *in situ*. For every serious student of classical Rome this book is a "must".

Etruscans in essence

MARIO MORETTI and GUGLIELMO MAETZKE :
The Art of the Etruscans
Translated by Peggy Martin.
252pp. Thames and Hudson. £8 8s.

A picture book, and of its sort an exceptionally good one. Leonard von Matt is a photographer who combines outstanding technical competence with a rare sensitivity for the works of classical antiquity.

True, many of the pieces are shown in greater detail than ever their makers can have seen, and far greater than most museum visitors can ever hope to see. But once one accepts the convention that the camera may explore and interpret the artist's work as well as merely reproduce it, the results in nearly every case are singularly true to the spirit of the period. Add to this a selection of objects which is personal without being eccentric, and which includes a refreshing number of little-photographed pieces, together with a few fine landscapes, and the result is about as authentic and representative a vision of Etruscan art as one could hope to achieve within the compass of 250 illustrations.

The text by Mario Moretti and Guglielmo Maetzke is little more than a series of extended captions: the findspot, size, present location and date of each object, together with a brief assessment of its historical and artistic significance. Since the authors are the superintendents for southern and northern Etruria respectively, the content is as nearly definitive as one could hope for from so brief a commentary on what is often very controversial material. The only serious quarrel (shared, it seems, with the compiler of the index to the accompanying map) is with Sgr. Moretti's continued acceptance of the modern Bolsena, rather than Orvieto, as the site of Etruscan Volsinii. This is a view which the extensive postwar excavations on both sites make it increasingly difficult to defend, and it is particularly regrettable in the context since it cuts across what is, after the quality of the photography, the book's most stimulating and original feature—namely, its arrangement geographically in accordance with the territories of the city states that comprised the Etruscan confederation.

These city-states shared the same language and a broadly common background of material culture and religious belief; there was a lively exchange between them of such portable objects as bronzes, ivories, jewelry and stuffs; and all in varying degrees came under the Greek and Italic influences which did so much to shape the Etruscan artistic milieu. But within this broad community there were notable regional differences. There were many aspects of daily life in which a city such as Caere or Veii had far more in common with Rome and its other Latin neighbours than with far-off Clusium or Volaterrae.

This is unquestionably the right framework in which to explore the complex phenomenon of Etruscan art. Never before can the output of Clusium, for example, that quintessentially Etruscan home of the legendary Lars Porsena, have been so concisely yet expressively presented—the strange canopic urns, a purely local phenomenon, barbaric yet enormously vital; the impact of "daedalic" Greek sculpture on such pieces as the enchanting sixth-century quartet of bronze figures from nearby Brolio, stiffly treading the measure of some long-forgotten quadrille; the no less explicit (but how different) Ionic Greek influence on the lively, sophisticated funerary reliefs of the fifth century, in this case manifestly part of the same world as the contemporary paintings of Tarquinia. Here, portrayed with a masterly economy, is the essence of the first and finest period of Etruscan art in vivid microcosm.

Lund Humphries

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A hardcover version of the publication that accompanied the recent exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery (arranged by the Circulation Department, Victoria and Albert Museum). It features 120 of the most exciting and original chairs (and their designers) from the last 50 years, and includes an historical introduction by Carol Hogben, new developments in chair manufacture by Dennis Young, the chair as art by Reyner Banham, the chair today and tomorrow by Sherban Cantacuzino, and Joseph Rykwert on the future of the chair. Fully illustrated.
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Edited by Alan Bowness
This handsome volume (including a catalogue raisonné) fully documents Barbara Hepworth's sculptural output in the last ten years—a decade in which the artist has produced over 200 works, more than in the whole of the rest of her career. Virtually every piece is illustrated, and in addition to 250 black and white reproductions, there are 16 full-page plates in colour. A limited edition of 150 copies of the work is also being made available, containing a signed lithograph by the artist.
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Edited by Herbert Spencer
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Rehabilitating the Académie

ALBERT BOIME:
The Academy and French Painting in the Nineteenth Century
330pp. Phaidon. £8.

All historians of Impressionism have stressed the malign and inhibiting role that the academic teaching of the École des Beaux Arts and the Académie exercised on what is today regarded as the central stream of French nineteenth-century pictorial art, the landscape painting developed first by the Barbizon school and later by the Impressionists. "The artistic conceptions which guided the Academy in its policy", writes John Rewald in his standard *History of Impressionism*, "were those put forward in David's studio and transformed, though not relaxed, by his most famous pupil Ingres." In the schools, it is generally claimed, neoclassic drawing, high finish and "serious" historical subject-matter were ruthlessly enforced and originality completely crushed. It is the whole purpose of Mr. Boime's admirable study to show that this was not so and that the Académie made an essential contribution to the training of almost every independent painter of the latter part of the century, not only through the inclusion of landscape painting in the Prix de Rome curriculum with the foundation of the triennial landscape competition in 1817, but still more by what he calls "the aesthetics of the sketch".

Originality, of course, was a constant preoccupation of French artists from the Revolution onwards, and Nieuwerkerke's Decree of 1863 reformed the teaching of the École des Beaux Arts with a particular eye to encouraging just that. At the other end of the period, in 1800 Valenciennes codified the official neoclassic view of landscape painting in his *Eléments de la perspective pratique*, where he constantly emphasized the importance of making rapid sketches from nature in the open air. This teaching he exemplified in the nine hundred or more brilliant "impressions from nature" bequeathed to the Louvre by the Princesse de Croy in the 1930s. The "aesthetics of the sketch" awoke quite early on in the century. Couture over and over again emphasized to his pupils the importance of the sketch as a self-sufficient work of art. Henner, on being shown an *ébauche* of a landscape by a young painter, is on record as saying: "Send it to the *Salon* just like that . . . there is no reason to add anything." Well before the middle of the century an academic (and today almost forgotten) artist like Decamps was deliberately painting works of a sketchy character in small format for sale to wealthy amateurs (Lord Hertford was one of them and possessed no fewer than forty-three works by this artist). Decamps adopted the most bizarre technical devices—the palette knife, the razor and even abrasion with stones—to give them the desired rough finish. Perhaps more than the danger of destroying the spontaneity of a sketch by finishing, it was the discovery by artists like these that such things actually expressed their deepest artistic aims which made the rough finish popular. Even an arch-conservative like Lehmann made a crucial contribution, in Mr. Boime's view, to Seurat's technical methods.

French academic art of the nineteenth century has been so utterly out of fashion for so long that facts such as these have been forgotten. By examining French nineteenth-century art in its totality and by stressing the views of now faceless painters like those mentioned and many more that he has disinterred, Mr. Boime is able to show that the struggle between the "progressives" and the "academics" was not quite the heroic battle it has generally been represented to have been. The Académie and the École actually made a positive contribution to the evolution of independent tendencies even if it was sometimes unintended. Without the official teaching, and still more that of traditional teachers like Couture and Gleyre outside the Académie, not only would the Impressionist movement have failed to come to birth in the form it did but the work of the first Impressionists would have been received with even less understanding by the artistic public than was in fact the case. This excellently researched work makes a very important contribution to the study of modern painting and one which future historians of the French Impressionists will be unable to overlook with impunity.

Souvenirs of places seen

GIULIANO BRIGANTI:
The View Painters of Europe
318pp. Phaidon. £10.

A view painting or *veduta* (literally "what is seen") can be any sort of view painted precisely and recognizably which gives a faithful image of a definite place. In recent times, however, the word has increasingly come to be applied to views of towns rather than the country, the sort of topographical paintings of which Canaletto in his views of Venice and London is the most familiar and the greatest exponent.

Four years ago Giuliano Briganti wrote a most interesting study tracing the origins of such townscapes from the sixteenth-century drawings of Rome and its antiquities by Heemskirk and other Dutch painters, through its gradual naturalization in the works of Italian artists like Sinibaldo Scorza and Codazzi, until it springs to full life at the end of the seventeenth century in the hands of another Italianizing Dutch painter, Caspar Van Wittel or Vanvitelli.

Now the author has decided to carry on his story through what his publishers call "the Age of the Grand Tour". This was certainly the Golden Age of the view painting, when, in Italy, it was placed at the service of those foreign tourists, particularly the English, who were sentimental enough to want to bring back home some souvenir of the places they had visited on their travels.

The method Dr. Briganti adopts is a somewhat curious one. His story is told in anthology form. Less than one tenth of the text is of his own authorship; the rest is quoted from the works of other writers from the seventeenth century down to the present day. For the body of the book he has selected twenty cities, ranging from Naples in the south to St. Petersburg in the north, and illustrates each with a number of excellently reproduced eighteenth-century view paintings. Each of these sections is preceded by half a dozen pages of selections from contemporary travellers' descriptions of the cities (Goethe's *Italienische Reise* is drawn on heavily for the Italian sections).

Discussion of topographical view painting itself is confined to a twenty-eight-page introduction "View Painting and its Critical History", of which eighteen and a half pages are quotations from earlier writings. While it is useful to have these assembled within two covers, the anthologizing method has its disadvantages from the standpoint of art history. Thus on the crucial question of Canaletto's use of the camera obscura we are given a long passage by Teresio Pignatti arguing that the curious drawings in the Accademia *Quaderno* were made without the camera's aid, but nothing from Dr. Gioseffi's book very cogently refuting these arguments—a book, incidentally, whose findings Pignatti has subsequently accepted to a considerable degree. Likewise by quoting on the same subject from a book published in 1946 before he was familiar with Canaletto's earliest and greatest works (mostly in the English Royal collection) the late Roberto Longhi is made to make a peculiarly inept statement about the effect of the camera obscura on Canaletto's art.

It is the same with the pictorial anthology. London, for example, is illustrated by one capriccio by Marco Ricci very questionably representing the city at all and, in any case, quite outside Briganti's definition of topographical view painting. This is followed by a dozen London views by Canaletto (with the views of Warwick and one of Eton thrown in) and a painting of Whitehall by Joli. Nothing by Scott or any other English *vedutisto*. Marlow and, somewhat surprisingly, Wright of Derby (none of whose works is illustrated) are the only English painters to get even into the "Biographies of Artists".

But if this book is not the much-to-be-desired history of European view painting it purports to be, it makes a stimulating bedside anthology for any lover of European travel.

Rediscovered century

ERICH HUBALA and others:
Die Kunst des 17 Jahrhunderts
Propyläen Kunstgeschichte: Vol. 9. 387pp. Berlin: Propyläen, DM 165.

Part of a well-known series of books covering the whole field of art history, and now reappearing in a new form, this volume, devoted to the seventeenth century, deserves a special welcome for its large anthology of plates. Apart from their excellent quality, they have been admirably chosen. The rich diversity of the art of the different countries is reflected through a skilful selection of examples, including many works which have only become known in recent years, or had lain in obscurity.

This admirable feature of the book comes about because seventeenth-century art has been opened up by scholars in a remarkable way since the Second World War. Many exhibitions have been dedicated to various aspects of the art of the period. For instance, Bologna has run a memorable series devoted to the great Emilian masters such as the Carracci and Guido Reni, which has enhanced our appreciation of these artists' achievements. In this country we have had such notable exhibitions as "The Age of Louis XIV" at the Royal Academy, and some of the more outstanding paintings in this memorable display have been chosen to represent French painting in this volume. An understandable exception is the reproduction of the Berlin rather than the Broglie version of Georges de la Tour's "St. Irene with the Wounded St. Sebastian". It is interesting to see that his painting "The Cheat at Cards", which was recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and whose attribution to Georges de la Tour has been called in question, has been accorded coloured reproduction.

Among unknown or little known paintings acquired since the war by public collections included here are Bernini's "Portrait of a Young Man", which appeared at a sale in 1950 as by Velázquez and was acquired by the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and the large-scale *modello* of "SS. Gregory, Domitilla, Maurus and Papianus" at Berlin, which was published in 1963. Although attention has been focused here on the illustrations, it is worth adding that the general reader with some knowledge of German will find the text informative, especially the supporting notes on the plates and the essays introducing the various main topics.

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Les Oeuvres du critique et de l'ami des Néo-impressionnistes

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La décoration des manuscrits à Saint-Martial de Limoges et en Limousin du IXe au XIIe siècle
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Peter Kurmann
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[S]eurat and his school

[JEAN] SUTTER (Editor):
[The Ne]o-Impressionists
[Transla]ted by Chantal Deliss.
Thames and Hudson. £10 10s.

[Consid]ering his stature, there are [compar]atively few good books on [Seurat] and far fewer, of course, on [his] numerous followers, even on [such go]od artists as Charles Angrand, [Lo]uis Edmond Cross, Maximilien [Luc]e and Albert Dubois-Pillet. [Re]wald grappled briefly with [some of] them in his *Post Impressionism* [an]d provided short bibliographies, but Jean Sutter's book, with [its] illustrations, is able to give [a] clearer view of their work. ... [ho]pe, attributed to Seurat, that [his foll]owers would develop such a [uniform] and impersonal brush-stroke [that no] one would be able to distinguish the individual authorship of ..., happily seem not to have [been ful]filled, and their drawings [are] individual and idiosyncratic. [*The N*]*eo-Impressionists* has a sec[tion on] each of the artists' lives [followe]d by one on the works) which [are] both unfamiliar and fascinating ... for instance, all Petitjean's ... brothers became military ..., and Dubois-Pillet spent so [much] of his early life in the army ... had five active years as a ... One wonders what, if any, ... artistic significance of their [social] origin—so many of the Neo-[Impress]ionists were born of lower-[middle-]class parents, often poorish [peo]ple, whereas several of the ... group (Manet, Degas, ...e, Bazille and Sisley) had ... at their disposal. It is interest[ing to se]e how many of Seurat's and ... disciples were already [experim]enting with colour theories [before the]y met them, and also how [the Ne]o-Impressionists, like Pis[sarro, la]ter rejected this method as [someting] of a straitjacket. But nearly [all these] painters still retained a great ... [Neo-Impress]ionist practice and style.

[The dra]wings here illustrated are ... abundant and beautiful. ... it was the classical back[ground] of Neo-Impressionism which [led Seu]rat and his followers to lay so [much] emphasis on drawing and ... [Th]e. Ogden Rood in his *Théorie* [*scientifi*]*que des Couleurs*, one of [their] great source-books, whose ... [less]on was the separation of [l]ight from colour pigment, ...: "The want of good, de[finite, a]pproximately accurate drawing is one of the most common causes ... the colour of paintings."

[The N]eo-Impressionists were, of [course, m]uch more closely connected [with the] theorists and with the ... of their day than had been [the Impr]essionists. It is true that the ... much to the positivist ... climate of the 1860s, to ... for science, to Flaubert's ...er's belief in impersonality, ... documentary tastes of the ... and later to Zola. But ... was largely indirect and ...ledged, whereas Seurat and ... were constantly defended ... by Symbolist writers. ... Renoir had, of course, ... Chevreul's theories; but ...sted dogma in painting ... one of his letters, wrote ...asion the sky might well ... with an orthodox brush ... a river below it in the ... fragmented method characteristic of ... Impressionism. ... of approach displeased ... Impressionists (or Pointil[lists] ... found the Impressionists ... and lacking in the sense of ... and discipline; even Pis[sarro] ... he was a convert to the ... wrote: "The connoisseur ... offended by the disorder ... from the romantic ... it is not, for all the artist's ... accord with our age." ... [pain]ters were apparently in ... definitive style and thought ... had found one—Van ... among those who were not ... this way.

...haps ungrateful but one ... had to dispense with some ... artists, who only briefly ... Neo-Impressionist idiom, if ... have left more space to consider the significance of this group's subject-matter and its connexions with anarchism and the Symbolists. Gustave Kahn describes Seurat as "seeking to find unity between his own efforts and those of the contemporary poets and musicians"; he also says that he and his circle felt that there was a connexion between Seurat's researches into line and colour and their own theories of verse and drama—"cette recherche de dégagement, d'absolu. Nous étions sensibles à la mathématique de son art" (no one could have been alive to the mathematics of Monet's or Renoir's art).

In view of the classical qualities of so much Neo-Impressionist art, it is interesting that Angrand, for example, should have been a close friend of Moréas, who founded the Ecole Romane to revindicate the Greco-Latin tradition of French literature, as an antidote to what he considered formless nordic romanticism.

The Neo-Impressionists begins with an account of Seurat's life by Jean Sutter, which inevitably covers familiar ground. It is followed by a short section consisting of his friends' and contemporaries' accounts of his appearance and character. This is particularly welcome for such a reserved, elusive man. Everyone agreed that he was extremely handsome and taciturn. Téodor de Wyzewa summed him up: "He believed in the importance of theories, the absolute value of methods, and in the future of revolutions."

Seurat's theories are expounded by Robert L. Herbert, author of a distinguished book on the artist's drawings. Professor Herbert is in some ways fortunate in his artist, for whereas one can still speculate and argue about what Monet was trying to do in his later work, Seurat and the theorists whom he read and copied illuminate his own artistic aims. This can be seen, for example, in the two valuable letters printed in the appendix, particularly that of 1890 to Félix Fénéon ("the purity of the spectral element being the keystone of my technique"). Professor Herbert summarizes the colour theories as: the celebration of the power of pure colour, the expressive power of line, colour and value, and the reform of Impressionism and the Beaux-Arts tradition. When discussing the theories, he reminds us that they cannot, of course, explain Seurat's art. Thus Seurat read Rood in 1881, but it was only in 1885 that he began a systematic application of optical mixture.

It might have been better if this section on the theories had been replaced by one on artistic development or "the works"—as in the case of the lesser painters—so that we could have the theories discussed in conjunction with the artists who influenced Seurat, such as Millet, Puvis de Chavannes, Uccello and Piero della Francesca, whose hieratic nobility probably contributed something to "La Baignade" and "La Grande Jatte"; and, as we are told that the only formal writings produced by Seurat in his life were three essays on Delacroix, one would welcome extracts from them either here or in the appendix. But admittedly this is a book about Neo-Impressionism, not on Seurat alone. Professor Herbert brings out well the significance of Charles Blanc's account of Egyptian art for "Chahut" and "Parade", and also some unusual parallels with Gauguin.

The sections on Signac are, inevitably, fascinating. Among more important things we learn that in his lifetime he owned thirty-two boats, also that he was interested enough in the relationships between painting and music to entitle his works "Scherzo" or "Larghetto". He was a great friend of Maximilien Luce, but in general he must have been a touchy, difficult man, since at one time or another nearly all the Neo-Impressionists quarrelled with him (as a group they were more inclined to disagree than were the Impressionists, at least before the 1880s, but then the Neo-Impressionists had far more theories to quarrel about). Other sections deal with Edmond Cross, Charles Angrand, Albert Dubois-Pillet, Lucien Pissarro, Louis Hayet, Hippolyte Petitjean and the wood-engravers of the Lagny-sur-Marne group, including Cavallo Peduzzi, Maximilien Luce, Léo Gausson and Henri Delavallée. There are also chapters on Les Vingt and Les Indépendants, whose exhibitions were so closely linked with Neo-Impressionism. Thus one rather unexpectedly finds illustrations of works by Dario del Regoyos and Jan Toorop, who are generally associated with very different, more imaginative art.

This book does not have much to say about the important influences of Neo-Impressionism on later art: for instance, how Signac guided the young Matisse in the period just before Fauvism; and how the men who were to be Cubists hung Seurat's works in their studios and, much later, in the classical revival of the 1920s, turned to him again. Thus André Salmon wrote in 1920: "There is a certain sylvan vulgarity in the candour of Cézanne. From Seurat comes the aristocratic feeling and the austerity without the sterility of modern creation."

Interesting as is the text, the most valuable part of this book will inevitably be the copious illustrations. The plates are admirable, often unfamiliar and sometimes exhilarating.

Gliding through

DIANE KELDER:
The French Impressionists and Their Century
191pp. Pall Mall. £2 10s.

This redundant compilation, which is a re-written version of Hans Platte's *Die Maler des grossen Lichtes*, is something of a light-hearted glide through time. Impressionist painting occupies only a small part of the text. Diane Kelder flits, with some knowledge, some judgment, but not enough experience, from David to early Cubism without ever fruitfully probing any aspect of art history, technique, or taste. A fair sample of the level on which she discourses may be found in the following (misleading) entry in the Glossary (for whose use?) at the end of the volume:

CUBISM: An early twentieth-century movement in painting which was concerned with re-examining the picture surface and with analyzing forms and their interrelationships. In order to provide an account of the structure of an object, Cubists were led to abandon the representation of objects as they appear, thus paving the way for other abstract art movements.

There are many other tiresome aspects to this volume: the plates are not numbered; no sizes of paintings are given, the text illustrations are not listed, dates are erratic, some of the biographical information makes no sense. There are forty plates in colour of excellent quality, forty black-and-white half-tone illustrations, and forty more text illustrations. The century is pictorially well surveyed.

The admirably informative William Dobson exhibition mounted at the Tate Gallery last year and organized by Mr. William Vaughan, Assistant Keeper at the Gallery, has an outcome in *Endymion Porter and William Dobson* (32pp. Tate Gallery, 22s.), which is a study of Dobson's masterpiece of portraiture, showing how much a single picture may be made to tell. The pedigree and character of the sitter, his place among the loyal courtiers of Charles I and as a connoisseur and the various paintings in which he appears are considered in detail; so too the artist's training and position in the Court at Oxford in the critical period of civil strife.

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Showing the Americans the way

IRMA B. JAFFE:
Joseph Stella
262pp. plus 114 plates. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £12.

Joseph Stella had a brief run in the English prints, not long ago, when he was mistaken for Frank Stella's father; an interesting case, people thought, of an inherited gift multiplied and compounded. But in fact Frank Stella is the son of a prosperous gynaecologist: whereas Joseph Stella was the archetypal Italian immigrant who arrived in the United States in 1896 at the age of eighteen, never really mastered the English language, and was happiest when on return visits to Europe. For his native mountain village, Muro Lucano near Naples, he had a particular veneration; reading of the enthusiasm with which he spoke of it, one might wonder why he had ever thought it a good idea to leave.

He would appear from Irma B. Jaffé's biography to have been a fat, dull, clumsy boy. If he went to the United States it was as much to follow his elder brother, who had set up as a doctor in New York, as from a Whitman-based enthusiasm for the idea of America. One of the obstacles to Mrs. Jaffé's ambitions as a biographer is that very little is known for certain about Stella. Many a crucial episode has to be treated according to the schema: "He might have, but we cannot be sure." He might have seen the Matisses which were shown in 1908 at Alfred Stieglitz's gallery, but we can't be sure. He "surely had mingled" with the young artists at the Macbeth Gallery in that same year, and heard what they had to say about the new art that was coming out of Paris: but, even if he did, nothing seems to have come of it.

What little we know of Stella's private life is despicable: what are we to think of a man who thought to discredit women by saying "Do you *think I'm going to tire myself out* just to give them pleasure?" His unpublished writings, so loyally collected by Mrs. Jaffé, are sonorous banalities which suggest that Stella took a high rank in the hierarchy of Italo-American gasbags.

In art, Joseph Stella, for the first thirty-three years of his life, had an unfailing nose for the second-rate. He could have known the Futurists when he came back to Italy in 1909, but he settled for Antonio Mancini instead. (Admittedly this gave him the run of Mancini's table-talk, which included such judgments as that "Greek art is a big white spot in a cloudless sky. Because, you see, the Greeks didn't have any lice—they were all gentlemen—they ate and dressed well.") But in 1911 he had a letter from Walter Pach, who suggested that Stella should leave *Italy and join him in Paris.* "At that time", he wrote later, "anyone in Paris could meet and know the most prominent artists right in their studios, without the need of any red tape of introduction." Stella made much of this possibility: what he called "the panorama of the most hyperbolic chromatic wealth" was intensely exciting to him, and when he returned to New York, late in 1912, he felt himself "in full possession of a great freedom of movement to start off the race through new fields that opened before me, to pursue and possess every new adventure that offered itself".

A month or two later he was one of the hundreds, if not thousands, of artists who reacted strongly to the Armory Show, which from February, 1913, onwards gave America its first comprehensive glimpse of what living art was all about. Until that time he had had great difficulty in coming to terms with specifically American subject-matter, though his documentary account of the Monongah mining disaster in December, 1907, had created a stir at the time. Stella's "Battle of Lights, Coney Island, 1913" represented a signal advance in his work. The huge (six feet by seven) canvas can in fact be called one of the first truly modern American paintings. The influence of Severini and Delaunay in no way invalidates the quintessentially American quality of the painting: the grabby, boisterous, irrepressible psychic energies are there for all to see.

The Coney Island painting is now at Yale, where not everyone sees it. A far worse fate befell Stella's next major contribution to American art: the five-part painting called "New York Interpreted" of 1920-22, which is in the collection of the Newark Museum, Newark, N.J., is a dreadful place; but there is, even so, a certain aptness that Stella's masterpiece should have found its way there. For Stella had a clairvoyant's insight into the dark side of America. Pittsburgh in 1908 and the industrial landscape in 1920-21 brought out some of his finest work; his studies of the industrial scene are grim but not sententious, unsparing but never preachy. Like Marin in 1910, and like many another painter after Marin, he reacted very strongly to the Brooklyn Bridge; and his big painting of the Bridge (now also at Yale) makes us understand how for men of his generation the Bridge had an unmistakable message: "All is possible." But Stella the human being has no finer memorial than a drawing, dated 1918, of garment workers in a New York loft building: Seurat would not have disdained it.

Stella would seem to have had a shapeless, distracted, unsatisfactory kind of personal life. Yet he had friends—among them Edgar Varèse and Marcel Duchamp—who would certainly not have put up with a nonentity. Mrs. Jaffé interviewed both Varèse and Duchamp in the course of her work, but they do not seem to have had anything of much interest to say about Stella. This is certainly not a case in which, admiring the work, we would have wished to know the man. The work is uneven, erratic, by turns commanding and bathetic; Stella was for instance a first-rate botanical draughtsman, and his portrait of Duchamp in silverpoint is almost as fastidious as its subject. Around 1920-21, at the moment when Precisionism and "a functional rightness" were all the go in American painting, Stella had the Precisionist virtues and ... them with a moral f... of implied comme... lacking from the Prec... selves. Admirers of Ge... should look at painting... "The Heron", which ... Miss O'Keeffe's inve... vegetable form.

And yet Stella was a... paintings which are "... the most lamentable ... word: inept, confus... execution and sadly ... in idea. Stella was as ... with his art as he was ... himself. The fat clums... a fat clumsy middle-ag... had nothing better to ... self in his sixties than ... outside the Dôme in Pa... miserable old age. Ye... man had upheld the ... American art in ways ... deeply impressive; and ... at the very height of ... success, he had writte... Europe to his Americ... terms which now see... ever prophetic:

> Everybody here was a... novelty and originality ... many could not believe ... art can be developed ... of style. But I have ... America is going to b... Art, too, pretty soon. ... nations that have streng... daring in business ent... entitled to a rich Art ... with Venice, Florence a... Italian cities when th... strength was at high tide.

Stella's faith in Ameri... strength was, to say th... timed. But if his faith ... art turned out to be ... could claim to have sho... If his major paintings ... in a major city, his repu... stand very much higher. Mrs. Jaffé's earnest, ... inevitably somewhat d... graphy covers the grou... able style. It includes ... works and an appen... own writings. At th... and better colour-plate... been expected.

Graphic elements in Kandinsky

HANS KONRAD ROETHEL:
Kandinsky: Das graphische Werk
504pp. Cologne: DuMont. DM 640.

Kandinsky's progress towards abstract, or "non-objective", painting was painstaking, thorough and slow. Probably he was not the first artist to produce an abstract painting; and the debate is, anyway, irrelevant. What is important is that Kandinsky was the first artist to make from abstraction a viable style, creating a "language" of non-referential forms and colours.

During the early years of the century, when he was struggling towards abstraction, it was Kandinsky's watercolours, tempera paintings, drawings and printed graphics which were almost always more advanced, freer, less inhibited, than his oil paintings. Of these, perhaps the most important for his later development were the tempera paintings and woodcuts. In the years before 1908 (when his oil painting finally came "alive") Kandinsky explored in these media the relationship between "figure and ground", positive and negative areas of form, so that subject and background, figure and landscape merge, reverse, or are difficult to disentangle from one another. It was, no doubt, this experience—rather than the often related incident of the painting left on its side in his studio in which Kandinsky, returning one evening from sketching in the countryside outside Munich, could discern only patches of colour but no "objects"—which helped him towards dispensing with the object in his painting.

The subject-matter of Kandinsky's woodcuts of the pre-1908 period, as with his tempera paintings, is illustrational, often drawn from Russian or German folk-tales, in contrast to his oil paintings of the time, which were mainly landscape sketches, treated in a rather sticky, post-Impressionist manner. Kandinsky's achievement and thorough exploration of non-geometric abstraction between 1910 and 1913 had its origins in two distinct traditions in late nineteenth-century European art: the landscape tradition, of which the Impressionists in France were the most distinguished, but which also embraced many other painters of importance in almost every European country; and the illustrational, decorative style which reached its extreme in Art Nouveau. Both these traditions were moving inexorably towards abstraction but, as has become clearer over the past few years, it was the second strain which contributed most to the development of abstract art in the early years of the twentieth century.

The (mainly black-and-white) woodcuts made around 1911 and used to illustrate Kandinsky's first long theoretical book *Über das Geistige in der Kunst* (1911-12) and his volume of poems *Klänge* (1913) are certainly on a par with his most advanced watercolours and oil paintings of the same date. Although some of these woodcuts are illustrated in books on Kandinsky such as Will Grohmann's monograph *Wassily Kandinsky*, they have not been generally accessible in any in-print publication in toto; *Klänge* in particular is extremely rare. Yet given its very high price and limited edition, it is likely that *Kandinsky: Das graphische Werk* will soon become as inaccessible as the books from which it reproduces in facsimile! A bizarre situation.

Hans Konrad Roethel's completely illustrated catalogue of Kandinsky's printed graphics lists and reproduces 213 prints, 159 of which come from the years 1902 to 1916. When Kandinsky returned to Germany from Russia after the First World War, the printed graphics no longer had the same importance among his works, with the possible exception of a series of prints made very early on in his later period in 1922, entitled "Kleine Welten". This despite the fact that the Bauhaus offered ideal opportunities for print-making. Yet the techniques and particular properties of print-making are dealt with in detail in Kandinsky's second theoretical book, *Punkt und Linie zu Fläche*, published at the Bauhaus in 1926. As at other times in Kandinsky's career, theory and practice were slightly in dislocation. However, "graphic elements" (as opposed to colour) were extremely important in Kandinsky's Bauhaus paintings, far more so than in his paintings of the earlier, Munich period.

Apart from the early "folk-tale" woodcuts and the marvellous abstract woodcuts of 1911, the most important of Kandinsky's prints, in relation to his development as a painter at least, are two series of etchings of 1913-14 and of 1916, where the geometricized forms that Kandinsky was to use in his postwar paintings can be seen emerging from amorphous forms. It is as if the actual technique of etching, scratching thin, straight lines on a metal plate, stimulated this development, just as the gouging negative-positive technique of the earlier woodcuts helped towards the more amorphous abstract style of 1910 to 1913.

In his relatively short but thorough introduction, Roethel deals with the problems of dating the early woodcuts and makes ... ments of previously ... although nothing ... Kenneth Lindsay's ... dinsky's so-called "... watercolour" from 19... The author discusses ... prints in relation to his ... as an artist and his ... graphic means in *Punkt ... zu Fläche*.

The catalogue is arr... logically, listing the ... linocuts, etchings and ... each year, in that ord... are illustrated in facsi... is an appendix cont... monochrome illustra... works and graphic ... from Kandinsky's de... not "original graphics"... There are full notes o... volumes in which many ... were first published.

Given the fact that ... enormously expensive, ... limited edition and ... bly not destined for ... French editions, it see... it was not thought ... ing translations, or ... translations, of the ... and/or the addenda an...

The prints are bea... duced, as indeed the ... the price. The great ... their original format, ... of the volume as a who... the original edition of ... book is so expensi... libraries and, as the ... "print collectors and ... will be able to affor... have been better to ... some technical ... have brought the ... cause as more ... librarians are goin...

...ucid, didactic, visual propositions

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...lik has written an important ... anyone interested in Mag... in the wider issues involved ...tieth-century painting. It must ...aid that, for anyone simply ...o own a collection of repre... reproductions of Magritte's ... may well not be the best ... is written to a thesis, and ...tive analysis of certain major ... Therefore, some of the most ... images are not illustrated or ...le prominence—for instance, ... "Therapeutist", "The Bed... Philosophers", "Perpetual ..." and "The Tomb of The ...". This qualification aside, ...ft with a highly intelligent, ... researched, thought-pro...ook.

...is usually called a surrealist, ... was far too much of an ...list to "belong" in any but ...ense, like his great contem... Ernst and Duchamp. His ... Paris seemed not particularly ...d he spent the majority of ...ve life at home in Brussels. ... overt surrealist act of ...ion came in 1947, and was ... his former colleagues in ...r and the School of Paris in .... This was an exhibition ...from an amazing fortnight ...ing in a manner which he ... "Vache" period. The style, ...name, was a travesty of the .... His poet friend Scutenaire ...ted a derisive mock-bio... of Magritte as a safe and ...le French artist. Like the ...g but minor painter Clovis ... the rest of his life was ... for its apparent bland accep... bourgeois convention. The ...at, the Pomeranian dog, the ... chess at the café, the ...house and happy marriage, ... of a deliberate, almost ... dandyism far more ... than the conventional *vie de ...*

...Gablik, who lived *chez* ... for some months, tells us ...is domestic routine, his early ... early influences—Futurism, ... the writings of Lautréa... ...d the extraordinary "Fantô...rials. There is, indeed, a hint of Fantômas, the "invisible" public enemy, in his own life-style: the quiet, unremarkable man who is plotting to overturn all our established concepts of art, illusion and reality.

For this is indeed what Magritte set out to do: Miss Gablik calls him a "philosopher", and quotes freely and illuminatingly from Wittgenstein, whom we see conducting in different terms a parallel activity.

> I can say "in my visual field I see the image of the tree to the right of the image of the tower", or "I see the image of the tree in the middle of my visual field". And now we are inclined to ask "and where do you see the visual field?"
>
> (Wittgenstein)

> The tree represented in the painting hid from view the tree situated behind it, outside the room. It existed for the spectator, as it were, simultaneously in his mind, as both inside the room in the painting, and outside in the real landscape.
>
> (Magritte)

Allan Kaprow has said that Art has taken on "Philosophy's early role as a critique of life", and Magritte's canvases might well be called "propositions" rather than pictures. The meat of *Magritte* is about just this. Miss Gablik—yet another good American artist-writer in the tradition of Robert Motherwell—because she is an artist herself, avoids the pitfall of exploring psychological or symbolic meanings: Magritte himself says expressly that his paintings are not symbolic. They are lucid, didactic, visual propositions about the difference between reality and illusion, object and image, about habits of perception and systems of representation. There is a useful breakdown of eight basic ways of demonstrating this in his work, together with his own "les mots et les images", which together show the full range of his procedures. His painting is literal, not literary: it can be described in words but is otherwise irreducible. It means exactly what it *is*. One of his most celebrated paintings is of a pipe on a blank neutral background. Below it is written: "THIS IS NOT A PIPE". And it isn't, of course—you can't smoke a painting of a pipe! The apparent paradox turns out to be an exact description of the facts. In a later version ("The Air and the Song", 1964) the pipe casts a shadow, its smoke curls out of the painted frame. But the smoke and the shadow are painted in a stylized, non-illusionistic way, a further level of non-paradox.

The other major part of the book considers Magritte vis-à-vis other artists and movements, like Pop Art, and it might be thought that two chapters on this are excessive. They do serve, however, to relate Magritte's work to a wider context: that of a whole crisis in the history of representation.

Miss Gablik says firmly: "Magritte's own painting never evolved stylistically"; and the method of analysis she uses (in her own words "taxonomic") makes it difficult to see any change of style. But the recent Tate Gallery exhibition, arranged roughly chronologically, did indicate two clear periods. In order to convey his propositions, it is essential for us to recognize clearly the objects or qualities involved. Before the war his answer to this was a kind of popular, "fairground" realism, possibly derived from Chirico, and having much in common with good popular artists like Donald McGill. "Cloud", "Wood", "Sky", "Flesh" must be instantly recognizable, and so a coded, stylized manner of representation is adopted. The apparent crudity of the treatment in some cases may well add to the distancing effect of the image. In the postwar work the painting is more academic—in the good sense—more *belle peinture*, more atmospheric, more Fine Art than fairground. The very blandness of execution may induce a similar "distancing" in those used to "conventional" modern art.

Magritte discovered "certain forms of association hitherto neglected" and certain key themes in the 1930s. From then on he conducted a long and scrupulous investigation into the nature of reality, right until his death in 1967, his work gaining in power and strength of utterance. Miss Gablik has given us a fascinating record of these procedures in what will surely be a standard work.

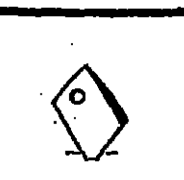
Doyen of Deco

CHARLES SPENCER:
Erté
198pp. Studio Vista. £6 6s.

With the passing of Art Nouveau from fad to fashion to art history, it was inevitable that the next area due for reclamation should be Art Deco—that style, or collection of related styles, which found definition in the exhibits of the 1925 Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes in Paris. More than with Art Nouveau, it is a flavour we seek in Art Deco, something nostalgic as much as purely aesthetic; Art Nouveau has its great artists, but it is hard to point to one unarguably great artist of Art Déco.

Perhaps the movement itself was, as appreciation of it has stubbornly remained, camp—and camp, by definition, is, like pornography, something which cannot coexist with great art. Fortunately with Romain de Tirtoff, who has been designing costumes and settings since the First World War under the name of Erté ("R.T." in French), we do not really need to decide whether his work is high art or high camp. He himself would not make great claims for it. His interest has always been in dressing beautiful women beautifully and less beautiful women spectacularly, in creating extravagant decors for even more extravagant spectacles; he has never seen himself as more than a couturier and interior decorator, but within these limits he has set out to function superlatively.

Mr. Spencer's handsome volume is an admirable record of his achievement. What there is to tell of his life apart from his work we are told—his birth in St. Petersburg in 1892, his move westwards to Paris at the age of twenty, his work for *Harper's* and *Vogue*, his Broadway period with George White and then his less satisfying work in Hollywood, whither he was first wooed (unsuccessfully) by none other than Cecil B. De Mille; his period of relative obscurity during and after the Second World War and his rediscovery in the later 1960s—right up to his very latest stage designs, for the Jeanmaire spectacle at the Casino de Paris in 1969. But the pictures are the thing, and here we are given more than enough, including a number of particularly successful colour plates. They attest to Erté's extraordinary powers, if not of imagination, at least of invention, and his happy knack of functional extravagance. Whatever the framework within which he was called upon to exercise his gifts, it is clear that he nothing common did or mean upon that memorable scene. Of many greater artists one could not say so much.



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...DAMS & DART 40 Gay Street Bath Somerset

Hockney whole

MARK GLAZEBROOK (Compiler):
David Hockney: Paintings, Prints and Drawings 1960-1970
100pp. Lund Humphries. £3.

The Director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery has produced, in hardback form, a revised version of the catalogue for his Hockney show of April, 1970. Except where the drawings are concerned, this is not so much an exhibition catalogue in the strict sense as a full catalogue of the artist's prints and "an attempt at a complete catalogue of known paintings since 1960". These are preceded by a foreword by Mr. Glazebrook and an eight-page interview with the artist. There is also, at the end, a short biographical note, a bibliography of articles about Hockney and a chronological list of his exhibitions.

Welcome as it is, the layout of the catalogue is confusing, with its transpositions of order and arbitrary jumps in scale. The reproductions are sometimes lacking in sharpness and the blacks generally too grey at the price. The interview is of real interest, however, showing the artist disowning many suggested influences, but accepting those of Hopper, Sargent and Balthus and, at crucial moments, R. B. Kitaj, whom he sees as "one of the great artists". Evidently he now feels to some extent dissociated from modern art as interpreted by pundits and historians. He has also changed his view of the Impressionists, whom he formerly dismissed:

> You thought you knew them from reproductions but the truth is when you actually see the real paintings they're fantastic to look at. Also they're pretty, again which I like.

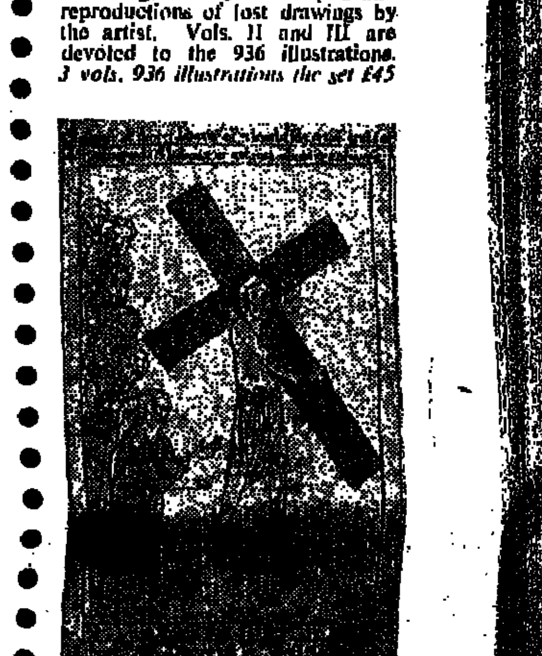
The book, in fact, not only demonstrates Hockney's skill and range, but suggests, in its unpretentious way, considerable humour, toughness and independence of character.

The seventy-five drawings by Flaxman in the Huntington Library, sixty-five in one album acquired in 1965 and the rest obtained through various London dealers, represent most aspects of his draughtsmanship with the exception of his portrait drawings. Robert R. Wark's small catalogue, *Drawings by John Flaxman in the Huntington Collection* (94pp. San Marino: Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery. $5.), is the first work to be devoted exclusively to Flaxman drawings since Sir Sidney Colvin's account of the collection at University College London in 1876.

Catalogue of the Drawings of Parmigianino

A. E. POPHAM

Vol. I contains Mr. Popham's long and detailed introduction, in which he seeks to document his attributions of the drawings; the catalogue of more than 800 entries; and three appendices including a list of old copies and reproductions of lost drawings by the artist. Vols. II and III are devoted to the 936 illustrations. *3 vols. 936 illustrations the set £45*



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Selected Far Eastern Art in the Yale University Art Gallery

A Catalogue

GEORGE J. LEE

An important contribution to art scholarship. New techniques of dating have changed attributions, especially of previously published paintings, and have established the Gallery's beautiful samples of 11th and 12th century calligraphy. *272 pages 483 plates £5.65*

European Drawings and Watercolours in the Yale University Art Gallery, 1500-1900

E. HAVERKAMP-BEGEMANN AND ANNE-MARIE S. LOGAN

This catalogue is divided into French, German, British, Italian, Dutch and Flemish schools. Vol. I comprises the catalogue of approximately 1,000 drawings and Vol. II illustrates approximately 320 of the most important works. *2 vols. 320 plates the set £11.25*

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
70 Great Russell St.
London WC1B 3BY

From convict limners to household names

ROBERT HUGHES:
The Art of Australia
331pp. Penguin. Paperback, 21s.

The title of this book is misleading. The author deals solely with the painting of white Australians. Good, bad, or indifferent, there have been many Australian sculptors. Indeed, writing elsewhere, Mr. Hughes considers one of them, Robert Klippel, first-rate; but he excludes the whole field of sculpture from his book. He also excludes graphic art, a field in which some Australians have excelled. A far more serious exclusion is the art of the Australian aborigines, much of it superior to that of most white Australian artists.

This is the second (revised) edition of a book with an unusual publishing history. The copyright and related information in *The Art of Australia* state that it was first published in 1966. But it was certainly reviewed in Australia as early as September, 1965. In his preface Mr. Hughes writes that almost the entire first edition was withdrawn and pulped, leaving the reader to guess if this was due to the poor quality of the production, or—using his own words—to its "plenitude of egregious *naïvetés*".

Mr. Hughes provides us with an entertaining and lively account of the colonial period. He starts with the penal colony at Port Jackson (now Sydney) whose first professional artist Thomas Watling, "the limner of Dumfries", arrived in irons to serve a fourteen-year sentence of transportation for forgery. The artists who followed—Eyre, Evans, Lewin, Glover, Wallis and Lycett—served up views of the landscape which owed so much to Claude Lorraine that the scrubby, harsh original was almost unrecognizable. Among the early colonial artists he reminds us of the considerable debt the German-born Conrad Martens owed to Turner, with whom he had been a fellow-student. There is a poignant picture of the drunken S. T. Gill who left behind an admirable genre record of the gold rush period in Victoria. His study of the colonial period ends with a fine summary of the work in Australia of the Swiss-born Abram Louis Buvelot, who tried to remodel the Antipodean landscape along Barbizon lines.

A crisp sketch follows of the Heidelberg School, so-called from the place near Melbourne where in the 1880s its principal members, Roberts, Streeton, McCubbin and Conder (who did his best work in Australia), established a painters' camp. He shows that the painters of this first identifiable national school are incorrectly called the "Australian impressionists". These disciples of "natural vision" were in fact much closer to Corot, Constable, and some of the Barbizon painters than to the Impressionists. While granting the great importance of the Heidelberg School, he downgrades its painters because of their over-supply of two characteristics which he feels are particularly Australian—pragmatism and sentimentality.

Mr. Hughes then describes succinctly the three schools which stemmed from Heidelberg: Art Nouveau, which produced in Norman Lindsay one of the most energetic and damaging figures in Australian cultural history; romantic landscape, whose best exponent was Gruner; and hard-edged landscape, whose masters were Lloyd Rees and Heysen, "the Arthur Munnings of the gum-tree".

His account of the painters he labels as the "Expatriates"—Russell, Bunny, Lambert, Ramsay, Meldrum and Phillips Fox—is first-rate. Except for Russell, the close friend of Van Gogh and Monet, the others returned to Australia. There is a brief summary of the Australian painters of Post-Impressionism: Wakelin, Roy de Maistre, Cossington Smith, Margaret Preston, Shore, Frater and Bryans. In concluding that section the author wittily rescues from oblivion the story of the baleful attempt of the then Commonwealth Attorney-General, R. G. Menzies, to establish a Royal Academy of Australian Art, because: "Every great academy has its academy."

An excellent account follows of the painters of the "Angry Decade", 1937 to 1947: Tucker, Nolan, Danila Vassilieff, Perceval, Arthur Boyd, Josl Bergner, and Noël Counihan. He shows clearly how these artists reflected social and political awareness of their times in painting. He is caustic on what he calls the "Charm School" (1939 to 1950), whose stars were Herman, Friend, Lymburner, Bellette, O'Brien, and Strachan. His description of the art politics of Australia immediately before and after the war is brilliantly incisive; and so are his observations on the later work of the big figures, Dobell (whom he thinks greatly overrated), Nolan, and Drysdale. Nolan's interest in the Ned Kelly myth is explained in Camusian terms. "To celebrate Kelly the rebel", he writes, "is to deny the existence of ultimate values of action and to uncover for a raw moment the basic streak of existentialism instinct in our [Australian] society." On Drysdale's landscapes: "Think of a piece of Arcady painted by a disciple of Claude, with the thermostat turned up to 106 degrees."

Mr. Hughes is less satisfactory on the crowded artistic scene of the past twenty years. With great sensibility he describes the work of the other big figures in contemporary painting—Molvig, Olsen, Williams, Tucker, Pugh, Brack, Rose, Dickerson, Blackman, Gleghorn, Hessing, Rapotec, Fairweather, French and Whiteley—many of whom he considers have international signif[...] analysis of their wo[...] but with a paucity [...] owes much to the c[...] of John Berger, b[...] writer's social under[...] neglect of the social [...] writing which often [...] laconic data on the [...] performances of the [...] Australian publicati[...] *Guide* and the Race-B[...] he jeers at Paul Valéry[...] criticism as "expressio[...] in the presence of m[...] omitting the social [...] contemporary scene h[...] much a critic with[...] canon.

How interesting a[...] Mr. Hughes could ha[...] current Australian a[...] has made the names o[...] above painters house[...] familiar as those of ra[...] stars, developers, p[...] prospectors. He mig[...] shown how it came ab[...] Australians have now [...] paintings as commodi[...] quarters of hogget.

This entertaining a[...] book has 134 black-a[...] eight coloured illustra[...] useful bibliography. Th[...] seeks a balanced acco[...] ian painting as part o[...] history must still retai[...] Smith's *Australian Pa[...]* *1960.*

Early Netherlandish Triptychs

A Study in Patronage

SHIRLEY N. BLUM

Of the more than one hundred and twenty triptychs still extant, we know the location and donation of only eleven. Fortunately these altarpieces were all done by the major artists of the period, and there is at least one example from every decade. These eleven paintings form the basis of this study, a chapter being devoted to each.

250pp 100 illustrations 285s.

University of California Press
2-4 Brook Street, London, W.1

Art for investment's sake

GERALD REITLINGER:
The Economics of Taste
Volume III: The Art Market in the 1960s.
695pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £7 10s.

The astonishing price of £2,310,000 recently achieved at auction by Velázquez's celebrated portrait of Juan de Pareja has given a further fillip of interest to the art market. Some might even go so far as to claim that it will contribute largely to stimulating and even stabilizing a market which is not quite so firm as some of its publicists believe. It certainly gives a timely touch to the appearance of the concluding volume of Gerald Reitlinger's study of the economics of artistic taste, not that the reader will find in this book any prices that are comparable to that which was obtained at Christie's on November 27.

By now the reader knows what to expect from this author's treatment of the art market—a vast body of information which, when sifted and evaluated, is of the greatest value to follow students of the subject; a cool look at modern art; and a certain indifference to the correct spelling of names. Mr. Reitlinger is no dry-as-dust compiler and he never makes any secret about his opinions, for he is a strong and attractive nonconformist.

He is inimical to the idea of charts giving the rises and falls (occasionally) that occur in the market, a viewpoint that will be shared by many of his colleagues. He is also sceptical of the correctness of the artistic judgments that have sent various categories of art or "non-art", as the case may be, and schools on the way up. Gifted with a sense of proportion, he is ever eager to place the news items of the moment against the history of the art market over the years. In this volume, which can be used independently of its predecessors, he makes the point that the true peak of the art market occurred many years ago, in about 1912:

> Works of art which became established in the course of the past century as the highest achievement of their kind, have often failed to maintain the level of 1912 in real money terms and sometimes they have failed to maintain it even in paper figures.

This statement was well worth making and he provides evidence to support his contention.

Mr. Reitlinger has no liking for comment on the art market which does not aim at inculcating some concept of taste, and even goes so far as to argue that the publication of books which show the tiro how to get a return on his money from collecting implies the "corrosion of what is left of civilised life". This may be taking an extreme view, but it is one which will arouse a good deal of sympathy. Any observer of the contemporary art market will have noticed the emergence of a new trend: the building up of collections by some auction rooms which, after much heralding in the press, are then brought under the hammer.

It is Mr. Reitlinger's experience of the art market and his [...] cism that permit him to[...] the lesser slump of 1968[...] with that of 1929-31[...] paradox which threatened[...] orthodoxy. It is that works[...] in proportion as capital [...] and dividends decline, tha[...] for money, works of art [...] the same erosions as mo[...]

As yet this theory has n[...] the test, but there is [...] indicate that the depr[...] United States is al[...] some effect on the art [...] lesser items at any rat[...] it could happen that [...] figures in Mr. Reitlinger[...] need marking down a[...]

There is one point [...] not mention but which [...] depressing effect on [...] the reluctance of the in[...] panies to accept polic[...] and works of art at [...] high values are comin[...] high vulnerability of [...] insured from the ne[...] art thief. If the many [...] of art treasures co[...] even a falling currency [...] to holding uninsured [...] works of art, then the [...] slide still farther.

Built by Breuer

MARCEL BREUER:
New Buildings and Projects 1960-1970 and Work in Retrospect 1921-1960
239pp. Thames and Hudson. £8 8s.

Architects tend to imagine that the work they are engaged on at any given moment is their most important, and this no doubt explains why Marcel Breuer, in compiling a volume about his buildings, should have concentrated on those of the past ten years. The major part of this book is devoted to these years, and only the last thirty pages are given to a far more interesting section entitled "Work in Retrospect, 1921-1960".

The balance is thus disappointing to the architectural critic and historian, because it was during the earlier years that Breuer made a real contribution to modern architecture and its vocabulary of forms and ideas. His furniture of the 1920s, when he was first a brilliant student and then a master at the Bauhaus, had a lasting influence on the design of many things besides chairs—in this furniture were crystallized some of the images to which young architects return again and again—and his Dolderial flats at Zürich, designed with A. and E. Roth in 1934 under the patronage of Sigfried Giedion, are among the classics of that austere but self-confident decade.

After he emigrated to the United States in 1937 and eventually became a highly successful American architect, Breuer's work became increasingly and confusingly eclectic: sometimes admirably vigorous and inventive, as in his Washington housing or his I.B.M. research centre in the Var valley, but sometimes irritatingly fanciful, as in the Whitney Museum, New York. In spite of his obvious enthusiasm for the plastic possibilities of concrete, his buildings contribute surprisingly little to modern architecture's continuing search for a permanently acceptable vocabulary. In his bewildering virtuosity he resembles his near contemporary, the late Eero Saarinen.

The volume is beautifully produced and illustrated, but the question must be asked whether these expensive books on the work of well-known architects, in the editing of which they themselves participate and which therefore make no attempt at critical appraisal, serve any useful purpose.

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A Sculptor's Manual
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[A] fifteenth-century horror comic

[...]tichrist und die fünfzehn [...]
[...]ile-Ausgabe des einzigen [...]en chiroxylographischen [...]ches.
[...]y H. Th. Musper.
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[...]ay, as everyone knew from [...]w Testament, would be [...] by the reign of a false [...] whom Paul called "that [...]"; and John the Evangelist [...] Antichrist. On this unim[...]ble basis in scriptural autho[...] sub-apocryphal canon of his [...]misdeeds, a kind of medieval [...]n *Eighty-Four*, was elabor[...]treatise, drama, or verse, cul[...]g during the fifteenth century [...]us versions of a picture bio[...] which survives today in a [...]nuscripts, in ten incunable [...] and in three blockbooks.

[...]f these are rather late as [...]ks go, for one (in two [...]bears the imprint of Hans [...] Nuremberg, 1472 (or 1470, [...]erdinand Geldner rather un[...]ngly proposes to read it), [...]e companion, from which it [...]ely copied with omission of [...] is presumed to be not more [...]year or so earlier. Possibly [...]produced both. The third, [...]r, belongs to the extremely [...]s called cheiroxylographica, [...] the text is added in manu[...] and only the illustrations are [...]printed. It is known (except [...]gments at Paris and Vienna) [...] a unique perfect copy, dis[...] by Dr. Hellmut Lehmann-[...] 1927, at present owned by [...]o Schäfer of Schweinfurt, [...] superbly reproduced by six[...] offset on handmade paper to [...]e occasion of the Grolier [...]ter Germanicum.

[...]rist, it would not be too [...]ble to say, does everything [...]e is born in Babylon by [...] section from the inces[...]nion of father and daughter, [...] *double first* in witchcraft at [...]im, performs off-colour mira[...]ch as making a barren tree blossom and then wither again, converts the paynims to Antichristianity and martyrs the Christians, until just in time, when he is performing a bogus Ascension from the Mount of Olives, hoisted in mid-air by a covey of demons, the Archangel Michael chops off his head. All this Antichrist does with an expression of guileless innocence on his youthful features, wearing his henna-yellow hair bobbed and a decent pink midi-tunic, and with winged devils pouring poisonous advice into the chalice of his ear. It is a fifteenth-century sci-fi strip-cartoon pop-art horror-comic, as entertaining in our day as in its own, and also quite as serious; for its monsters, as Tolkien showed of those in *Beowulf*, are real and eternally returning, especially for a generation which has seen the most tremendous Antichrist of all in the recent past, and such a bumper crop of little ones in the present and foreseeable future.

The commentary volume includes iconographical descriptions of the pictures, a transcript of the *Antichrist* text in its philologically interesting Bavarian dialect of Early New High German with modern German translation, essays by various eminent hands with irreconcilable views, and an English summary.

The prize question, of course, is the date, for blockbook chronology is a mystery which, by definition, is insoluble by typographical means, and approachable only by evidence of provenance, style, text, or paper. All four methods are here employed, the last three with unequalled perversity.

The *Antichrist* was formerly bound with a manuscript of the *Speculum humanae salvationis* by the "Crowned S" bindery of Nuremberg, active as Dr. Ernst Kyriss shows from *c.* 1440 to *c.* 1477. The *Speculum* was finished on June 28, 1456, to the order of Conrad Rieg of Nuremberg, a secular priest well known as an entrepreneur in book supply, who sold the complete volume to the monastery of St. Mang at Füssen in Swabia in 1467. Tantalizingly, this firm *terminus ante quem* leaves *Antichrist* floating at any date backwards from 1467.

W. L. Schreiber, because the blockbooks overlap the 1470s, and because any evidence for taking them back more than two decades is lacking, placed their beginnings in the 1450s and their heyday in the 1460s. Schreiber's view has since been solidly confirmed by the paper studies of the late Allan Stevenson. Professor Musper, however, has previously assigned the *Biblia pauperum* to the semi-mythical Laurens Coster *c.*1440, and the *Apocalypse* to Coster's father *c.*1420—which is as much as to attribute *Gammer Gurton's Needle* to Bacon's father because Bacon wrote Shakespeare. He now, more moderately but with the same use of non-evidence, dates our *Antichrist c.*1450, for it resembles, he thinks, the mid-century Darmstadt Passion altarpieces in showing numerous figures with turbans or conical hats. In fact, of course, such headgear was *de rigueur* for Jews and heathens in sacred art throughout the fifteenth century, and its appearance in two stylistically unrelated works is valueless for dating purposes.

Next Dr. Georg Schübel places the cheiroxylographic *Antichrist* after 1470, because it has later dialect forms and more pictures than the first xylographic edition—as though the second block-cutter could not have used an earlier and briefer model than his predecessor's. The makers of blockbooks, in their unscholarly way, copied from manuscripts of varying periods and families, without regard to chronological order or the consequent danger of inveigling Professor Musper and Dr. Schübel into equal and opposite fallacies.

A valid identification of the paper in a dated context would solve the problem outright. Unfortunately Dr. Gerhard Piccard works from tracings, which can suffice for larger and more elaborate watermarks, but not for small and simple designs like the cross on mounts in circle here found, which occurs with little change from the 1380s to the 1470s (style of Briquet 11851-88), or the flower on mounts in the Paris fragment (style of Briquet 11757-61, from 1421 to 1477). In such nondescript marks only beta-radiographs or physical comparison can establish, by inspection of the unique pattern of sewing dots, the use of individual moulds. Hence Dr. Piccard's identification of the cross on mounts mark in an Erlangen manuscript of 1436 seems incredible both chronologically and factually. If he feels able to substantiate it, then he ought to have reproduced beta-radiographs of both marks in this publication, or should do so elsewhere.

Perhaps a clue to the real date of *Antichrist* may be found in a basic feature of its production. The earlier blockbooks were printed on one side of the paper ("anopisthographically") in brown or grey water-based ink. In the 1470s printing on both sides in black, oil-based printer's ink became normal, though the old method persisted concurrently for a few years. Spörer, for example, used the old method in the earlier of his *Antichrist* issues of "1472", the new in the later. The handbooks (even Hind himself) tell us that anopisthography was necessitated because impression by rubbing produced excessively prominent ridges of relief on the verso of the paper. Anyone who cares to inspect a few dozen blockbooks will find that this is not a fact, but merely one of the sacred cows of art historians. There are no excessive ridges (and indeed, why should hand-rubbing indent more conspicuously than a printing press?). What actually happens is that the water-based ink is absorbed right through the paper, thus producing as clear a picture on the verso as on the recto. The oil-based ink does not soak through, being repelled by the previous damping of the paper, so that both sides can now be used at half the cost in paper. The effect is dramatically seen in the Dutch *Speculum humanae salvationis*, where the brown pictures penetrate through, but the black typeset text does not. Our *Antichrist* is printed in black ink on both sides, and if it were assigned to the latest possible date permitted by the provenance, 1467, it would still be the earliest known blockbook so printed.

It seems likely that our *Antichrist* was produced at Nuremberg (as the provenance, binding, dialect, and locale of later editions suggest), perhaps by a predecessor of Spörer, or not impossibly by Spörer himself, in the year 1467 or shortly before, whereupon it was promptly bought, bound, and sold by Rieg. The present reviewer proposes tentatively to adopt this view, until it is corroborated or modified by the publication of reliable evidence regarding the paper.

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Dynamism of line and colour

OTTO DEMUS:
Romanesque Mural Painting
Translated by Mary Whittall.
654pp. Thames and Hudson. £18 18s.

This book is a magnificent achievement in collaboration between a scholar of distinction, Otto Demus, and a photographer of genius, Max Hirmer. It would not be too much to say that it is epoch-making. For it surveys widely and summarizes comprehensively the work of a whole generation of restorers who—sometimes with techniques which, like the waxing treatment of E. W. Tristram, have now been superseded—rescued paintings in danger of disintegration; a generation of individual studies of particular churches; exhibitions, such as the permanent exhibition in the Museum of Catalan Art in Barcelona, where so many original Romanesque paintings can be studied side by side, and where scientific investigation into their painting methods is still bringing in exceptionally interesting results.

The main text starts with a discussion of the role of these paintings in buildings for which they were not so much an added decoration as a constituent element in the total conception. This is followed by a discussion of Romanesque style; a brilliant chapter which nevertheless still leaves unanswered a number of questions about its origins. Professor Demus alludes, for example, to the relation of the Cappadocian paintings to those of Western Europe, and is inclined to dismiss, perhaps somewhat cavalierly, the idea of fruitful contacts. (He may be right, but the recently published architectural photographs of churches in Turkey by Donald Winfield in themselves suggest such close parallels in the West that the question may merit further consideration.) The third, short, chapter, "Artists", is a study of techniques, not only of the actual paintings but also of the artist's model books ("very personal, haphazard, collections of artist's notes") and *similia*. The next chapter discusses not only the existing distribution of the paintings in Western Europe, and the reasons for its apparently haphazard character, but also the role played by the great religious centres in the dissemination of artistic ideas, and the movement of individual artists from region to region. Some mural schemes show varieties of style that must be due to a concentration on them of artists trained in different places.

After this notable introduction there are five chapters: on the paintings of Italy, France, Spain, England, Germany and Austria. The text, here as elsewhere, is linked closely with the illustrations, which are so numerous, and so arranged, that it can be a laborious process to discover the particular picture to which a marginal reference is made. In addition to between forty and fifty colour plates (immediately related to the context in which they appear), there are three hundred or so plates after the main text. This second series, also arranged geographically, is interrupted by documentary sections following the plates of each region, interspersed between them. This arrangement draws attention to the problem that besets any attempt to relate text to pictures in a book as elaborately illustrated as this, and to which there is no fully satisfactory answer. Here it may simply be granted that the interdependence of text and pictures is so close that any inconvenience is always justified.

The extent to which in various paintings the colour "finish" had been completely lost is sometimes not sufficiently made clear. For example, do the mapped areas of colour in the Kempley paintings represent a stage which was almost completely concealed by the finished and fresh painting—tiny areas only (like the head of the apostle next to Peter in the upper half of plate 233, or the arms of the figure on the left in the lower half) remaining to show how the painting was finished? Sometimes our attention is drawn in the text to plates where paint has flaked or worn to reveal the drawings beneath (for instance, plate 120, of Berzé-la-Ville, offers a fine example of what these wonderful illustrations can show). "Little more than the preliminary drawing and a few traces of paint" is not perhaps as true of a colour plate of "David in the Lion's Den" from Brauweiler, as it is of the monochrome plates from the same church. There is not much paint left; but the effect of the colour is marvellous—and equally marvellous the detail from the "War in Heaven" at Saint-Savin-sur-Gartempe, where the whirl of speed and movement is superbly captured by the photographs in the scraps of paint that remain and the drawing below. And even the long, spindly, familiar figures at Copford are transformed and etherialized by the traces of colour revealed here. To have a colour version of the newly uncovered wall-painting at Winchester is welcome; and it is perhaps churlish to complain that the scale on which the "Entombment", a most lovely work is here reproduced, hardly gives it a chance. Almost everywhere else the scale is generous.

The translation is excellent and succeeds in capturing much of the inspiration of the author's original text; there are few errors—apart from "wet garment" style instead of "damp fold"—a standard technical term. But it is, above all, the masterly character of Professor Demus's survey and the quality of the colour plates which make *Romanesque Mural Painting* an outstanding book. Occasionally, as with Hildesheim, one can hardly believe one is not looking at a glazier's design—in this particular instance so strongly reminiscent of the east window of the corona at Canterbury. Throughout it is predominantly the confidence and dynamism of line and colour, particularly adapted to a particular purpose, which is the impression that the plates, and the text accompanying them, leave.

R. B. Beckett's edition of *John Constable's Discourses* (114pp. Ipswich: Suffolk Records Society. 30s.), added to the important work of editing already carried out by Mr. Beckett in the six volumes of *John Constable's Correspondence* also published in the Suffolk Records Society's series, brings together the artist's public utterances, written and verbal. Mr. Beckett examines the text of Constable's *English Landscape* (accompanying the prints after his own paintings and a vindication of English scenery) and collates the various passages remaining of his lectures on landscape and notes for them with painstaking scholarship.

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Cornell University Press (I.B.E.G.); Dover (Constable); Everyman (Dent); Fontana (Collins); Toronto University Press (Oxford University Press); University Paperbacks (Methuen).

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Exodus retold in gold

The Golden Haggadah
A Fourteenth-Century Illuminated Hebrew Manuscript in the British Museum.

Introductory volume by Bezalel Narkiss: 86pp.

Facsimile: Unnumbered pages.

Eugrammia Press and The Trustees of The British Museum. £210.

Gold is the device that signals the essence of this facsimile of the British Museum's famous Hebrew illuminated manuscript, the Golden Haggadah from Gothic Spain. The facsimile uses real gold to reproduce the ubiquitous gold of the original, where it fills all the burnished backgrounds of fifty-six miniatures, scores of grand text headings, initials, and border decorations. The choice of real gold for the reproductions does not seem to be a mere gimmick but is rather an index of pride and veneration for a treasure of cultural property. Even the facsimile of the seventeenth-century binding in which the manuscript has been preserved, reproduced in beautiful deep brown leather which is pleasing to the hand and to the eye, hints at this spirit. The facsimile pages are of nicely weighted paper, textured and "stained" to evoke the subtle qualities of the original manuscript, with delicately modulated ink densities and colours in the text pages. With no less false modesty than Abbot Suger may have felt for his gilded doors at Saint-Denis, the sponsors of this facsimile might well have borrowed his words as a motto for their enterprise: "Marvel not at the gold and the expense but at the craftsmanship of the work."

As a product of the art of modern book production and in its sympathetic recreation of the impression of a medieval illuminated manuscript, the facsimile is admirable and promises a rewarding experience for the bibliophile. It will perhaps be relished even more by those for whom the *Haggadah* is still part of a living tradition. To judge by the publisher's foreword, however, one would not know that such simpler human meaning was there. The book is introduced with the stylized formulas of the launching ritual for expensive facsimiles, declaring the purpose of making available "to scholars and connoisseurs" another of the beautiful and important "specimens"—in this instance, the earliest and finest of the medieval illuminated Haggadoth.

Virtue may be its own undoing when it is tempted into going too far in the right direction. Here, the use of true gold falsifies the miniatures and illuminations and negates the authority of the facsimile. Why this should be soon becomes obvious. In the medieval manuscript, the integration of alien metallic gold with ordinary pigments is essential to the techniques and the aesthetic of illumination. Gold becomes integral with the miniatures partly because the painted areas are of actual pigment and discernible brushwork, making for a texturally palpable whole. Equally important is the technique of executing the painted portions so that they overlap and thus suppress the abrupt edges and contours of the gold: the gold becomes part of the "weave" of the picture, working "behind" and within the painted forms. Hence gold reads as a radiant, abstract background, as filling within the initial structure, and as subordinate insets or bands in frames and foliage. However, in the facsimile, the gold (leaf?) must be "laid" on top of a finished reproduction in matt colours. Thus, the gold cut-out is a stencilled opaque screen which "floats" on top of those very forms to which it should be subordinated, and within which it is meant to be framed and contained.

If this point seems to be a cavil, the practical results prove its importance. Not only does the printed technique reverse the aesthetic of the painted originals, but it also violates all the contours a little and, in some cases, considerably. Nor can the gold "stencil" always be finely controlled, in spite of painstaking labours, and it may obliterate significant pictorial elements as in the scene of the plague of "Hail and Flaming Fire" (fo. 13), where a downpour of white hail and red fire becomes all but entirely covered by the gold. In a number of illuminated text headings the gold obliterates so much of the red Hebrew capitals that only a kind of gibberish "cuneiform" of red wedges remains.

Since *The Golden Haggadah* must stand as the definitive facsimile, a full complement of black-and-white reproductions of all the miniatures and decoration, actual size, should have been included in the text volume. With such reliable study material there would be no need to suffer the present frustrations of the colour facsimile, which could then stand without apology as a remarkable evocation of the British Museum manuscript.

In contrast with this is the clarity of purpose and achievement of Dr. Narkiss in his Introductory volume, which admirably covers all aspects of his subject. Everything is there, be it descriptive, textual, historical, stylistic, iconographical, or bibliographical data and interpretation. The text is extremely scholarly, and sometimes dense; of the twenty-nine footnotes to one chapter, twenty-eight are in Hebrew. Yet in a remarkable way the force of the author's learning and enthusiasm comes through, and the work makes for interesting reading.

The manuscript is made up of three sections: a prefatory series of fourteen full-page miniatures, the Haggadah text, and the liturgical Passover poems (the *piyyutim*). The Haggadah ("telling") recounts the story of Exodus in the deliverance of [illegible] Egypt. It is the [illegible] Jewish services, celebrated with two Seder feasts [illegible] matzoth, the family [illegible] spices, fruit, and [illegible] warmth, gentle fun [illegible] ancient games and [illegible] woven with filling [illegible] times and sweet [illegible] thirteenth century on, [illegible] Haggadah was separated [illegible] formal liturgical [illegible] *Siddur*) to become [illegible] entity. Freed of the [illegible] text, the Haggadah [illegible] bearer of pictorial [illegible] extensive decoration. [illegible] distinctively or independently [illegible] was part of the [illegible] development which [illegible] examines. Largely [illegible] grounds, he presents [illegible] arguments for placing [illegible] the Golden Haggadah [illegible] Spain, probably Barcelona [illegible] c. 1320 and 1335. His [illegible] the historical setting and [illegible] this attribution makes [illegible] final chapter.

There are moments [illegible] author may have got [illegible] to his material. In the [illegible] the "Plague of the Beasts" [illegible] he thinks that one bushy-eared and long-legged [illegible] squirrel, instead of [illegible] appropriate fox; in the [illegible] ture, he takes a dragon to [illegible] (even though it lacks the [illegible] wings and beak). And in [illegible] scene, he takes a humpbacked camel for a horse, [illegible] a perfectly good, if [illegible] available right next to it.

There are other slips, [illegible] some questions of dubious [illegible] tion, mainly iconographic [illegible] only one or two may be [illegible] here. Miriam does not [illegible] square musical instrument [illegible] which "*looks like a harp*" [illegible] this must in fact be a [illegible] book with music which [illegible] ers attentively follow, [illegible] elegantly stylized gold [illegible] the *matza* illustration [illegible] hard to accept the proposition [illegible] illustrates an actual [illegible] than an independent [illegible] ishment of the circle, [illegible] in Islamic manuscript [illegible] in textiles. The fundamental [illegible] that it might represent [illegible] of the universe" is [illegible] vagant and its refutation [illegible] simply indicated by the [illegible] middle, showing the [illegible] of a building, with [illegible] door.

But such small [illegible] questions should not [illegible] the essential point: that [illegible] has given us an [illegible] of the Golden Haggadah [illegible] duction should also be [illegible] able as an independent [illegible] ably with the addition of [illegible] site black and white [illegible]

Theologian and pastor

AUSTIN FARRER:
A Celebration of Faith
Edited by Leslie Houlden.
218pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 35s.

Shortly before his death, in his early sixties, the late Warden of Keble told a friend that he had now done all the things he wanted to do—written all the books he had to write and helped to build up his college's reputation. During what remained of his life, he added, he would try to be a good man. It sounds a fairly modest ambition, but for him it connoted a near-heroic sanctity.

Austin Farrer was a man who stood out. He had exceptional gifts of intellect—he was an acute metaphysical thinker, in opposition to currents now prevalent—and a vivid imagination, which led him at times (as some thought) into theological fantasies; and by grace a strongly disciplined mind and spirit. What he said might be startling and unexpected, but there was no straining after originality. His vigorous independence of mind was the fruit of his commitment to faith in God.

Though unmistakably "Oxford" through and through, he was no remote academic theorizer. He knew and rejoiced in his world as God's world—"in thy light", as he often quoted, "shall we see light". He was one of those rare spirits equally at home in two worlds at once. He could soar—as is shown again and again in these pieces—from empirical commonplace to the heaven of heavens. And his teaching was always pastoral and personal, concerned less with ideas than with people in their manifold individualities.

The Principal of Cuddesdon has earned our gratitude by collecting these samples of his preaching, in which Farrer is characteristically revealed both as theologian and pastor—roles seldom so perfectly wedded in one man. They range from high philosophical theology—as in the Cambridge Hulsean sermons on natural and revealed religion or on history and the [illegible] to college sermons on [illegible] religion which exhibit [illegible] penetration such as [illegible] might envy. It was perhaps [illegible] latter that he was happiest [illegible] so full of memorable [illegible] one is tempted to quote [illegible] single example must [illegible] "making one's soul" [illegible] do that. It is really [illegible] soul, like *faire les chemins*, [illegible] must look in the mirror [illegible] do you see there? Not [illegible] the Christ, who will [illegible] that same image, from [illegible] glory.

He talked about [illegible] was going on in the world [illegible] its problems of thought [illegible] and showed how the [illegible] illuminates them, but [illegible] ing facile "Christian [illegible] Whatever he said you'[illegible] the hidden springs of [illegible] Christian spirituality. [illegible] read slowly from time [illegible] pondered on, could [illegible] parish pulpit.

[illegible]oldiers and politicians

[illegible]MER:
[illegible] Army
[illegible]ary Relations 1885-1905.
[illegible]arendon Press: Oxford [illegible] Press. £3 5s.

[illegible]or has based this study on [illegible]ption that, whereas the history [illegible] warfare in the nineteenth [illegible] long since ceased to be [illegible] that of the present time, [illegible]mething to be gained from [illegible] of wars and defence problems [illegible] in so far as the element [illegible] response, and human [illegible] has altered very little.

[illegible]ring British Army reform [illegible] imperial expansion, W. S. [illegible] tells the story of a conflict [illegible] the ranks of the military [illegible] traditionalists and progressives [illegible] of the differences separating [illegible] these groups from the [illegible] and civil servants. How, [illegible]ce, were the problems of [illegible] civilian power with [illegible]al knowledge, of creating [illegible]ve defence organization [illegible] framework of a parliamentary [illegible]stem of government, to be [illegible] He traces the protracted [illegible] between the soldiers and [illegible] whether "the Army ought [illegible]ot to be freed from the [illegible] of the politicians and the [illegible]em and entrusted to the [illegible] Parliament and the [illegible]

[illegible]uccess of any defence [illegible] rightly suggests, depends [illegible] upon the qualities of [illegible] character of the men who administer it. Thus the prime question is not one of organization, though it helps to have an effective policy-making process, but of the spirit with which recurring crises are dealt with by those in authority, soldiers and civilians alike. Mr. Hamer points out that Lord Haldane's success was owing not to the genius of his reforms but to the pains he took to create an atmosphere of cooperation, thus carrying out Wellington's dictum, quoted as a chapter heading, that "the best rule is the mutual forbearance and good temper of the parties".

In contrast, much of the story evokes a depressing catalogue of, on the one hand, backstairs intrigue, lobbying, mischief-making, and desperate in-fighting, and, on the other, of mismanagement, unpreparedness, inane forecasts, and, during the Boer War, mutual recrimination about who was to blame for the initial failures. To this must be added the way in which numerous recommendations were altered beyond recognition, qualified, or subjected to tactics of evasion and delay.

The problems of adjusting the Cardwell army, the weaknesses of which had been clearly revealed, to the defence requirements of an ex-panding empire at a time when European powers like France and Russia were exerting pressure on its frontiers and when the British public wanted an empire but was unwilling to pay for its defence, were exceedingly difficult to solve. Indeed they taxed to the limit the abilities of key figures such as Esher, Arnold-Forster, Wolseley, the Duke of Cambridge and Kitchener, all of whom are here incisively assessed. We see how most parliamentary debates on military subjects were lightly attended because M.P.s lacked sufficient knowledge of the technical aspects of such questions as supply and artillery construction. Mr. Hamer discusses with equal soundness the social and political forces at work within the Victorian army, the merits of the linked-battalion and dual-army systems, and what he terms "campaign literature". He steers a clear-cut course through the findings of the Hartington Commission of 1886-92 and four separate reorganizations of the army.

All in all this is a valuable book, well written, admirably lucid, authoritative and thought-provoking. Mr. Hamer has researched exhaustively among, and quoted aptly from, manuscript sources, reports from Select Committees and Royal Commissions, Orders in Council and other parliamentary papers, newspapers and periodicals, besides books and articles. Though a great deal has altered immeasurably for the better, certain themes treated by Mr. Hamer have a familiar contemporary ring, not least recruiting difficulties and the straining of manpower resources to the limit by some new crisis abroad. His book merits the attention of senior officers, M.P.s, and members of the Ministry of Defence, among others, who may be pardoned if now and then they murmur: *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

[illegible]e supply suppliers

[illegible] CREW:
[illegible] Army Service Corps
[illegible]o Cooper. £2 10s.

[illegible]3, following a rational re-[illegible]on of the army's adminis-[illegible]vices, the Royal Army Ser-[illegible]es became the Royal Corps [illegible]port. This volume provides [illegible] opportunity to look back [illegible] and varied history of this [illegible]ent and versatile corps, the [illegible] which go back to the pre-[illegible]military administration but [illegible] the Second World War, [illegible] capable of moving vast [illegible] of stores, supplies, fuel and [illegible], often over roads and [illegible]ich could only be used at [illegible]out lights, or through arti-[illegible] and which now employs [illegible]er, the parachute and the [illegible] among its supply vehicles. [illegible]rew starts with the void [illegible]ere in the beginning; the [illegible]der and foraging which [illegible] living on the country. It [illegible] time to create anything [illegible]an army service corps. [illegible] gives us a fascinating [illegible] its earliest stirrings, begin-[illegible] reign of Henry V with the [illegible] in 1415 of a "Sergeant [illegible]ons of the Household", [illegible] the Proviant-General [illegible]agon-Master-General of [illegible]han army, the Commis-[illegible]ries I and the treasury [illegible]tors and sutlers under [illegible]tient soldiery continued [illegible] suffer for so long. [illegible] great commander comes [illegible] it is at once noticeable [illegible] step forward is made, [illegible] be lost again with a [illegible]ce; Marlborough insist-[illegible]ar messing for his sol-[illegible] transport system which [illegible] capable of giving him the [illegible]n which the success of [illegible]nk marches depended; [illegible]mander in the field who [illegible] the secret through his [illegible]el experience when em-[illegible]ommissary in the army of [illegible] Peninsula; and Welling-[illegible]reams (the author quotes [illegible]la) "were full of army [illegible] who "found it necessary [illegible] a biscuit from Lisbon [illegible] a mouth on the frontier [illegible] for its removal from [illegible]". He succeeded be-cause he was able to stand up to the Treasury, which could not appreciate the problems of supply in the Peninsula.

At last, in 1888, Sir Redvers Buller, as Quartermaster-General, took the enlightened decision to form the A.S.C. as a fully combatant military corps, which, in spite of Kitchener's obstinate attempts to disrupt it, came out of the Boer War with credit, and from then onwards the efficiency and comfort of the army at war and on manoeuvres steadily increased. Colonel Crew traces the somewhat anonymous but highly effective role of the R.A.S.C. and its predecessors through the campaigns, great and small, of the British Army, from which it will be seen that the Corps has always been an integral part of the army and without it no battle could have been fought, let alone won. It has always been there, with a quiet efficiency which has come to be taken for granted and which has itself contributed to a certain lack of recognition.

This is a scholarly and very interesting book, full of information and one of the best to appear so far in Sir Brian Horrocks's "Famous Regiments" series.

Canteen corps

HARRY MILLER:
Service to the Services
156pp. Newman Neame. £2.

The Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes, like the British Legion, celebrated its fiftieth birthday last year and those who have grown up with it and have come to take it for granted may find it difficult to realize the remarkable scale of the achievement of which Mr. Miller has written a most informative, detailed and frank account. The well-remembered and severely institutional old-fashioned canteen with its atmosphere redolent of stale beer has now given way to the restaurant, the club and the supermarket, and the time-honoured "char and wads" has been superseded by what Naafi now calls "pub grub", while the organization itself has developed into a large "computerized manufacturing, catering and retailing business".

Naafi might be described as a sort of martial sister of the Co-op, its object being not only to produce the goods but to return as large as possible a share of the profits to its consumers for their welfare, and during the past fifty years it has returned some £170 million in rebates, dividends and discount. In spite of its near monopoly, Naafi's notable success has been achieved in the face of real difficulties which are not normally the lot of free enterprise concerns. The number of its customers is rigidly tied to the strength of the armed forces, continually diminishing in peace and suddenly expanding in war; it must be capable of immediate expansion to meet any rapidly gathering crisis in almost any part of the world; and it must be ready to meet the special requirements of the services which are not always the most rational from the purely trading viewpoint. Maximum unpredictability is its main problem.

Mr. Miller brings out vividly the versatility which is required of Naafi in its support of the services. In addition to its clubs, canteens and shops the Naafi must run leave centres, sub-post offices, petrol stations, bakeries and food factories (producing, among other things, 2,000 miles of sausage a year), and has had to sponsor large entertainment enterprises like Ensa (in 1944 there were 4,000 artistes on Naafi's payroll, and the total wartime bill was about £17 million), and has been called upon to serve the staff in the royal palaces; it now arranges car hire-purchase and insurance for servicemen.

Mr. Miller has paid a deserved and welcome tribute to the Naafi staff, with particular reference to their devoted wartime service. There is a rewarding tendency towards long service, in spite of the fact that a newspaper once reported that Naafi girls married at the rate of one every thirty-seven hours.

The Kaiserschlacht

WILLIAM MOORE:
See How They Ran
256pp. Leo Cooper. £2 10s.

When Ludendorff launched his massive blow against the British on the Western Front in March, 1918, the dice were heavily loaded against Haig and his troops. Since the collapse of the Russian front, a mass of highly trained German troops and war material had been progressively transferred from East to West. By the time that the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed on March 3, the number of German divisions in the West had risen from 150 in early November, when the moves began, to 182, and by March 21 the total had reached 192, including some from Italy. It finally amounted to 208, of which seventy-one were committed to the attack which fell on the British 3rd and 5th Armies, forty-three of them facing General Sir Hubert Gough's 5th Army of twelve infantry and three cavalry divisions. In addition the weight of artillery made available to Bruchmüller for the co-ordinated onslaught was staggering when measured by 1918 standards.

Against this Haig had been deliberately starved of manpower following his catastrophic losses in the Third Battle of Ypres (Passchendaele) and, despite the remarkable accuracy with which British Intelligence was identifying the new German divisions, this situation was allowed to continue, presumably on the false assumption that the defensive was certain to be less costly than the offensive. In December, moreover, Haig had been obliged to take over twenty-five miles of the French front, a measure which was supposed to allow the French to form a reserve which would be available behind the critical front in emergency, and which, when that emergency arose, was *found not to be available. In addition to this the American build-up in France was painfully slow and it was clear that Ludendorff would have adequate time to get in his blow before the United States presence could be felt.*

While the massive German preparations rolled on with relentless professional efficiency, the British Government blindly and almost petulantly spiked its own guns. Rather than accord to Haig an increase in manpower (his infantry alone was some 100,000 men under strength in March) it imposed upon a protesting Army Council a reorganization, or rather disorganization, consisting of all those disbandments, amalgamations and conversions which are expedients familiar enough to the British Army at the end of a war but which even British governments have seldom imposed in the critical moments of a decisive campaign. The formations and units of the B.E.F., already desperately overstretched and under-strength, were now severely vitiated because, as Mr. Moore points out, every canon of man-management was inevitably violated.

These were the circumstances of the British retreat in March, 1918, and it is against this background that Mr. Moore's account of it should be read. He is, sometimes with reason, not over-generous to Haig and those upon whose shoulders the responsibility fell, and he is rightly a staunch defender of the gallant and unfortunate Gough, who was made the scapegoat—an occupational risk which most British generals have come to accept with fortitude. But *See How They Ran* deals principally with the conduct of the fighting troops, and in this Mr. Moore splendidly belies any pejorative undertones which his title may suggest. His narrative, culled mainly from war diaries and personal records, provides an authentic and gripping account of a battle which was one of the turning-points of military history. It must be added that this serious narrative is not much improved by a few touches of folksy journalism as when we are given, in one paragraph, "imperturbable Hanoverians", "burly Schleswig-Holsteiners", "tough Brandenburgers" and "carefree Wurtemburgers", though Mr. Moore concludes that this happy band of warlike Teutonic tribes all probably looked the same through the sights of a Lee-Enfield Rifle. Turning to sterner stuff, Mr. Moore has done well to go thoroughly into the records of 50 Division which played such an important part and whose soldiers from Tyne and Teeside were, as always, superb.

The Kaiserschlacht failed in the end because the Germans were at last feeling the effects of the long attrition they had been subjected to; because Ludendorff, unlike his successors of 1940, had no mobile troops to exploit his deep penetration with; and because they were fought to a standstill by the British Army. On April 5 Ludendorff reported: "The enemy's resistance was beyond our powers . . . O.H.L. was forced to take the extremely hard decision to abandon the attack on Amiens for good." So Ludendorff joined the respectable company of our enemies who have placed on record their reluctant tributes to the fighting capacity of the British soldier.

The second Keats Memorial Lecture will be delivered at 5 p.m. on February 23 (the 150th anniversary of the poet's death) at the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2. The lecturer will be Robert Gittings, the biographer of Keats, who has taken as his title "This Living Hand". Admission will be free.

SUNDAY MIRROR
NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S ART 1971

Entries are invited for the 1971 exhibition, to be shown in London in September/October.
A £300 grant for training in art will be given to the exhibitor whose work on further examination shows the most promise.

Age limit: 17 years
Closing date: 20th March 1971

For full details of entry and awards send stamped addressed envelope to:
National Exhibition of Children's Art (Leaflet B)
12-18 Dryden Street
Off Endell Street
London WC2

Right wing nationalism to left-wing patriotism

KAROLY VIGH (Editor):
Kortársak Bajcsy-Zsilinszky Endréről
264pp Budapest: Magvető. 29Ft

Endre Bajcsy-Zsilinszky, whose life is here recalled "by his contemporaries", was born in 1886 in the little town of Szarvas in Eastern Hungary; and it is with the economically backward rural eastern Protestant areas that his political career is connected. This was the land where, especially under Ferenc Rákóczy during the early eighteenth century, the Magyar *Kuruc* rebelled against the chiefly German Habsburg armies. Zsilinszky's grandfather had been a "shoeless peasant", but his father worked with an agrarian biologist Eda Treitz, and became a landowner. Though he had a Slav name Polish, his son claimed—he married into the Magyar noble family of Bajcsy, and the young Endre insisted on adding his father's to his mother's name. This dual sensibility of noble and peasant supplies a key to Zsilinszky's career.

In 1911, while he was performing military service, that name sprang into ugly prominence. His elder brother, Gábor, and he went to demand satisfaction from a magnetic, able but rough peasant leader, the M.P. for Békescsaba, the gentry-hating András Áchim, who was disputing with the Zsilinszky family the control of local affairs in the region. Each side violently attacked the other in the press, but what appears to have sparked off the final tragedy was that the peasant leader shouted "gentry harlots" at some girls who were guests of the Zsilinszkys. In the ensuing encounter the hefty Áchim tried to throttle Endre, and Gábor shot him—Áchim died soon after. The two brothers were acquitted and in a noble-dominated Hungary were fêted as heroes by the ruling classes. Though loyal to his brother, Endre was, in fact, upset at what had occurred and indeed shared some of Áchim's views.

In the First World War Zsilinszky proved an excellent officer. Then after Hungary's collapse and revolution he joined the counter-revolutionary government at Szeged and became a leading figure of the M.O.V.E., the Society of National Defence, headed by Captain, later General, Gyula Gömbös, who from 1932 to 1936 was Hungary's would-be fascist dictator. Zsilinszky was also one of Horthy's Vitézi Rend, the Order of Heroes.

Under the aristocratic regime of Count István Bethlen (1921-1931) he took up a career in politics and journalism, in both capacities promoting a radical rightwing nationalism, strongly militaristic and anti-semitic, and looking to the unique virtues of the racially pure Magyar peasant as justification for his chauvinism. In articles and speeches he rudely attacked industrialists, bankers and aristocratic counts with large estates, as well as the politicians of the neighbouring countries which had profited from the Treaty of Trianon (1920). None the less his genuine concern with peasant life began to transform his political views. Chauvinism and antisemitism were not enough, and in 1933 he significantly changed the name of his journal *Vanguard* to *Liberty*. He had become the sole parliamentary representative of a National Radical Party in 1931, and contacted former supporters of the Károlyi regime. When, having broken with Gömbös, he was defeated in 1935 in an election where more terror than usual was used, Zsilinszky caused a minor sensation by abandoning his title of *Vitéz* (hero). Out of parliament he became connected with a group of young men, "the village explorers", concerned with the lot of the very large number of landless proletarians in Hungary. The poets Attila József and Gyula Illyés (who writes the concluding chapter of this book) at one time or other contributed to his journals.

Another factor which drove him in a radical direction was his early suspicion of Hitler. Until the rise of the Nazis he had been on the whole an admirer of the culture of Germany, which he had twice visited, but he read and took seriously the first unexpurgated edition of *Mein Kampf*, which offered no rosy future for the Magyars, and he was alarmed by the growth of imitation Nazi parties in Hungary. A remarkable change from his earlier views can be found in an article in the *Danubian Review*, February-March, 1936, not quoted in this book. But one should not exaggerate the change of outlook. He still remained, and this was his strength as well as his weakness, something of a chauvinist, though at times, especially in private, he showed a more perceptive attitude.

His finest hour came after 1939 when once more, this time as a member of the Smallholders' Party, he was re-elected for Tarpa. The secret ballot was introduced that year for the still limited franchise in the rural areas. With a tiny army which was in fact mostly pro-German, Hungary was defenceless in face of her ever more powerful and brutal neighbour. Yet it was at this time that Zsilinszky became the leading anti-Nazi politician. He enthusiastically supported Count Teleki's pact with Yugoslavia. After this had been broken, he aroused the fury of the Arrow Cross and pro-Nazi members of the government party by exposing the massacre of Novi Sad in Hungarian occupied territory, when some 2,000 Serbs and 700 Jews—men, women and children—were stripped and shot, and their bodies pushed under the ice of the Danube. He contributed to the 1941 Christmas number of the Social Democratic *Népszava*, demanding an independent policy for Hungary, and was an active worker on the committee of Historical Monuments which celebrated the greatness of champions of Hungarian independence like Kossuth and the poet Petőfi. Though still no lover of the Bolsheviks, he did not regard it as Hungary's role to wage aggressive war against Russia, and with growing urgency demanded the recall of her troops and her withdrawal from the conflict. He also pleaded for civilian rather than military trials for those, including communists, who agreed with his anti-war aims, and tried to get death sentences mitigated. He demanded the repeal of anti-Jewish legislation. Three days before Hitler invaded Hungary he wrote (March 16, 1943) to Premier Kállay, urging the need to prepare armed resistance for such an eventuality. During this time he seemed to become more and more like one of the great nineteenth-century tribunes, pleading for justice and humanity. With his impressive white hair and his old-fashioned rustic loden cloth jacket and knickerbocker suit he became a popular figure—Bandi *bácsi* (Uncle Bandi)—to the left opposition.

Typically Zsilinszky received the Germans with pistols, and wounded and was wounded by the Gestapo. Strangely he was freed again and became the head of the short-lived underground Committee of Liberation which included a number of high-ranking army officers. Recognizing that Germany had lost the war, this committee negotiated on a realistic basis with the communist leader, László Rajk (subsequently liquidated by Mátyás Rákosi). The committee organized propaganda in the army, arranged to arm workers and to contact the Russians. Plans were worked out to seize bridges in Budapest to let the R[illegible] they succeeded, the b[illegible] siege of the city th[illegible] took place might hav[illegible] But the committee [illegible] The contributors to th[illegible] deal with these even[illegible] exciting information, [illegible] account by his widow [illegible] confrontation of the [illegible] they do not illuminat[illegible] point. They do not [illegible] name of the traitor, [illegible] represented a small g[illegible] The Friends of the S[illegible] This fact has to be ob[illegible] A. Macartney's book, [illegible] *teenth*. Nor is there [illegible] of Professor Macartney[illegible] that the betrayal mig[illegible] Russian inspired, beca[illegible] ences over strategy [illegible] Hungarian officers a[illegible] command. Zsilinszky [illegible] some days after the o[illegible] days are well describe[illegible] nist fellow-prisoner, G[illegible] who tells how he had [illegible] escape as a result of a [illegible] the help of a guard [illegible] constituency, but deli[illegible] a martyr's death. He [illegible] Christmas Eve, 1944, [illegible] saying, "God sees ever[illegible] *Magyarország*".

Though they very [illegible] end of his political [illegible] was easy for the [illegible] agree that in Budapest [illegible] formerly Kaiser Wilh[illegible] should be named af[illegible] West, becoming mo[illegible] involved in the Cold W[illegible] over-anxious to recall [illegible] who had become mor[illegible] towards some commun[illegible] shown a willingness to [illegible] Russians to free his [illegible] from the Nazis. The wr[illegible] essays, dealing with diff[illegible] of his career, do well t[illegible] life of this honest, up[illegible] geous, and patriotic pa[illegible]

Books received

Art

ANTON, FERDINAND. *Art of the Maya*. Translated by Mary Whittall. 344pp. Thames and Hudson. £5 5s.

ALBERS, ANNI. *Pre-Columbian Mexican Miniatures*. Introductory text by Michael D. Coe. Unnumbered pages plus 84 plates. Lund Humphries. £4 4s.

The ancient Maya were perhaps the most gifted of the Pre-Columbian peoples of America, and the monuments and artefacts of their civilization are there to show it: from their early beginnings under Olmec influence to the classic flowering in the jungles of Central America, from their artistic marriage in Yucatán with the Toltec invaders from the north to the slow decline before the Spanish conquest, the Maya maintained a tradition of art and architecture of extraordinary quality. Ferdinand Anton combines wide knowledge of Maya civilization with a clear style and a photographer's eye. His book contains an excellent introduction, with learning lightly but not too lightly worn, and a set of 365 magnificent photographs of which thirty-seven are in colour. It is beautifully produced, and a credit to author and publisher alike.

Pre-Columbian figurines—tiny modelled objects of clay and stone—have long attracted the attention of collectors. Although they must have been produced in millions over the centuries, their purpose has never been clear. They turn up in graves, in the fields, and under the floors of houses. Their variety is great: some may have represented real people, others reflected the good but ordinary things and incidents of life, others may have been gods and goddesses, others were obvious adornments. The present collection of eighty-four black-and-white photographs is introduced by Michael Coe. The pictures are dramatically produced and make some of the objects look almost more interesting than they are. Their creators would certainly be startled as well as grateful that so much had been made of their work.

MADHLOOM, T. A. W. *The Chronology of Neo-Assyrian Art*. 133pp. plus 85 plates. The Athlone Press. £7.

This compilation, based on a doctoral thesis (the first in English for very many decades), collects sketches of all notable features of ancient Assyrian military equipment and daily life, including religious and cult objects depicted on their monuments from the eleventh to the seventh centuries B.C. The details are annotated and discussed and reproduced in line-drawings, mostly all by Dr. Madhloom himself. In addition to military and daily life, there are also notes on lions, griffins, bull-men and other strange monsters. Though the book by no means exhausts all the now available material, it is certainly useful to students.

Biography

KLEIN, MARTIN J. *Paul Ehrenfest*. Volume I: The Making of a Theoretical Physicist. 330pp. North-Holland Publishing Company. £3 10s.

This book shows clearly that logic and critical analysis can bring order into newly won territories but can never provide the stimulus required for deeper penetration. This first volume describes "the making of a theoretical physicist" who by his sharp criticism forced logic on the revolutionary ideas of some of his contemporaries but was himself inhibited by it from joining the front line of experimental physics.

The author has studied many sources; letters, diaries and personal reports as well as the literature published in scientific journals. He is thus able to give us an excellent sketch of the history of physics during the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. It is fascinating to find, for instance, how already at this stage Einstein stressed the necessity of integrating particle and wave aspects of light; and how Bohr's first paper on the structure of atoms was ridiculed in one of the centres of theoretical physics. The book may be strongly recommended to all who are interested in the development of scientific ideas. The subject unfortunately enforces a presentation which requires a university level knowledge of physics.

Dance

HALL, FERNAU. *The World of Ballet and Dance*. Photographs by Mike Davis. 140pp. Hamlyn. 30s.

This is by today's standards an inexpensive book, but not really a bargain. The photographs by Mike Davis are unremarkable, although plentiful; they are often oddly laid out in relation to the text, and many of the captions are incorrect. It is odd, for instance, to find mistakes in identifying dancers as well known as Fonteyn, Nureyev, Ulanova and Plisetskaya. Fernau Hall's text aims at a comprehensive account of ballet history and present trends, but his grasp of chronology seems sometimes shaky and his views are less sure of general acceptance than the pontifical tone might suggest.

Economics

WEIL, GORDON L. and DAVIDSON, IAN. *The Gold War*. 245pp. Secker and Warburg. £2 5s.

It can reasonably be argued that too many books are being too quickly written and published on international monetary subjects. This is a book with a difference: it purports, but not wholly convincingly, to interpret the goings and comings, confrontations, crises, hot-money flows and ebbs, and much else in the international arena of finance by a set of conspiratorial hypotheses. One asks: is that necessary, in view of the natural tendency of sovereign states to behave in their national interests (as their central bank and other governors see them) in this arena as in all else? France *might* have been less against *les Anglo-Saxons* of the United States and United Kingdom in the monetary and economic fields had her leader not been Charles de Gaulle; but it is not self-evident; nor is she now. The authors deal fairly with facts. The trouble is that too much of their work is taken up by tracing, or trying to establish, conspiracies to win what the dust-jacket terms "the secret battles for financial and political domination from 1945 onwards". Not even sales of gold by the Russians lend any credence to a conspiracy on their part to dominate financially this or that market; nor do the authors ever say so. But since they do not do so in so obvious a field for domination, why seek more elaborate and unprovable hypothetical explanations of national errors, myopia, and ignorance ("sheer ignorance"!) than are to hand anyway? Moreover, the authors have missed their boat at the very end. Surely, the great problems only *begin* when all the world is on a dollar, no longer a gold-dollar, standard: everyone else must up-value to force Americans to de-value. That's where they leave off, just where the Great Conspiracy (if there ever is one) must begin. But we do not hear from them of that.

Gardening

Garden History Society Occasional Paper No. 2. 40pp. Garden History Society, 31 Marksbury Avenue, Richmond, Surrey. 20s.

In its second publication the society resumes those studies in the history of landscape gardening which its purpose is to encourage. Two of its three papers dwell upon the earlier landscape gardeners' use of water. (The third describes an individual park and garden, that surrounding Old Thorndon Hall in [illegible]) first treats the water th[illegible] metaphysical plane [illegible] amounts to an antho[illegible] poets and prose writ[illegible] about the significance [illegible] pond and waterfall i[illegible] landscape. The second [illegible] place of fountains in [illegible] dens, including the qu[illegible] to joke fountains whic[illegible] unsuspecting visitor, [illegible] the once famous "wat[illegible] Enstone in Oxfordsh[illegible] Plot's illustrations of [illegible] duced together with [illegible] prints.

Humour

COOPER, JILLY. *How to* [illegible] *Nine to Five*. 85pp. [illegible]

Anybody, male or fe[illegible] spent a week in an offi[illegible] ately recognize his co[illegible] himself), as they are [illegible] spection and expert[illegible] filleted in Jilly Coop[illegible] ing paragraphs. No [illegible] least of all Mrs. Co[illegible] Nigel Molesworth, [illegible] Custard's, she has p[illegible] advice on "How to [illegible] Timothy Jaques's d[illegible] Thurber rather than [illegible] and gaily add salt to [illegible]

Maritime History

ROWLAND, K. T. *Steam* [illegible] Newton Abbot: [illegible] Charles. £2 15s.

Maritime historians [illegible] whose technological [illegible] been scanty should be [illegible] Rowland. Writing wit[illegible] of technical terminolo[illegible] without jargon, he [illegible] with an admirable bac[illegible] evolution of steam pro[illegible] from the earliest [illegible] nuclear vessels of ou[illegible] ticularly interesting [illegible] of the period 1860[illegible] work of the first pio[illegible] mented by the more [illegible] boring involved [illegible] compound and triple expan[sion en]gines and water-tube boilers. [Unt]il these were practicable pro[pulsion] was steam a completely [satisfac]tory replacement for sail for [na]val or merchant ships. Those [who] persevere in the view that [the] Admiralty was always an [enemy] of technological progress [will have c]ause to think again after [reading Mr]. Rowland. The two final [chapters a]re devoted to the develop[ment of t]he steam turbine, the emer[gence of] its rivals, the diesel and the [gas-coo]led turbine and its contem[porary tri]umph in the nuclear sub[marine]. The book's only weakness [is an ina]dequate bibliography.

[illegible] A. and MITCHELL, W. H. [*Li*]*berty Ships*. 223pp. Newton [Abbot:] David and Charles. £3 10s.

[A]n admirable reference book [for the s]pecialist in maritime studies. [27]00 Liberty ships were built [in the U]nited States from 1941 to [meet th]e Allies' insatiable demand [for merca]ntile tonnage to meet both [military a]nd economic needs. After [describing] the origins of the building [programm]e, how it was carried out [and the v]ariations in design which [occurred], the authors pro[vide a com]plete catalogue of all the ships, with their place of building and ultimate fate. Technicalities of construction are clearly explained. Good photographs and plans as well as a comprehensive index combine to make this book a model of its kind.

Politics and World Affairs

WOLFE, BERTRAM D. *An Ideology in Power*. 406pp. Allen and Unwin. £3 10s.

Mr. Wolfe, one of the ablest and most committed American exponents of the ideological Cold War, has collected a large number of his articles published in various journals since 1945. Though they are arranged under a number of different heads, they all converge on the same all-engrossing purpose, which gives them their unity and at the same time produces a certain impression of monotony. Lenin gets as many brickbats as Stalin; a favourite theme is indicated in the title of one of these essays, "Lenin, the Architect of Twentieth-Century Totalitarianism". Mr. Wolfe's wide-ranging knowledge makes him a formidable controversialist, but a little more light and shade would have made the picture more convincing.

Social Studies

GEORGE, V. *Foster Care*. 251pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3.

Largely based on the author's research in three Children's Departments in 1968, *Foster Care* takes another look at the experience and problems of deprived children placed with non-related foster parents. Beginning with an interesting historical chapter, which briefly reviews nineteenth-century attitudes to foster care, the book goes on to examine current practice. The views of both foster parents and child care workers are discussed, and painstaking comparisons are made with the findings of earlier researches on foster care.

What emerges most clearly from this new work is the appalling and continuing gap between the attitudes of foster parents and child care workers towards the foster care relationship. Almost all foster parents apparently see themselves as replacements for the natural parents. In theory, child care workers regard foster parents as some kind of untrained worker, at best a fellow employee and a "friend" of the child, but not all as a replacement for the natural parents. The child care worker cannot always in practice sustain this theoretical notion and, for example, more often than not connives with the foster parents to keep the natural parents at a distance.

There seems to be a similar schism between the ideal and the reality in the author's conclusion that a new breed of professionalized "foster care workers" is a viable and desirable alternative to the traditional foster parents, whose common motive is primarily a wish to care for deprived children as if they were their own.

Although no easy reading for the layman, the book contains a good deal of interest to anyone who is concerned about foster care.

GRIFFITH, VALERIE EATON. *A Stroke in the Family*. 121pp. Penguin. Paperback, 5s.

Miss Eaton Griffith, herself immobilized for several years by a malady of the legs, was a neighbour who agreed to help the actress Patricia Neal re-educate herself after a stroke. Then only in her thirties, Miss Neal recovered to the point where she could again take up her career. Alan Moorehead, with whom the author worked subsequently, was less fortunate, but none the less made great progress. The methods used—which boil down to system, devotion and the use of a dozen or so willing helpers—are clearly described in this book, which could surely suggest helpful ideas to anybody faced with a similar problem.

Topography

ST. LEGER-GORDON, D. *Portrait of Devon*. 192pp. Robert Hale. 30s.

The "portrait" is of present-day Devon. The pre-history and history of the western county are given a few preliminary chapters and the writer then settles down to his modern portraiture. He dwells on many aspects of the Devon life and scene and is always interesting whether he is discussing the pros and cons for the extermination of the rabbit, recording occult tales from the Moor, or instancing examples of the rocketing prices of land. When he turns to the regional writers Mr. St. Leger-Gordon shows himself well acquainted with contemporaries as well as with Baring Gould, Eden Phillpotts and other well-known Devon authors of the recent past.

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Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position from Chartered Librarians with wide administrative and professional experience at a senior level in the libraries service.

The City Council has decided to build a new Central Library as part of the comprehensive plan for the redevelopment of the Central Area. The new building to be completed by 1975, is expected to comprise about 100,000 sq. ft. of accommodation and consideration is now being given to its design and layout. Further particulars and application forms, returnable by 12th February, 1971, are obtainable from the Establishment Officer, City Hall, Cardiff CF1 3ND.

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This post is interchangeable with others of similar grading, but the successful applicant will be allocated initially to assisting the Mobile and Domiciliary Librarian.
Details and application forms (returnable within 14 days of the first appearance of this advertisement) from Roy Smith, F.L.A., Borough Librarian, Central Library, Manor Park Road, Sutton, Surrey.
T. M. H. SCOTT,
Principal Chief Officer.

HEADMISTRESS

The position as Headmistress of Tara Church of England Girls' School, North Parramatta, N.S.W., will become vacant as from the end of 1st Term 1971.

The vacancy results from the resignation of Miss H. W. G. Claridge, B.A., who has built up the School in eleven years from a small primary school to its present size of 440 pupils, comprising 300 in the Senior School and 140 in the Junior School. There are 75 boarders in the School which enjoys a high academic standard.

The school, located in a rural setting, is 2 miles from Parramatta and 15 miles from Sydney. It adjoins the Kings School property and covers 14 acres with swimming pool and playing fields.

A separate residence is provided for the Headmistress.

Applicants must be graduates of a University and must have had a proven record of sound practical experience.

Further information may be obtained by writing to:—

The Organising Secretary,
National Advisory Centre on Careers for Women,
251 Brompton Road, LONDON, S.W.3.

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DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for this new post from candidates who preferably should be professionally qualified graduates. Fellows of the Library Association with appropriate academic library experience will also be considered.

The successful applicant will be expected to assist the Principal Librarian in the planning of an extensive new multi-media Library and Resource Centre. A special interest in the use of audio-visual media in libraries is therefore desirable. The present Library serves populations of over 2,500 students and 200 staff.

The salary will be one of the following scales according to qualifications held. Placing on the appropriate scale will depend on present salary.
(a) £2,283 by £93 to £2,376 by £96 to £3,240 (Honours graduate).
(b) £2,013 by £84 to £2,853 (Ordinary graduates or equivalent).

Transfer of FSSU policies may be considered where appropriate.
Further information and application forms returnable by 9th February, 1971, may be obtained from the College Secretary, Moray House College of Education, Holyrood Road, Edinburgh. EH8 8AQ.

CONFEDERATION OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Applications are invited from chartered and other suitably qualified librarians for the post of Librarian at our London headquarters. The Library provides C.B.I. departments with services in a wide subject field including Economics, Industrial Affairs, Education and Law. Preference will be given to a candidate with experience of H.M.S.O. publications.

Salary not less than £1,950 per annum.

Applications to the Personnel Officer, C.B.I., 21 Tothill Street, London, S.W.1. Telephone 01-930 6711.

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EDGE HILL COLLEGE OF EDUCATION, ORMSKIRK
TUTOR-LIBRARIAN
(Re-advertisement)
Required for 1st April or 1st May, 1971, a second TUTOR-LIBRARIAN for this expanding College Library which is due to move into a new purpose built building in 1972.
Salary: Pelham Lecturer Scale £1,690-£2,325. [illegible]

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ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
Required. Preference given to GRADUATE with library qualifications, medical or scientific library experience and knowledge of languages.
Salary within the scale £1,482 to £1,929 plus £90 London weighting. [illegible]

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE [illegible]

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CITY OF LEICESTER [illegible]

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